F. Hayman inv. et del. J. P. le Bas sculp.

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THE SPECTATOR

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

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58

TO

MR. METHUEN.

SIR,

IT is with very great pleaſure I take an opportunity of publiſhing the gratitude I owe to You, for the place You allow me in your friendſhip and familiarity. I will not acknowledge to You that I have often had You in my thoughts, when I have endeavoured to draw, in ſome parts of theſe diſcourſes, the character of a good-natured, honeſt, and ac-

compliſhed gentleman. But ſuch repreſentations give my reader an idea of a perſon blameleſs only, or only laudable for ſuch perfections as extend no farther than to his own private advantage and reputation.

But when I ſpeak of You, I celebrate one who has had the happineſs of poſſeſſing alſo thoſe qualities which make a man uſeful to ſociety, and of having had opportunities of exerting them in the moſt conſpicuous manner.

The great part You had, as Britiſh ambaſſador, in procuring and cultivating the advantageous commerce between the courts of England and Portugal, has purchaſed You the laſting eſteem

of all who underſtand the intereſt of either nation.

Thoſe perſonal excellencies which are over-rated by the ordinary world, and too much neglected by wiſe men, You have applied with the juſteſt ſkill and judgment. The moſt graceful addreſs in horſemanſhip, in the uſe of the ſword, and in dancing, has been employed by You as lower arts, and as they have occaſionally ſerved to cover, or introduce the talents of a ſkilful miniſter.

But your abilities have not appeared only in one nation. When it was your province to act as her Majeſty's miniſter at the court of Savoy, at that time encamped, You accompanied that gallant Prince through all

the viciſſitudes of his fortune, and ſhared, by his ſide, the dangers of that glorious day in which he recovered his capital. As far as it regards perſonal qualities, You attained, in that one hour, the higheſt military reputation. The behaviour of our miniſter in the action, and the good offices done the vanquiſhed in the name of the queen of England, gave both the conqueror and the captive the moſt lively examples of the courage and generoſity of the nation he repreſented.

Your friends and companions in your abſence frequently talk theſe things of You, and You cannot hide from us (by the moſt diſcreet ſilence in any thing which regards yourſelf) that the

frank entertainment we have at your table, your eaſy condeſcenſion in little incidents of mirth and diverſion, and general complacency of manners, are far from being the greateſt obligations we have to You. I do aſſure You there is not one of your friends has a greater ſenſe of your merit in general, and of the favours You every day do us, than,

SIR,

YOUR MOST OBEDIENT, AND

MOST HUMBLE SERVANT,

RICHARD STEELE.

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THE SPECTATOR.

N° 474. Wedneſday, September 3, 1712.

Aſperitas agreſtis & inconcinna——

Hor. Ep. 18. l. 1. ver. 6.

A clowniſh roughneſs, and unkindly cloſe,
Unfriendly ſtiff, and peeviſhly moroſe. Creech.

'Mr. Spectator,

'BEING of the number of thoſe that have lately 'retired from the centre of buſineſs and pleaſure, my 'uneaſineſs in the country where I am, ariſes rather 'from the ſociety than the ſolitude of it. To be 'obliged to receive and return viſits from and to a 'circle of neighbours, who through diverſity of age or 'inclinations can neither be entertaining or ſerviceable 'to us, is a vile loſs of time, and a ſlavery from which 'a man ſhould deliver himſelf, if poſſible: for why 'muſt I loſe the remaining part of my life, becauſe 'they have thrown away the former part of theirs? It 'is to me an inſupportable affliction, to be tormented 'with the narrations of a ſet of people, who are warm 'in their expreſſions of the quick reliſh of that plea-'ſure which their dogs and horſes have a more delicate

'taſte of. I do alſo in my heart deteſt and abhor that 'damnable doctrine and poſition of the neceſſity of a 'bumper, though to one's own toaſt; for though it is 'pretended that theſe deep potations are uſed only to 'inſpire gaiety, they certainly drown that chearfulneſs 'which would ſurvive a moderate circulation. If at 'theſe meetings it were left to every ſtranger either to 'fill his glaſs according to his own inclination, or to 'make his retreat when he finds he has been ſufficiently obedient to that of others, theſe entertainments 'would be governed with more good ſenſe, and conſequently with more good-breeding, than at preſent 'they are. Indeed where any of the gueſts are known 'to meaſure their fame or pleaſure by their glaſs, proper exhortations might be uſed to theſe to puſh their 'fortunes in this ſort of reputation; but where it is 'unſeaſonably inſiſted on to a modeſt ſtranger, this 'drench may be ſaid to be ſwallowed with the ſame 'neceſſity, as if it had been tendered in the horn for 'that purpoſe, with this aggravating circumſtance, 'that it diſtreſſes the entertainer's gueſt in the ſame 'degree as it relieves his horſes.

'To attend without impatience an account of five-'barred gates, double ditches, and precipices, and to 'ſurvey the orator with deſiring eyes, is to me extremely difficult, but abſolutely neceſſary, to be upon 'tolerable terms with him: but then the occaſional 'burſtings out into laughter, is of all other accompliſhments the moſt requiſite. I confeſs at preſent I have 'not that command of theſe convulſions, as is neceſſary to be good company; therefore I beg you would 'publiſh this letter, and let me be known all at once 'for a queer fellow, and avoided. It is monſtrous to 'me, that we who are given to reading and calm converſation ſhould ever be viſited by theſe roarers: but 'they think they themſelves, as neighbours, may come 'into our rooms with the ſame right, that they and 'their dogs hunt in our grounds.

'Your inſtitution of clubs I have always admired, in 'which you conſtantly endeavoured the union of the 'metaphorically defunct, that is, ſuch as are neither ſerviceable to the buſy and enterpriſing part of mankind,

'nor entertaining to the retired and ſpeculative. There 'ſhould certainly therefore in each county be eſtabliſh-'ed a club of the perſons whoſe converſations I have 'deſcribed, who for their own private, as alſo the 'public emolument, ſhould exclude, and be excluded 'all other ſociety. Their attire ſhould be the ſame 'with their huntſmens, and none ſhould be admitted 'into this green converſation piece, except he had 'broke his collar-bone thrice. A broken rib or two 'might alſo admit a man without the leaſt oppoſition. 'The preſident muſt neceſſarily have broken his neck, 'and have been taken up dead once or twice; for the 'more maims this brotherhood ſhall have met with, 'the eaſier will their converſation flow and keep 'up; and when any one of theſe vigorous invalids 'had finiſhed his narration of the collar-bone, this 'naturally would introduce the hiſtory of the ribs. 'Beſides, the different circumſtances of their falls and 'fractures would help to prolong and diverſify their 'relations. There ſhould alſo be another club of ſuch 'men, who have not ſucceeded ſo well in maiming 'themſelves, but are however in the conſtant purſuit 'of theſe accompliſhments. I would by no means be 'ſuſpected by what I have ſaid to traduce in general 'the body of fox-hunters; for whilſt I look upon a 'reaſonable creature full ſpeed after a pack of dogs, 'by way of pleaſure, and not of buſineſs, I ſhall always 'make honourable mention of it.

'But the moſt irkſome converſation of all others I 'have met with in the neighbourhood, has been among 'two or three of your travellers, who have overlooked 'men and manners, and have paſſed through France 'and Italy with the ſame obſervation that the carriers 'and ſtage-coachmen do through Great-Britain; that 'is, their ſtops and ſtages have been regulated accord-'ing to the liquor they have met with in their paſſage. 'They indeed remember the names of abundance of 'places, with the particular fineries of certain churches: 'but their diſtinguiſhing mark is certain prettineſſes, 'of foreign languages, the meaning of which they 'could have better expreſſed in their own. The

'entertainment of theſe fine obſervers, Shakeſpeare has 'deſcribed to conſiſt

"In talking of the Alps and Apennines,
"The Pyrenean, and the river Po:

'and then concludes with a ſigh,

"Now this is worſhipful ſociety!"

'I would not be thought in all this to hate ſuch 'honeſt creatures as dogs; I am only unhappy that I 'cannot partake in their diverſions. But I love them 'ſo well, as dogs, that I often go with my pockets ſtuff-'ed with bread to diſpenſe my favours, or make my 'way through them at neighbours houſes. There is 'in particular a young hound of great expectation, 'vivacity, and enterprize, that attends my flights 'wherever he ſpies me. This creature obſerves my 'countenance, and behaves himſelf accordingly. His 'mirth, his frolic, and joy upon the ſight of me has 'been obſerved, and I have been gravely deſired not 'to encourage him ſo much, for it ſpoils his parts; 'but I think he ſhews himſelf ſufficiently in the ſeveral 'boundings, friſkings, and ſcourings, when he makes 'his court to me: but I foreſee in a little time he and 'I muſt keep company with one another only, for we 'are fit for no other in theſe parts. Having informed 'you how I do paſs my time in the country where I 'am, I muſt proceed to tell you how I would paſs it, 'had I ſuch a fortune as would put me above the ob-'ſervance of ceremony and cuſtom.

'My ſcheme of a country life then ſhould be as fol-'lows. As I am happy in three or four very agreeable 'friends, theſe I would conſtantly have with me; and 'the freedom we took with one another at ſchool and 'the univerſity, we would maintain and exert upon all 'occaſions with great courage. There ſhould be cer-'tain hours of the day to be employed in reading, dur-'ing which time it ſhould be impoſſible for any one of 'us to enter the other's chamber, unleſs by ſtorm. Af-'ter this we would communicate the traſh or treaſure

'we had met-with, with our own reflections upon the 'matter; the juſtneſs of which we would controvert 'with good-humoured warmth, and never ſpare one 'another out of that complaiſant ſpirit of converſation, 'which makes others affirm and deny the ſame matter 'in a quarter of an hour. If any of the neighbouring 'gentlemen, not of our turn, ſhould take it in their 'heads to viſit me, I ſhould look upon theſe perſons in 'the ſame degree enemies to my particular ſtate of hap-'pineſs, as ever the French were to that of the public, 'and I would be at an annual expence in ſpies to ob-'ſerve their motions. Whenever I ſhould be ſurpriſed 'with a viſit, as I hate drinking, I would be briſk in 'ſwilling bumpers, upon this maxim, that it is better 'to trouble others with my impertinence, than to be 'troubled myſelf with theirs. The neceſſity of an in-'firmary makes me reſolve to fall into that project; 'and as we ſhould be but five, the terrors of an invo-'luntary ſeparation, which our number cannot ſo well 'admit of, would make us exert ourſelves, in oppo-'ſition to all the particulars mentioned in your inſtitu-'tion of that equitable confinement. This my way of 'life I know would ſubject me to the imputation of a 'moroſe, covetous, and ſingular fellow. Theſe and 'all other hard words, with all manner of inſipid jeſts, 'and all other reproach, would be matter of mirth to 'me and my friends: beſides, I would deſtroy the ap-'plication of the epithets moroſe and covetous, by a 'yearly relief of my undeſervedly neceſſitous neigh-'bours, and by treating my friends and domeſtics with 'an humanity that ſhould expreſs the obligation to lie 'rather on my ſide; and as for the word ſingular, I 'was always of opinion every man muſt be ſo, to be 'what one would deſire him.

'Your very humble ſervant,

'J. R.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'ABOUT two years ago, I was called upon by 'the younger part of a country family, by my mo-'ther's ſide related to me, to viſit Mr. Campbell, the 'dumb man, for they told me that that was chiefly

'what brought them to town, having heard wonders 'of him in Eſſex. I, who always wanted faith in mat- 'ters of that kind, was not eaſily prevailed on to go; 'but leſt they ſhould take it ill, I went with them; 'when to my ſurpriſe, Mr. Campbell related all their 'paſt life; in ſhort, had he not been prevented, ſuch 'a diſcovery would have come out, as would have 'ruined the next deſign of their coming to town, viz. 'buying wedding clothes. Our names——though 'he never heard of us before——and we endeavoured 'to conceal—— were as familiar to him as to ourſelves. 'To be ſure, Mr. SPECTATOR, he is a very learned 'and wiſe man. Being impatient to know my fortune, 'having paid my reſpects in a family-Jacobus, he told 'me, after his manner, among ſeveral other things, 'that in a year and nine months I ſhould fall ill of a 'fever, be given over by my phyſicians, but ſhould 'with much difficulty recover; that the firſt time I 'took the air afterwards, I ſhould be addreſſed to by a 'young gentleman of a plentiful fortune, good ſenſe, 'and a generous ſpirit. Mr. SPECTATOR, he is the 'pureſt man in the world, for all he ſaid is come to 'paſs, and I am the happieſt ſhe in Kent. I have been 'in queſt of Mr. Campbell theſe three months, and 'cannot find him out. Now hearing you are a dumb 'man too, I thought you might correſpond, and be 'able to tell me ſomething; for I think myſelf highly 'obliged to make his fortune, as he has mine. It is 'very poſſible your worſhip, who has ſpies all over 'this town, can inform me how to ſend to him; if you 'can, I beſeech you be as ſpeedy as poſſible, and you 'will highly oblige

'Your conſtant reader and admirer,

'DULCIBELLA THANKLEY."

Ordered, That the inſpector I employ about wonders, inquire at the Golden-Lion, oppoſite to the Half-Moon tavern in Drury-lane, into the merits of this ſilent ſage, and report accordingly. T.

N° 475. Thurſday, September 4.

——Quæ res in ſe neque conſilium, neque modum
Habet ullum, eam conſilio regere non potes.
TER. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

Advice is thrown away, where the caſe admits of neither counſel nor moderation.

IT is an old obſervation, which has been made of politicians who would rather ingratiate themſelves with their ſovereign, than promote his real ſervice, that they accommodate their counſels to his inclinations, and adviſe him to ſuch actions only as his heart is naturally ſet upon. The privy-counſellor of one in love muſt obſerve the ſame conduct, unleſs he would forfeit the friendſhip of the perſon who deſires his advice. I have known ſeveral odd caſes of this nature. Hipparchus was going to marry a common woman, but being reſolved to do nothing without the advice of his friend Philander, he conſulted him upon the occaſion. Philander told him his mind freely, and repreſented his miſtreſs to him in ſuch ſtrong colours, that the next morning he received a challenge for his pains, and before twelve o'clock was run through the body by the man who had aſked his advice. Celia was more prudent on the like occaſion; ſhe deſired Leonilla to give her opinion freely upon a young fellow who made his addreſſes to her. Leonilla, to oblige her, told her with great frankneſs, that ſhe looked upon him as one of the moſt worthleſs——Celia, foreſeeing what a character ſhe was to expect, begged her not to go on, for that ſhe had been privately married to him above a fortnight. The truth of it is, a woman ſeldom aſks advice before ſhe has bought her wedding clothes. When ſhe has made her own choice, for form's ſake ſhe ſends *congé d'elire* to her friends.

If we look into the ſecret ſprings and motives that ſet people at work on theſe occaſions, and put them upon

aſking advice which they never intend to take; I look upon it to be none of the leaſt, that they are incapable of keeping a ſecret which is ſo very pleaſing to them. A girl longs to tell her confident, that ſhe hopes to be married in a little time, and, in order to talk of the pretty fellow that dwells ſo much in her thoughts, aſks her very gravely, what ſhe would adviſe her to do in a caſe of ſo much difficulty. Why elſe ſhould Meliſſa, who had not a thouſand pounds in the world, go into every quarter of the town to aſk her acquaintance whether they would adviſe her to take Tom Townly, that made his addreſſes to her with an eſtate of five thouſand a year? It is very pleaſant on this occaſion, to hear the lady propoſe her doubts, and to ſee the pains ſhe is at to get over them.

I muſt not here omit a practice that is in uſe among the vainer part of our own ſex, who will often aſk a friend's advice in relation to a fortune whom they are never likely to come at. WILL HONEYCOMB, who is now on the verge of threeſcore, took me aſide not long ſince, and aſked me in his moſt ſerious look, whether I would adviſe him to marry my lady Betty Single, who, by the way, is one of the greateſt fortunes about town. I ſtared him full in the face upon ſo ſtrange a queſtion; upon which he immediately gave me an inventory of her jewels and eſtate, adding, that he was reſolved to do nothing in a matter of ſuch conſequence without my approbation. Finding he would have an anſwer, I told him, if he could get the lady's conſent he had mine. This is about the tenth match which, to my knowledge, WILL has conſulted his friends upon, without ever opening his mind to the party herſelf.

I have been engaged in this ſubject by the following letter, which comes to me from ſome notable young female ſcribe, who, by the contents of it, ſeems to have carried matters ſo far, that ſhe is ripe for aſking advice; but as I would not loſe her good will, nor forfeit the reputation which I have with her for wiſdom, I ſhall only communicate the letter to the public, without returning any anſwer to it.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOW, sir, the thing is this: Mr. Shapely is the prettiest gentleman about town. He is very tall, but not too tall neither. He dances like an angel. His mouth is made I do not know how, but it is the prettiest that I ever saw in my life. He is always laughing, for he has an infinite deal of wit. If you did but see how he rolls his stockings! He has a thousand pretty fancies, and I am sure, if you saw him, you would like him. He is a very good scholar, and can talk Latin as fast as English. I wish you could but see him dance. Now you must understand, poor Mr. Shapely has no estate; but how can he help that, you know? And yet my friends are so unreasonable as to be always teazing me about him, because he has no estate; but I am sure he has what is better than an estate; for he is a good-natured, ingenious, modest, civil, tall, well-bred, handsome man, and I am obliged to him for his civilities ever since I saw him. I forgot to tell you that he has black eyes, and looks upon me now and then as if he had tears in them. And yet my friends are so unreasonable, that they would have me be uncivil to him. I have a good portion which they cannot hinder me of, and I shall be fourteen on the 29th day of August next, and am therefore willing to settle in the world as soon as I can, and so is Mr. Shapely. But every body I advise with here is poor Mr. Shapely's enemy. I desire therefore you will give me your advice, for I know you are a wise man; and if you advise me well I am resolved to follow it. I heartily wish you could see him dance, and am,

'Sir,

'Your most humble servant,

'B. D.

'He loves your Spectators mightily.'

C.

N° 476. Friday, September 5.

——*Lucidus ordo.* Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 41.

Method.

AMONG my daily papers which I beſtow on the public, there are ſome which are written with regularity and method, and others that run out into the wildneſs of thoſe compoſitions which go by the name of eſſays. As for the firſt, I have the whole ſcheme of the diſcourſe in my mind before I ſet pen to paper. In the other kind of writing, it is ſufficient that I have ſeveral thoughts on a ſubject, without troubling myſelf to range them in ſuch order, that they may ſeem to grow out of one another, and be diſpoſed under the proper heads. Seneca and Montaigne are patterns for writing in this laſt kind, as Tully and Ariſtotle excel in the other. When I read an author of genius who writes without method, I fancy myſelf in a wood that abounds with a great many noble objects, riſing among one another in the greateſt confuſion and diſorder. When I read a methodical diſcourſe, I am in a regular plantation, and can place myſelf in its ſeveral centers, ſo as to take a view of all the lines and walks that are ſtruck from them. You may ramble in the one a whole day together, and every moment diſcover ſomething or other that is new to you; but when you have done, you will have but a confuſed imperfect notion of the place: in the other your eye commands the whole proſpect, and gives you ſuch an idea of it, as is not eaſily worn out of the memory.

Irregularity and want of method are only ſupportable in men of great learning or genius, who are often too full to be exact, and therefore chooſe to throw down their pearls in heaps before the reader, rather than be at the pains of ſtringing them.

Method is of advantage to a work both in reſpect to the writer and the reader. In regard to the firſt, it is a great help to his invention. When a man has planned his diſcourſe, he finds a great many thoughts riſing out of every head, that do not offer themſelves upon the general ſurvey of a ſubject. His thoughts are at the ſame time more intelligible, and better diſcover their drift and meaning, when they are placed in their proper lights, and follow one another in a regular ſeries, than when they are thrown together without order and connection. There is always an obſcurity in confuſion, and the ſame ſentence that would have enlightened the reader in one part of a diſcourſe, perplexes him in another. For the ſame reaſon likewiſe every thought in a methodical diſcourſe ſhews itſelf in its greateſt beauty, as the ſeveral figures in a piece of painting receive new grace from their diſpoſition in the picture. The advantages of a reader from a methodical diſcourſe, are correſpondent with thoſe of the writer. He comprehends every thing eaſily, takes it in with pleaſure, and retains it long.

Method is not leſs requiſite in ordinary converſation than in writing, provided a man would talk to make himſelf underſtood. I, who hear a thouſand coffee-houſe debates every day, am very ſenſible of this want of method in the thoughts of my honeſt countrymen. There is not one diſpute in ten which is managed in thoſe ſchools of politics, where, after the three firſt ſentences, the queſtion is not entirely loſt. Our diſputants put me in mind of the ſcuttle-fiſh, that when he is unable to extricate himſelf, blackens all the water about him until he becomes inviſible. The man who does not know how to methodize his thoughts has always, to borrow a phraſe from the Diſpenſary, "a "barren ſuperfluity of words; the fruit is loſt amidſt "the exuberance of leaves."

Tom Puzzle is one of the moſt eminent immethodical diſputants of any that has fallen under my obſervation. Tom has read enough to make him very impertinent; his knowledge is ſufficient to raiſe doubts, but not to clear them. It is pity that he has ſo much learning, or that he has not a great deal more. With theſe

qualifications Tom ſets up for a free-thinker, finds a great many things to blame in the conſtitution of his country, and gives ſhrewd intimations that he does not believe another world. In ſhort, Puzzle is an atheiſt as much as his parts will give him leave. He has got about half a dozen common-place topics, into which he never fails to turn the converſation, whatever was the occaſion of it: though the matter in debate be about Doway or Denain, it is ten to one but half his diſcourſe runs upon the unreaſonableneſs of bigotry and prieſt-craft. This makes Mr. Puzzle the admiration of all thoſe who have leſs ſenſe than himſelf, and the contempt of all thoſe who have more. There is none in town whom Tom dreads ſo much as my friend Will Dry. Will, who is acquainted with Tom's logic, when he finds him running off the queſtion, cuts him ſhort with a 'What then? 'We allow all this to be true, but what is it to our pre-'ſent purpoſe?' I have known Tom eloquent half an hour together, and triumphing, as he thought, in the ſuperiority of the argument, when he has been nonpluſſed on a ſudden by Mr. Dry's deſiring him to tell the company what it was that he endeavoured to prove. In ſhort, Dry is a man of a clear methodical head, but few words, and gains the ſame advantage over Puzzle, that a ſmall body of regular troops would gain over a numberleſs undiſciplined militia. C.

N° 477. Saturday, September 6.

——An me ludit amabilis
Inſania? audire & videor pios
Errare per lucos, amœnæ
Quos & aquæ ſubeunt & auræ.

HOR. Od. 4. l. 3. ver. 5.

——Does airy fancy cheat
My mind, well pleas'd with the deceit?
I ſeem to hear, I ſeem to move,
And wander thro' the happy grove,
Where ſmooth ſprings flow, and murm'ring breeze
Wantons through the waving trees.

CREECH.

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read your eſſay on the plea-
'ſures of the imagination, I was ſo taken with your
'thoughts upon ſome of our Engliſh gardens, that
'I cannot forbear troubling you with a letter upon that
'ſubject. I am one, you muſt know, who am looked
'upon as an humoriſt in gardening. I have ſeveral acres
'about my houſe, which I call my garden, and which a
'ſkilful gardener would not know what to call. It is a
'confuſion of kitchen and parterre, orchard and flower-
'garden, which lie ſo mixt and interwoven with one an-
'other, that if a foreigner, who had ſeen nothing of our
'country, ſhould be conveyed into my garden at his firſt
'landing, he would look upon it as a natural wilderneſs,
'and one of the uncultivated parts of our country. My
'flowers grow up in ſeveral parts of the garden in the
'greateſt luxuriancy and profuſion. I am ſo far from be-
'ing fond of any particular one, by reaſon of its rarity,
'that if I meet with any one in a field which pleaſes me,
'I give it a place in my garden. By this means, when
'a ſtranger walks with me, he is ſurpriſed to ſee ſeveral
'large ſpots of ground covered with ten thouſand different
'colours, and has often ſingled out flowers that he might

'have met with under a common hedge, in a field, or
'a meadow, as ſome of the greateſt beauties of the place.
'The only method I obſerve in this particular, is to range
'in the ſame quarter the products of the ſame ſeaſon,
'that they may make their appearance together, and
'compoſe a picture of the greateſt variety. There is the
'ſame irregularity in my plantations, which run into as
'great a wildneſs as their natures will permit. I take
'in none that do not naturally rejoice in the ſoil, and am
'pleaſed when I am walking in a labyrinth of my own
'raiſing, not to know whether the next tree I ſhall meet
'with is an apple or an oak, an elm or a pear-tree.
'My kitchen has likewiſe its particular quarters aſſigned
'it; for beſides the wholeſome luxury which that place
'abounds with, I have always thought a kitchen-garden
'a more pleaſant ſight than the fineſt orangery or arti-
'ficial green-houſe. I love to ſee every thing in its per-
'fection, and am more pleaſed to ſurvey my rows of
'coleworts and cabbages, with a thouſand nameleſs pot-
'herbs, ſpringing up in their full fragrancy and verdure,
'than to ſee the tender plants of foreign countries kept
'alive by artificial heats, or withering in an air and ſoil
'that are not adapted to them. I muſt not omit, that
'there is a fountain riſing in the upper part of my gar-
'den, which forms a little wandering rill, and adminiſters
'to the pleaſure as well as the plenty of the place. I have
'ſo conducted it, that it viſits moſt of my plantations;
'and have taken particular care to let it run in the ſame
'manner as it would do in an open field, ſo that it gene-
'rally paſſes through banks of violets and primroſes, plats
'of willow, or other plants, that ſeem to be of its own
'producing.. There is another circumſtance in which I
'am very particular, or as my neighbours call me, very
'whimſical: as my garden invites into it all the birds
'of the country, by offering them the conveniency of
'ſprings and ſhades, ſolitude and ſhelter, I do not ſuffer
'any one to deſtroy their neſts in the ſpring, or drive
'them from their uſual haunts in fruit-time. I value my
'garden more for being full of blackbirds than cherries,
'and very frankly give them fruit for their ſongs. By
'this means I have always the muſic of the ſeaſon in its
'perfection, and am highly delighted to ſee the jay or

he thruſh hopping about my walks, and ſhooting before my eyes acroſs the ſeveral little glades and alleys that I paſs through: I think there are as many kinds of gardening as of poetry: your makers of parterres and flower-gardens, are epigrammatiſts and ſonneteers in this art; contrivers of bowers and grottoes, treillages and caſcades, are romance writers. Wiſe and London are our heroic poets; and if, as a critic, I may ſingle out any paſſage of their works to commend, I ſhall take notice of that part in the upper-garden, at Kenſington, which was at firſt nothing but a gravel pit. It muſt have been a fine genius for gardening, that could have thought of forming ſuch an unſightly hollow into ſo beautiful an area, and to have hit the eye with ſo uncommon and agreeable a ſcene as that which it is now wrought into. To give this particular ſpot of ground the greater effect, they have made a very pleaſing contraſt; for as on one ſide of the walk you ſee this hollow baſon, with its ſeveral little plantations lying ſo conveniently under the eye of the beholder; on the other ſide of it there appears a ſeeming mount, made up of trees riſing one higher than another in proportion as they approach the centre. A ſpectator who has not heard this account of it, would think this circular mount was not only a real one, but that it had been actually ſcooped out of that hollow ſpace which I have before mentioned. I never yet met with any one who had walked in this garden, who was not ſtruck with that part of it which I have here mentioned. As for myſelf, you will find, by the account which I have already given you, that my compoſitions in gardening are altogether after the Pindaric manner, and run into the beautiful wildneſs of nature, without affecting the nicer elegancies of art. What I am now going to mention, will, perhaps, deſerve your attention more than any thing I have yet ſaid. I find that in the diſcourſe which I ſpoke of at the beginning of my letter, you are againſt filling an Engliſh garden with ever-greens; and indeed I am ſo far of your opinion, that I can by no means think the verdure of an ever-green comparable to that which ſhoots out annually, and clothes our trees in the ſummer-ſeaſon. But I have often

'wondered that thoſe who are like myſelf, and love t
'live in gardens, have never thought of contriving
'winter-garden, which would conſiſt of ſuch trees onl
'as never caſt their leaves. We have very often litt
'ſnatches of ſunſhine and fair weather in the moſt un
'comfortable parts of the year, and have frequently ſe
'veral days in November and January that are as agree
'able as any in the fineſt months. At ſuch times, there
'fore, I think there could not be a greater pleaſure tha
'to walk in ſuch a winter garden as I have propoſed.
'In the ſummer-ſeaſon the whole country blooms, and
'is a kind of garden, for which reaſon we are not ſo
'ſenſible of thoſe beauties that at this time may be every
'where met with; but when nature is in her deſolation,
'and preſents us with nothing but bleak and barren
'proſpects, there is ſomething unſpeakably chearful in a
'ſpot of ground which is covered with trees that ſmile
'amidſt all the rigour of winter, and give us a view of
'the moſt gay ſeaſon in the midſt of that which is the
'moſt dead and melancholy. I have ſo far indulged my-
'ſelf in this thought, that I have ſet apart a whole acre
'of ground for the executing of it. The walls are
'covered with ivy inſtead of vines. The laurel, the
'bay-tree, and the holly, with many other trees and
'plants of the ſame nature, grow ſo thick in it that you
'cannot imagine a more lively ſcene. The glowing
'redneſs of the berries with which they are hung at this
'time, vies with the verdure of their leaves, and are apt
'to inſpire the heart of the beholder with that vernal
'delight which you have ſomewhere taken notice of in
'your former papers. It is very pleaſant, at the ſame
'time, to ſee the ſeveral kinds of birds retiring into this
'little green ſpot, and enjoying themſelves among the
'branches and foliage, when my great garden, which I
'have before mentioned to you, does not afford a ſingle
'leaf for their ſhelter.

'You muſt know, ſir, that I look upon the pleaſure
'which we take in a garden, as one of the moſt innocent
'delights in human life. A garden was the habitation
'of our firſt parents before the fall. It is naturally apt to
'fill the mind with calmneſs and tranquillity, and to lay
'all its turbulent paſſions at reſt. It gives us a great

inſight into the contrivance and wiſdom of Providence, and ſuggeſts innumerable ſubjects for meditation. I cannot but think the very complacency and ſatisfaction which a man takes in theſe works of nature, to be a laudable if not a virtuous habit of mind. For all which reaſons I hope you will pardon the length of my preſent letter.

C.

'I am,

'Sir, &c.'

N° 478. Monday, September 8.

——*Uſus,*
Quem penes arbitrium eſt, & jus & norma——
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 72.

Faſhion, the arbiter, and rule of right.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT happened lately, that a friend of mine, who had 'many things to buy for his family, would oblige me to 'walk with him to the ſhops. He was very nice in 'his way, and fond of having every thing ſhewn, which 'at firſt made me very uneaſy; but as his humour ſtill 'continued, the things which I had been ſtaring at along 'with him, began to fill my head, and led me into a ſet 'of amuſing thoughts concerning them.

'I fancied it muſt be very ſurpriſing to any one who 'enters into a detail of faſhions, to conſider how far the 'vanity of mankind has laid itſelf out in dreſs, what a 'prodigious number of people it maintains, and what a 'circulation of money it occaſions. Providence in this 'caſe makes uſe of the folly which we will not give up, 'and it becomes inſtrumental to the ſupport of thoſe who 'are willing to labour. Hence it is that fringe-makers, 'lace-men, tire women, and a number of other trades, 'which would be uſeleſs in a ſimple ſtate of nature, draw 'their ſubſiſtence; though it is ſeldom ſeen that ſuch

'as theſe are extremely rich, becauſe their original
'fault of being founded upon vanity, keeps them poor
'by the light inconſtancy of its nature. The variableneſs
'of faſhion turns the ſtream of buſineſs, which flows
'from it, now into one channel, and anon into another;
'ſo that the different ſets of people ſink or flouriſh in
'their turns by it.

'From the ſhops we retired to the tavern, where I
'found my friend expreſs ſo much ſatisfaction for the
'bargains he had made, that my moral reflections (if I
'had told them) might have paſſed for a reproof; ſo I
'choſe rather to fall in with him, and let the diſcourſe
'run upon the uſe of faſhions.

'Here we remembered how much man is governed
'by his ſenſes, how livelily he is ſtruck by the objects
'which appear to him in an agreeable manner, how
'much clothes contribute to make us agreeable objects,
'and how much we owe it to ourſelves that we ſhould
'appear ſo.

'We conſidered man as belonging to ſocieties; ſo-
'cieties as formed of different ranks; and different
'ranks diſtinguiſhed by habits, that all proper duty or
'reſpect might attend their appearance.

'We took notice of ſeveral advantages which are met
'with in the occurrences of converſation: how the baſh-
'ful man has been ſometimes ſo raiſed, as to expreſs him-
'ſelf with an air of freedom, when he imagines that his
'habit introduces him to company with a becoming
'manner; and again, how a fool in fine clothes ſhall be
'ſuddenly heard with attention, till he has betrayed
'himſelf; whereas a man of ſenſe appearing with a dreſs
'of negligence ſhall be but coldly received, till he be
'proved by time, and eſtabliſhed in a character. Such
'things as theſe we could recollect to have happened to
'our own knowledge ſo very often, that we concluded
'the author had his reaſons, who adviſes his ſon to go in
'dreſs rather above his fortune than under it.

'At laſt the ſubject ſeemed ſo conſiderable, that it
'was propoſed to have a repoſitory built for faſhions,
'as there are chambers for medals and other rarities.
'The building may be ſhaped as that which ſtands among
'the pyramids, in the form of a woman's head. This

'may be raiſed upon pillars, whoſe ornaments ſhall bear 'a juſt relation to the deſign. Thus there may be an 'imitation of fringe carved in the baſe, a ſort of appear-'ance of lace in the frieze, and a repreſentation of curl-'ing locks, with bows of ribbon ſloping over them, may 'fill up the work of the corniſh. The inſide may be di-'vided into two apartments appropriated to each ſex. 'The apartments may be filled with ſhelves, on which 'boxes are to ſtand as regularly as books in a library. 'Theſe are to have folding-doors, which being opened 'you are to behold a baby dreſſed out in ſome faſhion 'which has flouriſhed, and ſtanding upon a pedeſtal, 'where the time of its reign is marked down. For its 'farther regulation, let it be ordered, that every one 'who invites a faſhion ſhall bring in his box, whoſe 'front he may at pleaſure have either worked or painted 'with ſome amorous or gay device, that, like books 'with gilded leaves and covers, it may the ſooner draw 'the eyes of the beholders. And to the end that theſe 'may be preſerved with all due care, let there be a 'keeper appointed, who ſhall be a gentleman qualified 'with a competent knowledge in clothes; ſo that by 'this means the place will be a comfortable ſupport for 'ſome beau who has ſpent his eſtate in dreſſing.

'The reaſons offered by which we expected to gain 'the approbation of the public, were as follow.

'Firſt, That every one who is conſiderable enough 'to be a mode, and has any imperfection of nature or 'chance, which it is poſſible to hide by the advantage 'of clothes, may, by coming to this repoſitory, be fur-'niſhed herſelf, and furniſh all who are under the ſame 'misfortune, with the moſt agreeable manner of con-'cealing it; and that on the other ſide, every one who 'has any beauty in face or ſhape, may alſo be furniſhed 'with the moſt agreeable manner of ſhewing it.

'Secondly, That whereas ſome of our young gentle-'men, who travel, give us great reaſon to ſuſpect that 'they only go abroad to make or improve a fancy for 'dreſs, a project of this nature may be a means to keep 'them at home, which is in effect the keeping of ſo 'much money in the kingdom. And perhaps the ba-'lance of faſhion in Europe, which now leans upon the

'ſide of France, may be ſo altered for the future, that it 'may become as common with Frenchmen to come to 'England for their finiſhing ſtroke of breeding as it has 'been for Engliſhmen to go to France for it.

'Thirdly, Whereas ſeveral great ſcholars, who might 'have been otherwiſe uſeful to the world, have ſpent 'their time in ſtudying to deſcribe the dreſſes of the 'ancients from dark hints, which they are fain to in-'terpret and ſupport with much learning; it will from 'henceforth happen, that they ſhall be freed from the 'trouble, and the world from uſeleſs volumes. This 'project will be a regiſtry, to which poſterity may have 'recourſe, for the clearing ſuch obſcure paſſages as 'tend that way in authors; and therefore we ſhall not 'for the future ſubmit ourſelves to the learning of ety-'mology, which might perſuade the age to come, that 'the farthingale was worn for cheapneſs, or the furbe-'low for warmth.

'Fourthly, Whereas they who are old themſelves, 'have often a way of railing at the extravagance of 'youth, and the whole age in which their children live; 'it is hoped that this ill-humour will be much ſuppreſſ-'ed, when we can have recourſe to the faſhions of their 'times, produce them in our vindication, and be able to 'ſhew that it might have been as expenſive in queen 'Elizabeth's time only to waſh and quill a ruff, as it is 'now to buy cravats or neck handkerchiefs.

'We deſire alſo to have it taken notice of, that be-'cauſe we would ſhew a particular reſpect to foreigners, 'which may induce them to perfect their breeding here 'in a knowledge which is very proper for pretty gentle-'men, we have conceived the motto for the houſe in the 'learned language. There is to be a picture over the 'door with a looking-glaſs and a dreſſing-chair in the 'middle of it: then on one ſide are to be ſeen, above one 'another, patch-boxes, pin-cuſhions, and little bottles; 'on the other, powder-bags, puffs, combs, and bruſhes; 'beyond theſe, ſwords and fine knots, whoſe points are 'wooden, and fans almoſt cloſed, with the handles down-'ward, are to ſtand out interchangeably from the ſides, 'until they meet at the top, and form a ſemicircle over

'the reſt of the figures: beneath all, the writing is to 'run in this pretty ſounding manner:

Adeſte, O quotquot ſunt, Veneres, Gratiæ, Cupidines,
En vobis adſunt in promptu
Faces, vincula, ſpicula;
Hinc eligite, ſumite, regite.

All ye Venus's, Graces, and Cupids, attend:
See prepared to your hands
Darts, torches, and bands:
Your weapons here chuſe, and your empire extend.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'A. B.'

The propoſal of my correſpondent I cannot but look upon as an ingenious method of placing perſons (whoſe parts make them ambitious to exert themſelves in frivolous things) in a rank by themſelves. In order to this, I would propoſe that there be a board of directors of the faſhionable ſociety; and becauſe it is a matter of too much weight for a private man to determine alone, I ſhould be highly obliged to my correſpondents if they would give in liſts of perſons qualified for this truſt. If the chief coffee-houſes, the converſations of which places are carried on by perſons, each of whom has his little number of followers and admirers, would name from among themſelves two or three to be inſerted, they ſhould be put up with great faithfulneſs. Old beaus are to be preſented in the firſt place; but as that ſect, with relation to dreſs, is almoſt extinct, it will, I fear, be abſolutely neceſſary to take in all time-ſervers, properly ſo deemed; that is, ſuch as, without any conviction of conſcience or view of intereſt, change with the world, and that merely from a terror of being out of faſhion. Such alſo, who from facility of temper, and too much obſequiouſneſs, are vicious againſt their will, and follow leaders whom they do not approve, for want of courage to go their own way, are capable perſons for this ſuperintendency. Thoſe who are loth to grow old, or would do any thing contrary to the courſe and order

of things, out of fondneſs to be in faſhion, are proper candidates. To conclude, thoſe who are in faſhion without apparent merit, muſt be ſuppoſed to have latent qualities, which would appear in a poſt of direction; and therefore are to be regarded in forming theſe liſts. Any who ſhall be pleaſed according to theſe, or what farther qualifications may occur to himſelf, to ſend a liſt, is deſired to do it within fourteen days after this date.

N. B. The place of the phyſician to this ſociety, according to the laſt mentioned qualification, is already engaged. T.

N° 479. Tueſday, September 9.

——*Dare jura maritis.* Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 398.

To regulate the matrimonial life.

MANY are the epiſtles I every day receive from huſbands, who complain of vanity, pride, but above all ill-nature, in their wives. I cannot tell how it is, but I think I ſee in all their letters that the cauſe of their uneaſineſs is in themſelves; and indeed I have hardly ever obſerved the married condition unhappy, but for want of judgment or temper in the man. The truth is, we generally make love in a ſtyle, and with ſentiments very unfit for ordinary life: they are half theatrical, half romantic. By this means we raiſe our imaginations to what is not to be expected in human life; and becauſe we did not beforehand think of the creature we are enamoured of, as ſubject to diſhumour, age, ſickneſs, impatience or ſullenneſs, but altogether conſidered her as the object of joy, human nature itſelf is often imputed to her as her particular imperfection or defect.

I take it to be a rule proper to be obſerved in all occurrences of life, but more eſpecially in the domeſtic

or matrimonial part of it, to preſerve always a diſpoſition to be pleaſed. This cannot be ſupported but by conſidering things in their right light, and as nature has formed them, and not as our own fancies or appetites would have them. He then who took a young lady to his bed, with no other conſideration, than the expectation of ſcenes of dalliance, and thought of her (as I ſaid before) only as ſhe was to adminiſter to the gratification of deſire; as that deſire flags, will, without her fault, think her charms and her merit abated: from hence muſt follow indifference, diſlike, peeviſhneſs, and rage. But the man who brings his reaſon to ſupport his paſſion, and beholds what he loves, as liable to all the calamities of human life both in body and mind, and even at the beſt what muſt bring upon him new cares and new relations; ſuch a lover, I ſay, will form himſelf accordingly, and adapt his mind to the nature of his circumſtances. This latter perſon will be prepared to be a father, a friend, an advocate, a ſteward for people yet unborn, and has proper affections ready for every incident in the marriage ſtate. Such a man can hear the cries of children with pity inſtead of anger; and when they run over his head, he is not diſturbed at their noiſe, but is glad of their mirth and health. Tom Truſty has told me, that he thinks it doubles his attention to the moſt intricate affair he is about, to hear his children, for whom all his cares are applied, make a noiſe in the next room: on the other ſide, Will Sparkiſh cannot put on his perriwig, or adjuſt his cravat at the glaſs, for the noiſe of thoſe damned nurſes and ſqualling brats; and then ends with a gallant reflection upon the comforts of matrimony, runs out of the hearing, and drives to the chocolate-houſe.

According as the huſband is diſpoſed in himſelf, every circumſtance of his life is to give him torment or pleaſure. When the affection is well placed, and ſupported by the conſiderations of duty, honour, and friendſhip, which are in the higheſt degree engaged in this alliance, there can nothing riſe in the common courſe of life, or from the blows or favours of fortune, in which a man will not find matters of ſome delight unknown to a ſingle condition.

He who ſincerely loves his wife and family, and ſtudies to improve that affection in himſelf, conceives pleaſure from the moſt indifferent things; while the married man, who has not bid adieu to the faſhions and falſe gallantries of the town, is perplexed with every thing around him. In both theſe caſes, men cannot, indeed, make a ſillier figure, than in repeating ſuch pleaſures and pains to the reſt of the world; but I ſpeak of them only, as they ſit upon thoſe who are involved in them. As I viſit all ſorts of people, I cannot indeed but ſmile, when the good lady tells her huſband what extraordinary things the child ſpoke ſince he went out. No longer than yeſterday I was prevailed with to go home with a fond huſband; and his wife told him, that his ſon, of his own head, when the clock in the parlour ſtruck two, ſaid, papa would come home to dinner preſently. While the father has him in a rapture in his arms, and is drowning him with kiſſes, the wife tells me he is but juſt four years old. Then they both ſtruggle for him, and bring him up to me, and repeat his obſervation of two o'clock. I was called upon, by looks upon the child, and then at me, to ſay ſomething; and I told the father, that this remark of the infant of his coming home, and joining the time with it, was a certain indication that he would be a great hiſtorian and chronologer. They are neither of them fools, yet received my compliment with great acknowledgment of my preſcience. I fared very well at dinner, and heard many other notable ſayings of their heir, which would have given very little entertainment to one leſs turned to reflection than I was: but it was a pleaſing ſpeculation to remark on the happineſs of a life, in which things of no moment give occaſion of hope, ſelf-ſatisfaction, and triumph. On the other hand, I have known an ill-natured coxcomb, who has hardly improved in any thing but bulk, for want of this diſpoſition, ſilence the whole family as a ſet of ſilly women and children, for recounting things which were really above his own capacity.

When I ſay all this, I cannot deny but there are perverſe jades that fall to mens lots, with whom it requires more than common proficiency in philoſophy to

be able to live. When these are joined to men of warm spirits, without temper or learning, they are frequently corrected with stripes; but one of our famous lawyers is of opinion, that this ought to be used sparingly; as I remember, those are his very words: but as it is proper to draw some spiritual use out of all afflictions, I should rather recommend to those who are visited with women of spirit, to form themselves for the world by patience at home. Socrates, who is by all accounts the undoubted head of the sect of the hen-pecked, owned and acknowledged that he owed great part of his virtue to the exercise which his useful wife constantly gave it. There are several good instructions may be drawn from his wise answers to the people of less fortitude than himself on her subject. A friend, with indignation, asked how so good a man could live with so violent a creature? He observed to him, "That they who learn "to keep a good seat on horseback, mount the least "manageable they can get; and when they have "mastered them, they are sure never to be discomposed "on the backs of steeds less restive." At several times, to different persons, on the same subject, he has said, "My dear friend, you are beholden to Xantippe, that "I bear so well your flying out in a dispute." To another, "My hen clacks very much, but she brings "me chickens. They that live in a trading street, "are not disturbed at the passage of carts." I would have, if possible, a wise man be contented with his lot, even with a shrew; for though he cannot make her better, he may, you see, make himself better by her means.

But, instead of pursuing my design of displaying conjugal love in its natural beauties and attractions, I am got into tales to the disadvantage of that state of life. I must say therefore, that I am verily persuaded that whatever is delightful in human life, is to be enjoyed in greater perfection in the married, than in the single condition. He that has this passion in perfection, in occasions of joy can say to himself, besides his own satisfaction, "How happy this will make my wife and "children!" Upon occurrences of distress or danger can comfort himself, "But all this while my wife and "children are safe." There is something in it that

doubles ſatisfactions, becauſe others participate them; and diſpels afflictions, becauſe others are exempt from them. All who are married without this reliſh of their circumſtance, are in either a taſteleſs indolence and negligence, which is hardly to be attained, or elſe live in the hourly repetition of ſharp anſwers, eager upbraidings, and diſtracting reproaches. In a word, the married ſtate, with and without the affection ſuitable to it, is the completeſt image of heaven and hell we are capable of receiving in this life. T.

Nº 480. Wedneſday, September 10.

Reſponſare cupidinibus, contemnere honores,
Fortis, & in ſeipſo totus teres, atque rotundus.
Hor. Sat. 7. l. 2. ver. 85.

Who's proof againſt the charms of vain delight:
Whom feeble fortune ſtrives in vain to wound,
So cloſely gather'd in a perfect round.
Creech.

THE other day looking over thoſe old manuſcripts, of which I have formerly given ſome account, and which relate to the character of the mighty Pharamond of France, and the cloſe friendſhip between him and his friend Eucrate; I found among the letters which had been in the cuſtody of the latter, an epiſtle from a country gentleman to Pharamond, wherein he excuſes himſelf from coming to court. The gentleman, it ſeems, was contented with his condition, had formerly been in the king's ſervice; but at the writing the following letter, had, from leiſure and reflection, quite another ſenſe of things than that which he had in the more active part of his life.

Monſieur Chezluy to Pharamond.

'Dread Sir,

'I HAVE from your own hand (incloſed under the 'cover of Mr. Eucrate of your majeſty's bed-chamber) 'a letter which invites me to court. I underſtand 'this great honour to be done me out of reſpect and 'inclination to me, rather than regard to your 'own ſervice: for which reaſons I beg leave to lay 'before your majeſty my reaſons for declining to de-'part from home; and will not doubt but, as your 'motive in deſiring my attendance was to make me 'an happier man, when you think that will not be ef-'fected by my remove, you will permit me to ſtay 'where I am. Thoſe who have an ambition to ap-'pear in courts, have either an opinion that their perſons 'or their talents are particularly formed for the ſer-'vice or ornament of that place; or elſe are hurried 'by downright deſire of gain, or what they call ho-'nour, to take upon themſelves whatever the genero-'ſity of their maſter can give them opportunities to 'graſp at. But your goodneſs ſhall not be thus im-'poſed upon by me: I will therefore confeſs to you, 'that frequent ſolitude, and long converſation with ſuch 'who know no arts which poliſh life, have made me 'the plaineſt creature in your dominions. Thoſe leſs 'capacities of moving with a good grace, bearing a 'ready affability to all around me, and acting with 'eaſe before many, have quite left me. I am come to 'that, with regard to my perſon, that I conſider it 'only as a machine I am obliged to take care of, in 'order to enjoy my ſoul in its faculties with alacrity; 'well remembering, that this habitation of clay will 'in a few years be a meaner piece of earth than any 'utenſil about my houſe. When this is, as it really is, 'the moſt frequent reflection I have, you will eaſily 'imagine how well I ſhould become a drawing-room: 'add to this, what ſhall a man without deſires do 'about the generous Pharamond? Monſieur Eucrate 'has hinted to me, that you have thoughts of diſtin-'guiſhing me with titles. As for myſelf, in the temper 'of my preſent mind, appellations of honour would

'but embarraſs diſcourſe, and new behaviour towards 'me perplex me in every habitude of life. I am alſo 'to acknowledge to you, that my children, of whom 'your majeſty condeſcended to inquire, are all of them 'mean, both in their perſons and genius. The eſtate 'my eldeſt ſon is heir to, is more than he can enjoy 'with a good grace. My ſelf-love will not carry me 'ſo far as to impoſe upon mankind the advancement 'of perſons (merely for their being related to me) into 'high diſtinctions, who ought for their own ſakes, as 'well as that of the public, to affect obſcurity. I wiſh, 'my generous prince, as it is in your power to give 'honours and offices, it were alſo to give talents ſuit-'able to them: were it ſo, the noble Pharamond would 'reward the zeal of my youth with abilities to do him 'ſervice in my age.

'Thoſe who accept of favour without merit, ſup-'port themſelves in it at the expence of your majeſty. 'Give me leave to tell you, ſir, this is the reaſon that 'we in the country hear ſo often repeated the word 'Prerogative. That part of your law which is reſerved 'in yourſelf for the readier ſervice and good of the 'public, ſlight men are eternally buzzing in our ears 'to cover their own follies and miſcarriages. It would 'be an addition to the high favour you have done me, 'if you would let Eucrate ſend me word how often, and 'in what caſes you allow a conſtable to inſiſt upon the 'prerogative. From the higheſt to the loweſt officer in 'your dominions, ſomething of their own carriage 'they would exempt from examination under the ſhelter 'of the word prerogative. I would fain, moſt noble 'Pharamond, ſee one of your officers aſſert your prero-'gative by good and gracious actions. When is it uſed 'to help the afflicted, to reſcue the innocent, to comfort 'the ſtranger? Uncommon methods, apparently un-'dertaken to attain worthy ends, would never make 'power invidious. You ſee, ſir, I talk to you with the 'freedom your noble nature approves in all whom you 'admit to your converſation.

'But, to return to your majeſty's letter, I humbly 'conceive, that all diſtinctions are uſeful to men, only 'as they are to act in public; and it would be a

'romantic madneſs, for a man to be a lord in his cloſet. 'Nothing can be honourable to a man apart from the 'world, but the reflection upon worthy actions; and 'he that places honour in a conſciouſneſs of well-doing, 'will have but little reliſh for any outward homage 'that is paid him, ſince what gives him diſtinction to 'himſelf, cannot come within the obſervation of his 'beholders. Thus all the words of lordſhip, honour, 'and grace, are only repetitions to a man that the king 'has ordered him to be called ſo; but no evidences that 'there is any thing in himſelf that would give the man, 'who applies to him, thoſe ideas, without the creation 'of his maſter.

'I have, moſt noble Pharamond, all honours and all 'titles in your own approbation; I triumph in them as 'they are your gift, I refuſe them as they are to give 'me the obſervation of others. Indulge me, my noble 'maſter, in this chaſtity of renown; let me know my-'ſelf in the favour of Pharamond; and look down upon 'the applauſe of the people. I am,

'In all duty and loyalty,

'Your majeſty's moſt obedient

'ſubject and ſervant,

'JEAN CHEZLUY.'

'SIR,

'I NEED not tell you with what diſadvantages men 'of low fortunes and great modeſty come into the 'world; what wrong meaſures their diffidence of them-'ſelves, and fear of offending, often obliges them to 'take; and what a pity it is that their greateſt virtues 'and qualities, that ſhould ſooneſt recommend them, 'are the main obſtacle in the way of their prefer-'ment.

'This, ſir, is my caſe; I was bred at a country 'ſchool, where I learned Latin and Greek. The 'misfortunes of my family forced me up to town, 'where a profeſſion of the politer ſort has protected 'me againſt infamy and want. I am now clerk to a 'lawyer, and in times of vacancy and receſs from

'business, have made myself master of Italian and 'French; and though the progress I have made in my 'business has gained me reputation enough for one of 'my standing, yet my mind suggests to me every day, 'that it is not upon that foundation I am to build my 'fortune.

'The person I have my present dependence upon, 'has it in his nature, as well as in his power, to advance 'me, by recommending me to a gentleman that is going 'beyond sea in a public employment. I know the print-'ing this letter would point me out to those I want con-'fidence to speak to, and I hope it is not in your power 'to refuse making any body happy.

September 9, 1712. 'Yours, &c.

T. 'M. D.'

Nº 481. Thursday, September 11.

——Uti non
Compositus melius cum Bitho Bacchius; in jus
Acres procurrunt—— Hor. Sat. 7. l. 1. ver. 19.

No better match'd with Bithus Bacchius strove:
To law they run, and wrangling dearly love.

It is sometimes pleasant enough to consider the different notions which different persons have of the same thing. If men of low condition very often set a value on things, which are not prized by those who are in a higher station of life, there are many things these esteem which are in no value among persons of an inferior rank. Common people are, in particular, very much astonished, when they hear of those solemn contests and debates, which are made among the great upon the punctilios of a public ceremony; and wonder to hear that any business of consequence should be retarded by those little circumstances, which they represent to themselves as trifling and insignificant. I am mightily

pleaſed with a porter's deciſion in one of Mr. Southern's plays, which is founded upon that fine diſtreſs of a virtuous woman's marrying a ſecond huſband, while her firſt was yet living. The firſt huſband, who was ſuppoſed to have been dead, returning to his houſe after a long abſence, raiſes a noble perplexity for the tragic part of the play. In the mean while, the nurſe and the porter conferring upon the difficulties that would enſue in ſuch a caſe, honeſt Samſon thinks the matter may be eaſily decided, and ſolves it very judiciouſly, by the old proverb, that if his firſt maſter be ſtill living, "The "man muſt have his mare again." There is nothing in my time which has ſo much ſurpriſed and confounded the greateſt part of my honeſt countrymen, as the preſent controverſy between count Rechteren and monſieur Meſnager which employs the wiſe heads of ſo many nations, and holds all the affairs of Europe in ſuſpenſe.

Upon my going into a coffee-houſe yeſterday, and lending an ear to the next table, which was encompaſſed with a circle of inferior politicians, one of them, after having read over the news very attentively, broke out into the following remarks. I am afraid, ſays he, this unhappy rupture between the footmen at Utrecht, will retard the peace of Chriſtendom. I wiſh the Pope may not be at the bottom of it. His holineſs has a very good hand at fomenting a diviſion, as the poor Swiſs Cantons have lately experienced to their coſt. If monſieur What-d'ye-call-him's domeſtics will not come to an accommodation, I do not know how the quarrel can be ended, but by a religious war.

Why truly, ſays a wiſeacre that ſat by him, were I as the king of France, I would ſcorn to take part with the footmen of either ſide: here's all the buſineſs of Europe ſtands ſtill, becauſe monſieur Meſnager's man has had his head broke. If count Rectrum had given them a pot of ale after it, all would have been well, without any of this buſtle; but they ſay he's a warm man, and does not care to be made mouths at.

Upon this, one, that had held his tongue hitherto, began to exert himſelf; declaring, that he was very well pleaſed the plenipotentiaries of our Chriſtian princes

took this matter into their ſerious conſideration; for that lackeys were never ſo ſaucy and pragmatical as they are now-a-days, and that he ſhould be glad to ſee them taken down in the treaty of peace, if it might be done without prejudice to the public affairs.

One who ſat at the other end of the table, and ſeemed to be in the intereſts of the French king, told them, that they did not take the matter right, for that his moſt Chriſtian majeſty did not reſent this matter becauſe it was an injury done to monſieur Meſnager's footmen; for, ſays he, what are monſieur Meſnager's footmen to him? but becauſe it was done to his ſubjects. Now, ſays he, let me tell you, it would look very odd for a ſubject of France to have a bloody noſe, and his ſovereign not to take notice of it. He is obliged in honour to defend his people againſt hoſtilities; and if the Dutch will be ſo inſolent to a crowned head, as, in any wiſe, to cuff or kick thoſe who are under his protection, I think he is in the right to call them to an account for it.

This diſtinction ſet the controverſy upon a new foot, and ſeemed to be very well approved by moſt that heard it, until a little warm fellow, who declared himſelf a friend to the houſe of Auſtria, fell moſt unmercifully upon his Gallic majeſty, as encouraging his ſubjects to make mouths at their betters, and afterwards ſkreening them from the puniſhment that was due to their inſolence. To which he added, that the French nation was ſo addicted to grimace, that if there was not a ſtop put to it at the general congreſs, there would be no walking the ſtreets for them in a time of peace, eſpecially if they continued maſters of the Weſt-Indies. The little man proceeded with a great deal of warmth, declaring, that if the allies were of his mind, he would oblige the French king to burn his gallies, and tolerate the Proteſtant religion in his dominions, before he would ſheath his ſword. He concluded with calling monſieur Meſnager an inſignificant prig.

The diſpute was now growing very warm, and one does not know where it would have ended, had not a young man of about one and twenty, who ſeems to

have been brought up with an eye to the law, taken the debate into his hand, and given it as his opinion, that neither count Rechteren nor monſieur Meſnager had behaved themſelves right in this affair. Count Rechteren, ſays he, ſhould have made affidavit that his ſervants had been affronted, and then monſieur Meſnager would have done him juſtice, by taking away their liveries from them, or ſome other way that he might have thought the moſt proper; for, let me tell you, if a man makes a mouth at me, I am not to knock the teeth out of it for its pains. Then again, as for monſieur Meſnager, upon his ſervants being beaten, why, he might have had his action of aſſault and battery. But as the caſe now ſtands, if you will have my opinion, I think they ought to bring it to referees.

I heard a great deal more of this conference, but I muſt confeſs with little edification; for all I could learn at laſt from theſe honeſt gentlemen, was, that the matter in debate was of too high a nature for ſuch heads as theirs, or mine, to comprehend. O.

N° 482. Friday, September 12.

Floriferis ut apes in ſaltibus omnia libant.

LUCR. l. 3. ver. 11.

As from the ſweeteſt flow'rs the lab'ring bee
Extracts her precious ſweets. CREECH.

WHEN I have publiſhed any ſingle paper that falls in with the popular taſte, and pleaſes more than ordinary, it always brings me in a great return of letters. My Tueſday's diſcourſe, wherein I gave ſeveral admonitions to the fraternity of the hen-pecked, has already produced me very many correſpondents; the reaſon I cannot gueſs, unleſs it be that ſuch a diſcourſe is of general uſe, and every married man's money. An honeſt tradeſman, who dates his letter from Cheapſide, ſends me thanks in the name of a club, who, he tells me, meet as often as their

wives will give them leave, and ſtay together till they are ſent for home. He informs me, that my paper has adminiſtered great conſolation to their whole club, and deſires me to give ſome further account of Socrates, and to acquaint them in whoſe reign he lived, whether he was a citizen or a courtier, whether he buried Xantippe, with many other particulars: for that by his ſayings he appears to have been a very wiſe man and a good chriſtian. Another, who writes himſelf Benjamin Bamboo, tells me, that being coupled with a ſhrew, he had endeavoured to tame her by ſuch lawful means as thoſe which I mentioned in my laſt Tueſday's paper, and that in his wrath he had often gone further than Bracton allows in thoſe caſes; but that for the future he was reſolved to bear it like a man of temper and learning, and conſider her only as one who lives in his houſe to teach him philoſophy. Tom Dapperwit ſays, that he agrees with me in that whole diſcourſe, excepting only the laſt ſentence, where I affirm the married ſtate to be either a heaven or a hell. Tom has been at the charge of a penny upon this occaſion, to tell me, that by his experience it is neither one nor the other, but rather that middle kind of ſtate, commonly known by the name of Purgatory.

The fair ſex have likewiſe obliged me with their reflections upon the ſame diſcourſe. A lady, who calls herſelf Euterpe, and ſeems a woman of letters, aſks me whether I am for eſtabliſhing the Salic law in every family, and why it is not fit that a woman, who has diſcretion and learning ſhould ſit at the helm, when the huſband is weak and illiterate? Another, of a quite contrary character, ſubſcribes herſelf Xantippe, and tells me, that ſhe follows the example of her nameſake; for being married to a bookiſh man, who has no knowledge of the world, ſhe is forced to take their affairs into her own hands, and to ſpirit him up now and then, that he may not grow muſty, and unfit for converſation.

After this abridgment of ſome letters which are come to my hands upon this occaſion, I ſhall publiſh one of them at large.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have given us a lively picture of that kind of huſband who comes under the denomination of the hen-pecked; but I do not remember that you have ever touched upon one that is of the quite different character, and who, in ſeveral places of England, goes by the name of a Cot-Quean. I have the misfortune to be joined for life with one of this character, who in reality is more a woman than I am. He was bred up under the tuition of a tender mother, till ſhe had made him as good a houſewife as herſelf. He could preſerve apricots, and make jellies, before he had been two years out of the nurſery. He was never ſuffered to go abroad, for fear of catching cold: when he ſhould have been hunting down a buck, he was by his mother's ſide learning how to ſeaſon it, or put it in cruſt; and was making paper boats with his ſiſters, at an age when other young gentlemen are croſſing the ſeas, or travelling into foreign countries. He has the whiteſt hand that you ever ſaw in your life, and raiſes paſte better than any woman in England. Theſe qualifications make him a ſad huſband; he is perpetually in the kitchen, and has a thouſand ſquabbles with the cook-maid. He is better acquainted with the milk-ſcore, than his ſteward's accounts. I fret to death when I hear him find fault with a diſh that is not dreſſed to his liking, and inſtructing his friends that dine with him in the beſt pickle for a walnut or ſauce for an hauch of veniſon. With all this, he is a very good-natured huſband, and never fell out with me in his life but once, upon the over-roaſting of a diſh of wild fowl: at the ſame time I muſt own, I would rather he was a man of a rough temper, that would treat me harſhly ſometimes, than of ſuch an effeminate buſy nature in a province that does not belong to him. Since you have given us the character of a wife who wears the breeches, pray ſay ſomething of a huſband that wears the petticoat. Why ſhould not a female character be as ridiculous in a man, as a male character in one of our ſex?

O. 'I am, &c.'

Nº 483. Saturday, September 13.

Nec deus interſit, niſi dignus vindice nodus
Inciderit—— Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 19

Never preſume to make a god appear,
But for a buſineſs worthy of a god. Roscommon

WE cannot be guilty of a greater act of uncharitableneſs, than to interpret the afflictions which befall our neighbours, as puniſhments and judgments. It aggravates the evil to him who ſuffers, when he looks upon himſelf as the mark of divine vengeance, and abates the compaſſion of thoſe towards him, who regard him in ſo dreadful a light. This humour of turning every misfortune into a judgment, proceeds from wrong notions of religion, which, in its own nature, produces good-will toward men, and puts the mildeſt conſtruction upon every accident that befalls them. In this caſe, therefore, it is not religion that ſours a man's temper, but it is his temper that ſours his religion: people of gloomy unchearful imaginations, or of envious malignant tempers, whatever kind of life they are engaged in, will diſcover their natural tincture of mind in all their thoughts, words, and actions. As the fineſt wines have often the taſte of the ſoil, ſo even the moſt religious thoughts often draw ſomething that is particular from the conſtitution of the mind in which they ariſe. When folly or ſuperſtition ſtrike in with this natural depravity of temper, it is not in the power, even of religion itſelf, to preſerve the character of the perſon who is poſſeſſed with it, from appearing highly abſurd and ridiculous.

An old maiden gentlewoman, whom I ſhall conceal under the name of Nemeſis, is the greateſt diſcoverer of judgments that I have met with. She can tell you what ſin it was that ſet ſuch a man's houſe on fire, or blew down his barns. Talk to her of an unfortunate

ng lady that loſt her beauty by the ſmall-pox, ſhe hes a deep ſigh, and tells you, that when ſhe had a face, ſhe was always looking on it in her glaſs. ll her of a piece of good fortune that has befallen of her acquaintance; and ſhe wiſhes it may proſper h her; but her mother uſed one of her nieces very barouſly. Her uſual remarks turn upon people who l great eſtates, but never enjoyed them by reaſon of ne flaw in their own or their father's behaviour. e can give you the reaſon why ſuch an one died child- s: why ſuch an one was cut off in the flower of youth: why ſuch an one was unhapppy in her rriage: why one broke his leg on ſuch a particular t of ground; and why another was killed with a k-ſword, rather than with any other kind of wea- n. She has a crime for every misfortune that can fall any of her acquaintance; and when ſhe hears of robbery that has been made, or a murder that has en committed, enlarges more on the guilt of the ſuf- ring perſon, than on that of the thief or aſſaſſin. In ort, ſhe is ſo good a chriſtian, that whatever happens herſelf is a trial, and whatever happens to her neigh- urs is a judgment.

The very deſcription of this folly, in ordinary life, ſufficient to expoſe it; but when it appears in a mp and dignity of ſtyle, it is very apt to amuſe and rrify the mind of the reader. Herodotus and Plutarch ry often apply their judgments as impertinently as the d woman I have before mentioned, though their anner of relating them makes the folly itſelf appear nerable. Indeed, moſt hiſtorians, as well chriſtian pagan, have fallen into this idle ſuperſtition, and oken of ill ſucceſs, unforeſeen diſaſters, and terrible vents, as if they had been let into the ſecrets of Pro- idence, and made acquainted with that private con- uct by which the world is governed. One would ink ſeveral of our own hiſtorians in particular had any revelations of this kind made to them. Our old ngliſh monks ſeldom let any of their kings depart in eace, who had endeavoured to diminiſh the power or ealth of which the eccleſiaſtics were in thoſe times oſſeſſed. William the Conqueror's race generally found

their judgments in the New Foreſt, where their fat
had pulled down churches and monaſteries. In ſho
read one of the chronicles written by an author of t
frame of mind, and you would think you were readi
an hiſtory of the kings of Iſrael and Judah, where t
hiſtorians were actually inſpired, and where, by a pa
ticular ſcheme of Providence, the kings were diſti
guiſhed by judgments or bleſſings, according as th
promoted idolatry or the worſhip of the true God.

I cannot but look upon this manner of judging upo
misfortunes, not only to be very uncharitable in rega
to the perſon on whom they fall, but very preſumptuo
in regard to him who is ſuppoſed to inflict them. I
is a ſtrong argument for a ſtate of retribution hereafte
that in this world virtuous perſons are very often unfo
tunate, and vicious perſons proſperous; which is whol
repugnant to the nature of a being who appears in
nitely wiſe and good in all his works, unleſs we ma
ſuppoſe that ſuch a promiſcuous and undiſtinguiſhin
diſtribution of good and evil, which was neceſſary fo
carrying on the deſigns of Providence in this life, wi
be rectified and made amends for in another. We a
not therefore to expect that fire ſhould fall from heave
in the ordinary courſe of Providence; nor when we ſe
triumphant guilt or depreſſed virtue in particular pe
ſons, that Omnipotence will make bare its holy ar
in the defence of the one, or puniſhment of the othe
It is ſufficient that there is a day ſet apart for the hea
ing and requiting of both according to their reſpecti
merits.

The folly of aſcribing temporal judgments to an
particular crimes, may appear from ſeveral conſidera
tions. I ſhall only mention two: Firſt, that, general
ſpeaking, there is no calamity or affliction, which
ſuppoſed to have happened as a judgment to a vicio
man, which does not ſometimes happen to men of ap
proved religion and virtue. When Diagoras the athei
was on board one of the Athenian ſhips, there aroſe
very violent tempeſt: upon which the mariners tol
him, that it was a juſt judgment upon them for havin
taken ſo impious a man on board. Diagoras begge
them to look upon the reſt of the ſhips that were in th

me diſtreſs, and aſked them whether or no Diagoras as on board every veſſel in the fleet. We are all involved in the ſame calamities, and ſubject to the ſame cidents: and when we ſee any one of the ſpecies nder any particular oppreſſion, we ſhould look upon it arifing from the common lot of human nature, rather an from the guilt of the perſon who ſuffers.

Another conſideration, that may check our preſumption, in putting ſuch a conſtruction upon a misfortune, is his, that it is impoſſible for us to know what are calamities and what are bleſſings. How many accidents ave paſſed for misfortunes, which have turned to the elfare and proſperity of the perſons to whoſe lot ey have fallen? How many diſappointments have, in eir conſequences, ſaved a man from ruin? If we ould look into the effects of every thing, we might be llowed to pronounce boldly upon bleſſings and judgnents; but for a man to give his opinion of what he ees but in part, and in its beginnings, is an unjuſtiiable piece of raſhneſs and folly. The ſtory of Biton nd Clitobus, which was in great reputation among the eathens, (for we ſee it quoted by all the ancient authors, both Greek and Latin, who have written upon he immortality of the ſoul) may teach us a caution in his matter. Theſe two brothers, being the ſons of a ady who was prieſteſs to Juno, drew their mother's chariot to the temple at the time of a great ſolemnity, he perſons being abſent who by their office were to have drawn her chariot on that occaſion. The mother was ſo tranſported with this inſtance of filial duty, that ſhe petitioned her goddeſs to beſtow upon them the greateſt gift that could be given to men; upon which they were both caſt into a deep ſleep, and the next morning found dead in the temple. This was ſuch an event, as would have been conſtrued into a judgment, had it happened to the two brothers after an act of diſobedience, and would doubtleſs have been repreſented as ſuch by any ancient hiſtorian who had given us an account of it.

O.

Nº 484. Monday, September 15.

Neque cuiquam tam ſtatim clarum ingenium eſt, ut poſſit emergere; niſi illi materia, occaſio, fautor etiam, commendatorque contingat. PLIN. Epiſt.

No man's abilities are ſo remarkably ſhining, as not to ſtand in need of a proper opportunity, a patron, and even the praiſes of a friend, to recommend them to the notice of the world.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'OF all the young fellows who are in their pro-
'greſs through any profeſſion, none ſeem to have ſo
'good a title to the protection of the men of emi-
'nence in it as the modeſt man; not ſo much becauſe
'his modeſty is a certain indication of his merit, as
'becauſe it is a certain obſtacle to the producing of
'it. Now, as of all profeſſions this virtue is thought to
'be more particularly unneceſſary in that of the law than
'in any other, I ſhall only apply myſelf to the relief
'of ſuch who follow this profeſſion with this diſadvan-
'tage. What aggravates the matter is, that thoſe per-
'ſons, who, the better to prepare themſelves for this
'ſtudy, have made ſome progreſs in others, have, by ad-
'dicting themſelves to letters, increaſed their natural
'modeſty, and conſequently heightened the obſtruction
'to this ſort of preferment; ſo that every one of theſe
'may emphatically be ſaid to be ſuch a one as "laboureth
"and taketh pains, and is ſtill the more behind." It
'may be a matter worth diſcuſſing then, why that which
'made a youth ſo amiable to the ancients, ſhould make
'him appear ſo ridiculous to the moderns? and, why in
'our days there ſhould be neglect, and even oppreſ-
'ſion of young beginners, inſtead of that protection
'which was the pride of theirs? In the profeſſion
'ſpoken of, it is obvious to every one whoſe attendance
'is required at Weſtminſter-hall, with what difficulty a

youth of any modeſty has been permitted to make an obſervation, that could in no wiſe detract from the merit of his elders, and is abſolutely neceſſary for the advancing his own. I have often ſeen one of theſe not only moleſted in his utterance of ſomething very pertinent, but even plundered of his queſtion, and by a ſtrong ſerjeant ſhouldered out of his rank, which he has recovered with much difficulty and confuſion. Now as great part of the buſineſs of this profeſſion might be diſpatched by one that perhaps

——————*abeſt virtute diſerti*
Meſſalæ, nec ſcit quantum Cauſellius Aulus.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 370.

——wants Meſſala's powerful eloquence,
And is leſs read than deep Cauſellius:
ROSCOMMON.

ſo I cannot conceive the injuſtice done to the public, if the men of reputation in this calling would introduce ſuch of the young ones into buſineſs, whoſe application in this ſtudy will let them into the ſecrets of it, as much as their modeſty will hinder them from the practice: I ſay, it would be laying an everlaſting obligation upon a young man, to be introduced at firſt only as a mute, till by his countenance, and a reſolution to ſupport the good opinion conceived of him in his betters, his complexion ſhall be ſo well ſettled, that the litigious of this iſland may be ſecure of his obſtreperous aid. 'If I might be indulged to ſpeak in the ſtyle of a lawyer, I would ſay, that any one about thirty years of age might make a common motion to the court with as much elegance and propriety as the moſt aged advocates in the hall.

'I cannot advance the merit of modeſty by any argument of my own ſo powerfully as by inquiring into the ſentiments the greateſt among the ancients of different ages entertained upon this virtue. If we go back to the days of Solomon, we ſhall find favour a neceſſary conſequence to a ſhame-faced man. Pliny, the greateſt lawyer and moſt elegant writer of the age he lived in, in ſeveral of his epiſtles is very ſolicitous in recommending to the public ſome young

'men, of his own profeſſion, and very often undertakes 'to become an advocate, upon condition that ſome 'one of theſe his favourites might be joined with him, 'in order to produce the merit of ſuch, whoſe mo-'deſty otherwiſe would have ſuppreſſed it. It may 'ſeem very marvellous to a ſaucy modern, that *mul-'tum ſanguinis, multum verecundiæ, multum ſolicitudinis 'in ore*; "to have the face firſt full of blood, then the "countenance daſhed with modeſty, and then the whole "aſpect as of one dying with fear, when a man begins "to ſpeak;" ſhould be eſteemed by Pliny the neceſſary 'qualifications of a fine ſpeaker. Shakeſpeare alſo has 'expreſſed himſelf in the ſame favourable ſtrain of 'modeſty, when he ſays,

"——— In the modeſty of fearful duty
"I read as much as from the rattling tongue
"Of ſaucy and audacious eloquence———"

'Now ſince theſe authors have profeſſed themſelves 'for the modeſt man, even in the utmoſt confuſions 'of ſpeech and countenance, why ſhould an intrepid 'utterance and a reſolute vociferation thunder ſo ſuc-'ceſsfully in our courts of juſtice? And why ſhould 'that confidence of ſpeech and behaviour, which 'ſeems to acknowledge no ſuperior, and to defy all 'contradiction, prevail over that deference and reſig-'nation with which the modeſt man implores that fa-'vourable opinion which the other ſeems to command?

'As the caſe at preſent ſtands, the beſt conſolation 'that I can adminiſter to thoſe who cannot get into 'that ſtroke of buſineſs (as the phraſe is) which they 'deſerve, is to reckon every particular acquiſition of 'knowledge in this ſtudy as a real increaſe of their 'fortune; and fully to believe, that one day this ima-'ginary gain will certainly be made out by one more 'ſubſtantial. I wiſh you would talk to us a little on 'this head; you would oblige,

'Sir, your moſt humble ſervant."

The author of this letter is certainly a man of good ſenſe; but I am perhaps particular in my opinion on this occaſion; for I have obſerved that under the

notion of modeſty, men have indulged themſelves in a ſpiritleſs ſheepiſhneſs, and been for ever loſt to themſelves, their families, their friends, and their country. When a man has taken care to pretend to nothing but what he may juſtly aim at, and can execute as well as any other, without injuſtice to any other; it is ever want of breeding or courage to be brow-beaten or elbowed out of his honeſt ambition. I have ſaid often, modeſty muſt be an act of the will, and yet it always implies ſelf-denial; for if a man has an ardent deſire to do what is laudable for him to perform, and, from an unmanly baſhfulneſs, ſhrinks away, and lets his merit languiſh in ſilence, he ought not to be angry at the world that a more unſkilful actor ſucceeds in his part, becauſe he has not confidence to come upon the ſtage himſelf. The generoſity my correſpondent mentions of Pliny, cannot be enough applauded. To cheriſh the dawn of merit, and haſten its maturity, was a work worthy a noble Roman and a liberal ſcholar. That concern which is deſcribed in the letter, is to all the world the greateſt charm imaginable; but then the modeſt man muſt proceed, and ſhew a latent reſolution in himſelf; for the admiration of his modeſty ariſes from the manifeſtation of his merit. I muſt confeſs we live in an age wherein a few empty bluſterers carry away the praiſe of ſpeaking, while a croud of fellows over-ſtocked with knowledge are run down by them: I ſay, over-ſtocked, becauſe they certainly are ſo as to their ſervice of mankind, if from their very ſtore they raiſe to themſelves ideas of reſpect, and greatneſs of the occaſion, and I know not what, to diſable themſelves from explaining their thoughts. I muſt confeſs, when I have ſeen Charles Frankair riſe up with a commanding mien, and torrent of handſome words, talk a mile off the purpoſe, and drive down twenty baſhful boobies of ten times his ſenſe, who at the ſame time were envying his impudence and deſpiſing his underſtanding, it has been matter of great mirth to me; but it ſoon ended in a ſecret lamentation, that the fountains of every thing praiſe-worthy in theſe realms, the univerſities, ſhould be ſo muddled with a falſe ſenſe of this virtue, as to produce men capable of being ſo abuſed. I will be bold

to ſay, that it is a ridiculous education which does not qualify a man to make his beſt appearance before the greateſt man and the fineſt woman to whom he can addreſs himſelf. Were this judicially corrected in the nurſeries of learning, pert coxcombs would know their diſtance: but we muſt bear with this falſe modeſty in our young nobility and gentry, till they ceaſe at Oxford and Cambridge to grow dumb in the ſtudy of eloquence. T.

Nº 485. Tueſday, September 16.

Nihil tam firmum eſt, cui periculum non ſit, etiam ab invalido. QUINT. CURT. l. 7. c. 8.

The ſtrongeſt things are in danger even from the weakeſt.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY Lord Clarendon has obſerved, "That few "men have done more harm than thoſe who have been "thought to be able to do leaſt, and there cannot be a "greater error, than to believe a man whom we ſee "qualified with too mean parts to do good, to be there"fore incapable of doing hurt. There is a ſupply of ma"lice, of pride, of induſtry, and even of folly, in the "weakeſt, when he ſets his heart upon it, that makes a "ſtrange progreſs in miſchief." What may ſeem to the 'reader the greateſt paradox in the reflection of the hiſ'torian, is, I ſuppoſe, that folly, which is generally 'thought incapable of contriving or executing any de'ſign, ſhould be ſo formidable to thoſe whom it exerts 'itſelf to moleſt. But this will appear very plain, if we 'remember that Solomon ſays, "It is as ſport to a fool to "do miſchief;" and that he might the more emphatically 'expreſs the calamitous circumſtances of him who 'falls under the diſpleaſure of this wanton perſon, the 'ſame author adds further, that "a ſtone is heavy, and "the ſand weighty, but a fool's wrath is heavier than "them both." It is impoſſible to ſuppreſs my own

'illuſtration upon this matter, which is, That as the 'man of ſagacity beſtirs himſelf to diſtreſs his enemy by 'methods probable and reducible to reaſon, ſo the 'ſame reaſon will fortify his enemy to elude theſe his 'regular efforts; but your fool projects, acts, and con-'cludes with ſuch notable inconſiſtence, that no regu-'lar courſe of thought can evade or counterplot his 'prodigious machinations. My frontiſpiece, I believe, 'may be extended to imply, that ſeveral of our miſ-'fortunes ariſe from things as well as perſons, that 'ſeem of very little conſequence. Into what tragical 'extravagancies does Shakeſpeare hurry Othello upon 'the loſs of an handkerchief only? and what barbarities 'does Deſdemona ſuffer from a ſlight inadvertency in 'regard to this fatal trifle? If the ſchemes of all en-'terpriſing ſpirits were to be carefully examined, 'ſome intervening accident, not conſiderable enough 'to occaſion any debate upon, or give them any ap-'prehenſion of ill conſequence from it, will be found 'to be the occaſion of their ill ſucceſs, rather than any 'error in points of moment and difficulty, which na-'turally engaged their matureſt deliberations. If you 'go to the levee of any great man, you will obſerve 'him exceeding gracious to ſeveral very inſignificant 'fellows; and this upon this maxim, That the neglect 'of any perſon muſt ariſe from the mean opinion you 'have of his capacity to do you any ſervice or pre-'judice; and that this calling his ſufficiency in queſtion, 'muſt give him inclination, and where this is, there 'never wants ſtrength or opportunity to annoy you. 'There is nobody ſo weak of invention, that cannot 'aggravate or make ſome little ſtories to vilify his ene-'my; and there are very few but have good inclinations 'to hear them, and it is infinite pleaſure to the majority 'of mankind to level a perſon ſuperior to his neigh-'bours. Beſides, in all matters of controverſy, that party 'which has the greateſt abilities labours under this pre-'judice, that he will certainly be ſuppoſed, upon ac-'count of his abilities, to have done an injury, when 'perhaps he has received one. It would be tedious to 'enumerate the ſtrokes that nations and particular 'friends have ſuffered from perſons very contemptible.

'I think Henry IV. of France, ſo formidable to his 'neighbours, could no more be ſecured againſt the 'reſolute villany of Ravillac, than Villiers, duke of 'Buckingham, could be againſt that of Felton. And 'there is no incenſed perſon ſo deſtitute, but can pro-'vide himſelf with a knife or a piſtol, if he finds 'ſtomach to apply them. That things and perſons of 'no moment ſhould give ſuch powerful revolutions to 'the progreſs of thoſe of the greateſt, ſeems a provi-'dential diſpoſition to baffle and abate the pride of 'human ſufficiency; as alſo to engage the humanity 'and benevolence of ſuperiors to all below them, by 'letting them into this ſecret, that the ſtronger depends 'upon the weaker.

'I am, Sir, your very humble ſervant.'

'Dear Sir, Temple, Paper-buildings.

'I RECEIVED a letter from you ſome time ago, 'which I ſhould have anſwered ſooner, had you inform-'ed me in yours to what part of this iſland I might have 'directed my impertinence; but having been let into 'the knowledge of that matter, this handſome excuſe 'is no longer ſerviceable. My neighbour Prettyman 'ſhall be the ſubject of this letter; who falling in 'with the SPECTATOR's doctrine concerning the month 'of May, began from that ſeaſon to dedicate himſelf 'to the ſervice of the fair in the following manner. I 'obſerved at the beginning of the month he bought him 'a new night-gown, either ſide to be worn outwards, 'both equally gorgeous and attractive; but till the 'end of the month I did not enter ſo fully into the 'knowledge of his contrivance, as the uſe of that gar-'ment has ſince ſuggeſted to me. Now you muſt know, 'that all new clothes raiſe and warm the wearer's 'imagination into a conceit of his being a much finer 'gentleman than he was before, baniſhing all ſobriety 'and reflection, and giving him up to gallantry and 'amour. Inflamed therefore with this way of thinking, 'and full of the ſpirit of the month of May, did this 'mercileſs youth reſolve upon the buſineſs of captivat-'ing. At firſt he confined himſelf to his room only,

'now and then appearing at his window in his night-
'gown, and practiſing that eaſy poſture which expreſſes
'the very top and dignity of languiſhment. It was
'pleaſant to ſee him diverſify his lovelineſs, ſometimes
'obliging the paſſengers only with a ſide face, with a
'book in his hand; ſometimes being ſo generous as
'to expoſe the whole in the fulneſs of its beauty;
'at other times by a judicious throwing back his perri-
'wig, he would throw in his ears. You know he is
'that ſort of perſon which the mob call a handſome
'jolly man; which appearance cannot miſs of captives
'in this part of the town. Being emboldened by daily
'ſucceſs, he leaves his room with a reſolution to extend
'his conqueſts; and I have apprehended him in his
'night-gown ſmiting in all parts of this neighbourhood.

'This I, being of an amorous complexion, ſaw
'with indignation, and had thoughts of purchaſing a
'wig in theſe parts; into which, being at a greater
'diſtance from the earth, I might have thrown a very
'liberal mixture of white-horſe hair, which would
'make a fairer, and conſequently a handſomer ap-
'pearance, while my ſituation would ſecure me againſt
'any diſcoveries. But the paſſion to the handſome
'gentleman ſeems to be ſo fixed to that part of the
'building, that it may be extremely difficult to divert
'it to mine; ſo that I am reſolved to ſtand boldly to
'the complexion of my own eye-brow, and prepare
'me an immenſe black wig of the ſame ſort of ſtruc-
'ture with that of my rival. Now, though by this I
'ſhall not, perhaps, leſſen the number of the admirers
'of his complexion, I ſhall have a fair chance to divide
'the paſſengers by the irreſiſtible force of mine.

'I expect ſudden diſpatches from you, with advice,
'of the family you are in now, how to deport myſelf
'upon this ſo delicate a conjuncture; with ſome com-
'fortable reſolutions in favour of the handſome black
'man againſt the handſome fair one.

'I am, Sir, your moſt humble ſervant,

'C.'

N. B. He who writ this, is a black man two pair of ſtairs; the gentleman of whom he writes, is fair, and one pair of ſtairs.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I ONLY ſay, that it is impoſſible for me to ſay 'how much I am,

'Yours,

'ROBIN SHORTER.

'P. S. I ſhall think it a little hard, if you do not 'take as much notice of this epiſtle, as you have of 'the ingenious Mr. Short's. I am not afraid to let the 'world ſee which is the deeper man of the two.'

ADVERTISEMENT.

"London, September 15.

"WHEREAS a young woman on horſeback, in an "equeſtrian habit, on the 13th inſtant in the evening "met the SPECTATOR within a mile and an half of this "town, and flying in the face of juſtice, pulled off her "hat, in which there was a feather, with the mien and "air of a young officer, ſaying at the ſame time, Your "ſervant, Mr. SPEC, or words to that purpoſe: This "is to give notice, that if any perſon can diſcover the "name, and place of abode of the ſaid offender, ſo as "ſhe can be brought to juſtice, the informant ſhall "have all fitting encouragement." T.

N° 486. Wedneſday, September 17.

Audire eſt operæ pretium, procedere rectè
Qui mœchis non vultis—HOR. Sat. 2. l. 1. ver. 38.

IMITATED.

All you, who think the city ne'er can thrive,
Till ev'ry cuckold-maker's flea'd alive,
Attend———— POPE.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE are many of my acquaintance follow- 'ers of Socrates, with more particular regard to that 'part of his philoſophy which we, among ourſelves, 'call his Domeſtics; under which denomination

'or title, we include all the conjugal joys and 'ſufferings. We have indeed, with very great plea- 'ſure, obſerved the honour you do the whole fra- 'ternity of the hen-pecked, in placing that illuſtrious 'man at our head, and it does in a very great meaſure 'baffle the raillery of pert rogues who have no ad- 'vantage above us, but in that they are ſingle. But 'when you look about into the croud of mankind, you 'will find the fair ſex reigns with greater tyranny 'over lovers than huſbands. You ſhall hardly meet 'one in a thouſand who is wholly exempt from their 'dominion, and thoſe that are ſo are capable of no 'taſte of life, and breathe and walk about the earth as 'inſignificants. But I am going to deſire your further 'favour in behalf of our harmleſs brotherhood, and 'hope you will ſhew in a true light the unmarried hen- 'pecked, as well as you have done juſtice to us, who 'ſubmit to the conduct of our wives. I am very par- 'ticularly acquainted with one who is under intire ſub- 'miſſion to a kind girl, as he calls her; and though he 'knows I have been witneſs both to the ill uſage he 'has received from her, and his inability to reſiſt her 'tyranny, he ſtill pretends to make a jeſt of me for a 'little more than ordinary obſequiouſneſs to my ſpouſe. 'No longer than Tueſday laſt he took me with him to 'viſit his miſtreſs; and he having, it ſeems, been a 'little in diſgrace before, thought by bringing me 'with him ſhe would conſtrain herſelf, and inſenſibly 'fall into general diſcourſe with him; and ſo he might 'break the ice, and ſave himſelf all the ordinary com- 'punctions and mortifications ſhe uſed to make him 'ſuffer before ſhe would be reconciled, after any act of 'rebellion on his part. When we came into the room, 'we were received with the utmoſt coldneſs; and when 'he preſented me as Mr. Such-a-one, his very good 'friend, ſhe juſt had patience to ſuffer my ſalutation; 'but when he himſelf, with a very gay air, offered to 'follow me, ſhe gave him a thundering box on the ear, 'called him a pitiful poor-ſpirited wretch, how durſt 'he ſee her face? His wig and hat fell on different 'parts of the floor. She ſeized the wig too ſoon for 'him to recover it, and kicking it down ſtairs, threw

'herſelf into an oppoſite room, pulling the door after 'her with a force, that you would have thought the 'hinges would have given way. We went down, you 'muſt think, with no very good countenances; and as 'we ſneaked off, and were driving home together, he 'confeſſed to me, that her anger was thus highly raiſed, 'becauſe he did not think fit to fight a gentleman who 'had ſaid, ſhe was what ſhe was; but, ſays he, a kind 'letter or two, or fifty pieces, will put her in humour 'again. I aſked him why he did not part with her; 'he anſwered, he loved her with all the tenderneſs 'imaginable; and ſhe had too many charms to be aban-'doned for a little quickneſs of ſpirit. Thus does this 'illegitimate hen-pecked overlook the huſſy's having 'no regard to his very life and fame, in putting him 'upon an infamous diſpute about her reputation; yet 'has he the confidence to laugh at me, becauſe I obey 'my poor dear in keeping out of harm's way, and not 'ſtaying too late from my own family, to paſs through 'the hazards of a town full of ranters and debauchees. 'You that are a philoſopher ſhould urge in our be-'half that when we bear with a froward woman, our 'patience is preſerved, in conſideration that a breach 'with her might be a diſhonour to children who are 'deſcended from us, and whoſe concern makes us to-'lerate a thouſand frailties, for fear they ſhould re-'dound diſhonour upon the innocent. This and the 'like circumſtances, which carry with them the moſt 'valuable regards of human life, may be mentioned 'for our long-ſufferings; but in the caſe of gallants, 'they ſwallow ill uſage from one to whom they have 'no obligation, but from a baſe paſſion, which it is mean 'to indulge, and which it would be glorious to over-'come.

'Theſe ſort of fellows are very numerous, and ſome 'have been conſpicuouſly ſuch, without ſhame; nay, 'they have carried on the jeſt in the very article of 'death, and, to the diminution of the wealth and hap-'pineſs of their families, in bar of thoſe honourably 'near to them, have left immenſe wealth to their para-'mours. What is this but being a cully in the grave! 'Sure this is being hen-pecked with a vengeance! But

'without dwelling upon theſe leſs frequent inſtances 'of eminent cullyiſm, what is there ſo common as to 'hear a fellow curſe his fate that he cannot get rid of 'a paſſion to a jilt, and quote a half line out of a miſ-'cellany poem to prove his weakneſs is natural? If they 'will go on thus, I have nothing to ſay to it: but then 'let them not pretend to be free all this while, and 'laugh at us as poor married patients.

'I have known one wench in this town carry a 'haughty dominion over her lovers ſo well, that ſhe 'has at the ſame time been kept by a ſea-captain in 'the Straits, a merchant in the city, a country gentle-'man in Hampſhire, and had all her correſpondences 'managed by one ſhe kept for her own uſes. This 'happy man (as the phraſe is) uſed to write very punc-'tually, every poſt, letters for the miſtreſs to tranſcribe. 'He would ſit in his night-gown and ſlippers, and be 'as grave giving an account, only changing names, 'that there was nothing in thoſe idle reports they had 'heard of ſuch a ſcoundrel as one of the other lovers 'was; and how could he think ſhe could condeſcend ſo 'low, after ſuch a fine gentleman as each of them? 'For the ſame epiſtle ſaid the ſame thing to and of 'every one of them. And ſo Mr. Secretary and his 'lady went to bed with great order.

'To be ſhort, Mr. SPECTATOR, we huſbands ſhall 'never make the figure we ought in the imaginati-'ons of young men growing up in the world, except 'you can bring it about that a man of the town ſhall 'be as infamous a character as a woman of the town. 'But of all that I have met in my time, commend me 'to Betty Duall; ſhe is the wife of a ſailor, and the 'kept miſtreſs of a man of quality; ſhe dwells with 'the latter during the ſea-faring of the former. The 'huſband aſks no queſtions, ſees his apartments fur-'niſhed with riches not his, when he comes into port, 'and the lover is as joyful as a man arrived at his 'haven when the other puts to ſea. Betty is the moſt 'eminently victorious of any of her ſex, and ought to 'ſtand recorded the only woman of the age in which 'ſhe lives, who has poſſeſſed at the ſame time two 'abuſed, and two contented ———.' T.

N° 487. Thurſday, September 18.

——— *Cum proſtrata ſopore*
Urget membra quies, & mens ſine pondere ludit. PETR.

While ſleep oppreſſes the tir'd limbs, the mind
Plays without weight, and wantons unconfin'd.

THOUGH there are many authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally conſidered them only as revelations of what has already happened in diſtant parts of the world, or as preſages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I ſhall conſider this ſubject in another light, as dreams may give us ſome idea of the great excellency of a human ſoul, and ſome intimations of its independency on matter.

In the firſt place, our dreams are great inſtances of that activity which is natural to the human ſoul, and which it is not in the power of ſleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his compoſition is ſtill buſied and unwearied. When the organs of ſenſe want their due repoſe and neceſſary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that ſpiritual ſubſtance to which it is united, the ſoul exerts herſelf in ſeveral faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this caſe dreams look like the relaxations and amuſements of the ſoul, when ſhe is diſincumbered of her machine, her ſports and recreations, when ſhe has laid her charge aſleep.

In the ſecond place, dreams are an inſtance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are diſengaged from the body. The ſoul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when ſhe acts in conjunction with a companion that is ſo heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to obſerve with what ſprightlineſs and

alacrity ſhe exerts herſelf. The flow of ſpeech make unpremeditated harangues, or converſe readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleaſantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in dreams it works with that eaſe and activity that we are not ſenſible when the faculty is employed. For inſtance, I believe every one, ſome time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which caſe the invention prompts ſo readily, that the mind is impoſed upon, and miſtakes its own ſuggeſtions for the compoſitions of another.

I ſhall, under this head, quote a paſſage out of the Religio Medici, in which the ingenious author gives an account of himſelf in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We are ſomewhat more than ourſelves in "our ſleeps, and the ſlumber of the body ſeems to be but "the waking of the ſoul. It is the ligation of ſenſe, but "the liberty of reaſon; and our waking conceptions do "not match the fancies of our ſleeps. At my nativity "my aſcendant was the watery ſign of Scorpio: I was "born in the planetary hour of Saturn, and I think I "have a piece of that leaden planet in me. I am no way "facetious, nor diſpoſed for the mirth and galliardize "of company; yet in one dream I can compoſe a whole "comedy, behold the action, apprehend the jeſts, and "laugh myſelf awake at the conceits thereof. Were my "memory as faithful as my reaſon is then fruitful, I "would never ſtudy but in my dreams; and this time "alſo would I chooſe for my devotions; but our groſſer "memories have then ſo little hold of our abſtracted un-"derſtandings, that they forget the ſtory, and can only "relate to our awakened ſouls a confuſed and broken "tale of that that has paſſed.—Thus it is obſerved that "men ſometimes, upon the hour of their departure, do "ſpeak and reaſon above themſelves; for then the ſoul "beginning to be freed from the ligaments of the body, "begins to reaſon like herſelf, and to diſcourſe in a ſtrain "above mortality."

We may likewiſe obſerve in the third place, that the paſſions affect the mind with greater ſtrength when we are aſleep, than when we are awake. Joy and ſorrow give us more vigorous ſenſations of pain or pleaſure

at this time, than any other. Devotion likewiſe, as the excellent author above mentioned, has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it riſes in the ſoul at a time that the body is thus laid at reſt. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different conſtitutions. I ſhall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I ſhall leave to the ſolution of my reader. Suppoſing a man always happy in his dreams, and miſerable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miſerable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamed as conſequentially, and in as continued unbroken ſchemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumſtance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the ſoul, in regard to what paſſes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then ariſe in her. Were that active and watchful being only conſcious of her own exiſtence at ſuch a time, what a painful ſolitude would her hours of ſleep be! Were the ſoul ſenſible of her being alone in her ſleeping moments, after the ſame manner that ſhe is ſenſible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when ſhe dreams that ſhe is in ſuch ſolitude.

——— *Semperque relinqui*
Sola ſibi, ſemper longam incomitata videtur
Ire viam——— VIRG. Æn. 4. ver. 466.

——— She ſeems alone
To wander in her ſleep through ways unknown,
Guideleſs and dark. DRYDEN.

But this obſervation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the ſoul, of producing her own company on theſe occaſions. She converſes with numberleſs beings of her own creation, and is tranſported into ten thouſand ſcenes of her own raiſing. She is herſelf the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a ſaying

which I am infinitely pleaſed with, and which Plutarch aſcribes to Heraclitus, "That all men whilſt they are "awake are in one common world; but that each of "them, when he is aſleep, is in a world of his own." The waking man is converſant in the world of nature; when he ſleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himſelf. There ſeems ſomething in this conſideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the ſoul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I muſt not omit that argument for the excellency of the ſoul, which I have ſeen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its power of divining in dreams. That ſeveral ſuch divinations have been made, none can queſtion, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the leaſt degree of a common hiſtorical faith; there being innumerable inſtances of this nature in ſeveral authors, both ancient and modern, ſacred and profane. Whether ſuch dark preſages, ſuch viſions of the night proceed from any latent power in the ſoul, during this her ſtate of abſtraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of ſubordinate ſpirits, has been a great diſpute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, inconteſtable, and has been looked upon as ſuch by the greateſt writers, who have been never ſuſpected either of ſuperſtition or enthuſiaſm.

I do not ſuppoſe, that the ſoul in theſe inſtances is intirely looſe and unfettered from the body; it is ſufficient, if ſhe is not ſo far ſunk and immerſed in matter, nor intangled and perplexed in her operations, with ſuch motions of blood and ſpirits, as when ſhe actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal union is ſlackened enough to give the mind more play. The ſoul ſeems gathered within herſelf, and recovers that ſpring which is broke and weakened, when ſhe operates more in concert with the body.

The ſpeculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at leaſt ſtrong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human ſoul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at leaſt confirm theſe two great points, which are eſtabliſhed by many other reaſons that are altogether unanſwerable. O.

Nº 488. Friday, September 19.

Quanti emptæ? parvo. Quanti ergo? octo aſſibus. Eheu!
HOR. Sat. 3. l. 2. ver. 136.

What doth it coſt? Not much, upon my word.
How much, pray? Why, Two-pence. Two-pence!
O Lord! CREECH.

I FIND, by ſeveral letters which I receive daily, that many of my readers would be better pleaſed to pay three half-pence for my paper, than two-pence. The ingenious T. W. tells me, that I have deprived him of the beſt part of his breakfaſt, for that ſince the riſe of my paper, he is forced every morning to drink his diſh of coffee by itſelf, without the addition of the Spectator, that uſed to be better than lace to it. Eugenius informs me very obligingly, that he never thought he ſhould have diſliked any paſſage in my paper, but that of late there have been two words in every one of them, which he could heartily wiſh left out, viz. Price Two-pence. I have a letter from a ſoap-boiler, who condoles with me very affectionately, upon the neceſſity we both lie under of ſetting an higher price on our commodities, ſince the late tax has been laid upon them, and deſiring me when I write next on that ſubject, to ſpeak a word or two upon the preſent duties on Caſtile ſoap. But there is none of theſe my correſpondents, who writes with a greater turn of good ſenſe and elegance of expreſſion, than the generous Philomedes, who adviſes me to value every Spectator at Six-pence, and promiſes that he himſelf will engage for above a hundred of his acquaintance, who ſhall take it in at that price.

Letters from the female world are likewiſe come to me, in great quantities, upon the ſame occaſion; and as I naturally bear a great deference to this part of our ſpecies, I am very glad to find that thoſe who approve my conduct in this particular, are much more numerous than thoſe who condemn it. A large family of daughters have drawn me up a very handſome remonſtrance,

in which they ſet forth that their father having refuſed to take in the Spectator, ſince the additional price was ſet upon it, they offered him unanimouſly to bate him the article of bread and butter in the tea-table account, provided the Spectator might be ſerved up to them every morning as uſual. Upon this the old gentleman being pleaſed, it ſeems, with their deſire of improving themſelves, has granted them the continuance both of the Spectator and their bread and butter, having given particular orders, that the tea-table ſhall be ſet forth every morning with its cuſtomary bill of fare, and without any manner of defalcation: I thought myſelf obliged to mention this particular, as it does honour to this worthy gentleman; and if the young lady Lætitia, who ſent me this account, will acquaint me with his name, I will inſert it at length in one of my papers, if he deſires it.

I ſhould be very glad to find out any expedient that might alleviate the expence which this my paper brings to any of my readers; and, in order to it, muſt propoſe two points to their conſideration. Firſt, that if they retrench any the ſmalleſt particular in their ordinary expence, it will eaſily make up the half-penny a day which we have now under conſideration. Let a lady ſacrifice but a ſingle ribbon to her morning ſtudies, and it will be ſufficient: let a family burn but a candle a-night leſs than their uſual number, and they may take in the Spectator without detriment to their private affairs.

In the next place, if the readers will not go to the price of buying my papers by retail, let them have patience, and they may buy them in the lump, without the burthen of a tax upon them. My ſpeculations, when they are ſold ſingle, like cherries upon the ſtick, are delights for the rich and wealthy; after ſome time they come to market in great quantities, and are every ordinary man's money. The truth of it is, they have a certain flavour at their firſt appearance, from ſeveral accidental circumſtances of time, place, and perſon, which they may loſe if they are not taken early; but in this caſe every reader is to conſider, whether it is not better for him to be half a year behind-hand with the faſhionable and polite part of the world, than to ſtrain himſelf beyond his circumſtances. My bookſeller

has now about ten thouſand of the third and fourth volumes, which he is ready to publiſh, having already diſpoſed of as large an edition both of the firſt and ſecond volumes. As he is a perſon whoſe head is very well turned to his buſineſs, he thinks they would be a very proper preſent to be made to perſons at chriſtenings, marriages, viſiting days, and the like joyful ſolemnities, as ſeveral other books are frequently given at funerals. He has printed them in ſuch a little portable volume, that many of them may be ranged together upon a ſingle plate; and is of opinion, that a ſalver of Spectators would be as acceptable an entertainment to the ladies as a ſalver of ſweetmeats.

I ſhall conclude this paper with an epigram lately ſent to the writer of the Spectator, after having returned my thanks to the ingenious author of it.

'SIR,

'HAVING heard the following epigram very much 'commended, I wonder that it has not yet had a place 'in any of your papers; I think the ſuffrage of our Poet 'Laureat ſhould not be overlooked, which ſhews the 'opinion he entertains of your paper, whether the no-'tion he proceeds upon be true or falſe. I make bold 'to convey it to you, not knowing if it has yet come to 'your hands.'

On the SPECTATOR.

By Mr. TATE.

Aliuſque & idem
Naſceris———— HOR. Carm. Sæc. v. 10.

You riſe another and the ſame.

"WHEN firſt the Tatler to a mute was turn'd,
"Great-Britain for her Cenſor's ſilence mourn'd;
"Robb'd of his ſprightly beams, ſhe wept the night,
"'Till the SPECTATOR roſe, and blaz'd as bright.
"So the firſt man the ſun's firſt ſetting view'd,
"And ſigh'd, till circling day his joys renew'd;

'Yet doubtful how that ſecond ſun to name,
'Whether a bright ſucceſſor, or the ſame.
'So we; but now from this ſuſpenſe are freed,
'Since all agree, who both with judgment read,
'Tis the ſame ſun, and does himſelf ſucceed." O.

N° 489. Saturday, September 20.

——Βαθυῤῥείταο μέγα σθένος Ὠκεανοῖο. Hom.

The mighty force of ocean's troubled flood.

'Sir,

'UPON reading your eſſay concerning the pleaſures of the imagination, I find among the three ſources of thoſe pleaſures which you have diſcovered, that greatneſs is one. This has ſuggeſted to me the reaſon why, of all objects that I have ever ſeen, there is none which affects my imagination ſo much as the ſea or ocean. I cannot ſee the heavings of this prodigious bulk of waters, even in a calm, without a very pleaſing aſtoniſhment; but when it is worked up in a tempeſt ſo that the horizon on every ſide is nothing but foaming billows and floating mountains, it is impoſſible to deſcribe the agreeable horror that riſes from ſuch a proſpect. A troubled ocean, to a man who ſails upon it, is, I think, the biggeſt object that he can ſee in motion, and conſequently gives his imagination one of the higheſt kinds of pleaſure that can ariſe from greatneſs. I muſt confeſs, it is impoſſible for me to ſurvey this world of fluid matter, without thinking on the hand that firſt poured it out, and made a proper channel for its reception. Such an object naturally raiſes in my thoughts the idea of an Almighty Being, and convinces me of his exiſtence as much as a metaphyſical demonſtration. The imagination prompts the underſtanding, and, by the greatneſs of the ſenſible object, produces in it the idea of a Being who is neither circumſcribed by time nor ſpace.

'As I have made ſeveral voyages upon the ſea, I 'have often been toſſed in ſtorms, and on that occaſion 'have frequently reflected on the deſcriptions of them 'in ancient poets. I remember Longinus highly recom-'mends one in Homer, becauſe the poet has not amuſed 'himſelf with little fancies upon the occaſion, as au-'thors of an inferior genius, whom he mentions, had 'done, but becauſe he has gathered together thoſe cir-'cumſtances which are the moſt apt to terrify the ima-'gination, and which really happen in the raging of a 'tempeſt. It is for the ſame reaſon, that I prefer the 'following deſcription of a ſhip in a ſtorm, which the 'Pſalmiſt has made, before any other I have ever met 'with. "They that go down to the ſea in ſhips, that "do buſineſs in great waters: theſe ſee the works of "the Lord, and his wonders in the deep. For he com-"mandeth and raiſeth the ſtormy wind, which lifteth "up the waters thereof: they mount up to the heaven, "they go down again to the depths, their ſoul is melted "becauſe of trouble. They reel to and fro, and ſtagger "like a drunken man, and are at their wits end. Then "they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he "bringeth them out of their diſtreſſes. He maketh the "ſtorm a calm, ſo that the waves thereof are ſtill. Then "they are glad, becauſe they be quiet, ſo he bringeth "them unto their deſired haven."

'By the way, how much more comfortable, as well as 'rational, is this ſyſtem of the Pſalmiſt, than the pagan 'ſcheme in Virgil, and other poets, where one deity is 'repreſented as raiſing a ſtorm, and another as laying it? 'Were we only to conſider the ſublime in this piece of 'poetry, what can be nobler than the idea it gives us of 'the Supreme Being thus raiſing a tumult among the 'elements, and recovering them out of their confuſion, 'thus troubling and becalming nature?

'Great painters do not only give us landſkips of gar-'dens, groves, and meadows, but very often employ 'their pencils upon ſea-pieces: I could wiſh you would 'follow their example. If this ſmall ſketch may deſerve 'a place among your works, I ſhall accompany it with 'a divine Ode, made by a gentleman upon the conclu-'ſion of his travels.'

I.

" HOW are thy ſervants bleſt, O Lord!
" How ſure is their defence!
" Eternal wiſdom is their guide,
" Their help, Omnipotence.

II.

" In foreign realms and lands remote,
" Supported by thy care,
" Through burning climes I paſs'd unhurt,
" And breath'd in tainted air.

III.

" Thy mercy ſweeten'd ev'ry ſoil,
" Made ev'ry region pleaſe:
" The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
" And ſmooth'd the Tyrrhene ſeas.

IV.

" Think, O my ſoul, devoutly think,
" How with affrighted eyes,
" Thou ſaw'ſt the wide extended deep
" In all its horrors riſe!

V.

" Confuſion dwelt in ev'ry face,
" And fear in ev'ry heart;
" When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
" O'ercame the pilot's art.

VI.

" Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
" Thy mercy ſet me free,
" Whilſt in the confidence of pray'r
" My ſoul took hold on thee.

VII.

" For though in dreadful whirls we hung
" High on the broken wave,
" I knew thou wert not ſlow to hear,
" Nor impotent to ſave.

VIII.

" The ſtorm was laid, the winds retir'd,
" Obedient to thy will;
" The ſea that roar'd at thy command,
" At thy command was ſtill.

IX.

" In midſt of dangers, fears and death,
" Thy goodneſs I'll adore,
" And praiſe thee for thy mercies paſt,
" And humbly hope for more.

X.

" My life, if thou preſerv'ſt my life,
" Thy ſacrifice ſhall be;
" And death, if death muſt be my doom,
" Shall join my ſoul to thee." O.

N° 490. Monday, September 22.

Domus & placens uxor.

HOR. Od. 14. l. 2. ver. 21.

Thy houſe and pleaſing wife. CREECH.

I HAVE very long entertained an ambition to make the word wife the moſt agreeable and delightful name in nature. If it be not ſo in itſelf, all the wiſer part of mankind from the beginning of the world to this day has conſented in an error: but our unhappineſs in England has been, that a few looſe men of genius for pleaſure, have turned it all to the gratification of ungoverned deſires, in deſpite of good ſenſe, form, and order: when, in truth, any ſatisfaction beyond the boundaries of reaſon, is but a ſtep towards madneſs and folly. But is the ſenſe of joy and accompliſhment of deſire no way to be indulged or attained? and have we appetites given us not to be at all gratified? Yes certainly: marriage is an inſtitution calculated for a conſtant ſcene of delight as much as our being is capable of. Two perſons who have choſen each other out of all the ſpecies, with deſign to be each other's mutual comfort and entertainment, have in that action bound themſelves to be good-humoured, affable, diſcreet, forgiving, patient, and joyful, with reſpect to each other's frailties and perfections, to the end of their lives. The

wiſer of the two (and it always happens one of them is ſuch) will, for her or his own ſake, keeps things from outrage with the utmoſt ſanctity. When this union is thus preſerved (as I have often ſaid) the moſt indifferent circumſtance adminiſters delight. Their condition is an endleſs ſource of new gratifications. The married man can ſay, if I am unacceptable to all the world beſide, there is one whom I intirely love, that will receive me with joy and tranſport, and think herſelf obliged to double her kindneſs and careſſes of me from the gloom with which ſhe ſees me overcaſt. I need not diſſemble the ſorrow of my heart to be agreeable there, that very ſorrow quickens her affection.

This paſſion towards each other, when once well fixed, enters into the very conſtitution, and the kindneſs flows as eaſily and ſilently as the blood in the veins. When this affection is enjoyed in the moſt ſublime degree, unſkilful eyes ſee nothing of it; but when it is ſubject to be changed, and has an allay in it that may make it end in diſtaſte, it is apt to break into rage, or overflow into fondneſs, before the reſt of the world.

Uxander and Viramira are amorous and young, and have been married theſe two years; yet do they ſo much diſtinguiſh each other in company, that in your converſation with the dear things you are ſtill put to a ſort of croſs-purpoſes. Whenever you addreſs yourſelf in ordinary diſcourſes to Viramira, ſhe turns her head another way, and the anſwer is made to the dear Uxander: if you tell a merry tale, the application is ſtill directed to her dear; and when ſhe ſhould commend you, ſhe ſays to him, as if he had ſpoke it, That is, my dear, ſo pretty—This puts me in mind of what I have ſomewhere read in the admired memoirs of the famous Cervantes, where, while honeſt Sancho Pança is putting ſome neceſſary humble queſtion concerning Rozinante, his ſupper, or his lodgings, the knight of the ſorrowful countenance is ever improving the harmleſs lowly hints of his 'ſquire to poetical conceit, rapture, and flight, in contemplation of the dear dulcinea of his affections.

On the other ſide, Dictamnus and Maria are ever ſquabbling, and you may obſerve them all the time they are in company, in a ſtate of impatience. As Uxander

and Viramira wiſh you all gone, that they may be at freedom for dalliance; Dictamnus and Maria wait your abſence, that they may ſpeak their harſh interpretations on each other's words and actions during the time you were with them.

It is certain that the greater part of the evils attending this condition of life, ariſes from faſhion. Prejudice in this caſe is turned the wrong way, and inſtead of expecting more happineſs than we ſhall meet with in it, we are laughed into a prepoſſeſſion, that we ſhall be diſappointed if we hope for laſting ſatisfactions.

With all perſons who have made good ſenſe the rule of action, marriage is deſcribed as the ſtate capable of the higheſt human felicity. Tully has epiſtles full of affectionate pleaſure, when he writes to his wife, or ſpeaks of his children. But above all the hints of this kind I have met with in writers of ancient date, I am pleaſed with an epigram of Martial, in honour of the beauty of his wife Cleopatra. Commentators ſay it was written the day after his wedding-night. When his ſpouſe was retired to the bathing room in the heat of the day, he, it ſeems, came in upon her when ſhe was juſt going into the water. To her beauty and carriage on this occaſion we owe the following epigram, which I ſhewed my friend WILL HONEYCOMB in French, who has tranſlated it as follows, without underſtanding the original. I expect it will pleaſe the Engliſh better than the Latin reader.

"When my bright conſort, now nor wife nor maid,
"Aſham'd and wanton, of embrace afraid,
"Fled to the ſtreams, the ſtreams my fair betray'd;
"To my fond eyes ſhe all tranſparent ſtood,
"She bluſh'd, I ſmil'd at the ſlight covering flood.
"Thus thro' the glaſs the lovely lily glows,
"Thus thro' the ambient gem ſhines forth the roſe,
"I ſaw new charms, and plung'd to ſeize my ſtore,
"Kiſſes I ſnatch'd, the waves prevented more."

My friend would not allow that this luſcious account could be given of a wife, and therefore uſed the word conſort; which, he learnedly ſaid, would ſerve for a

miſtreſs as well, and give a more gentlemanly turn to the epigram. But under favour of him and all other ſuch fine gentlemen, I cannot be perſuaded but that the paſſion a bridegroom has for a virtuous young woman, will, by little and little, grow into friendſhip, and then it is aſcended to a higher pleaſure than it was in its firſt fervour. Without this happens, he is a very unfortunate man who has entered into this ſtate, and left the habitudes of life he might have enjoyed with a faithful friend. But when the wife proves capable of filling ſerious as well as joyous hours, ſhe brings happineſs unknown to friendſhip itſelf. Spenſer ſpeaks of each kind of love with great juſtice, and attributes the higheſt praiſe to friendſhip; and indeed there is no diſputing that point, but by making that friendſhip take place between two married perſons.

" Hard is the doubt, and difficult to deem,
" When all three kinds of love together meet,
" And do diſpart the heart with pow'r extreme,
" Whether ſhall weigh the balance down; to wit,
" The dear affection unto kindred ſweet,
" Or raging fire of love to womankind,
" Or zeal of friends combin'd by virtues meet:
" But, of them all, the band of virtuous mind
" Methinks the gentle heart ſhould moſt aſſured bind.

" For natural affection ſoon doth ceaſe,
" And quenched is with Cupid's greater flame;
" But faithful friendſhip doth them both ſuppreſs,
" And them with maſtering diſcipline doth tame,
" Through thoughts aſpiring to eternal fame.
" For as the ſoul doth rule the earthly maſs,
" And all the ſervice of the body frame;
" So love of ſoul doth love of body paſs,
" No leſs than perfect gold ſurmounts the meaneſt
" braſs." T.

Nº 491. Tuesday, September 23.

———*Digna satis fortuna revisit.*
VIRG. Æn. 3. ver. 318.

A just reverse of fortune on him waits.

IT is common with me to run from book to book, to exercise my mind with many objects, and qualify myself for my daily labours. After an hour spent in this loitering way of reading, something will remain to be food to the imagination. The writings that please me most on such occasions are stories, for the truth of which there is good authority. The mind of man is naturally a lover of justice, and when we read a story wherein a criminal is overtaken, in whom there is no quality which is the object of pity, the soul enjoys a certain revenge for the offence done to its nature, in the wicked actions committed in the preceding part of the history. This will be better understood by the reader from the following narration itself, than from any thing which I can say to introduce it.

WHEN Charles duke of Burgundy, surnamed The Bold, reigned over spacious dominions now swallowed up by the power of France, he heaped many favours and honours upon Claudius Rhynsault, a German, who had served him in his wars against the insults of his neighbours. A great part of Zealand was at that time in subjection to that dukedom. The prince himself was a person of singular humanity and justice. Rhynsault, with no other real quality than courage had dissimulation enough to pass upon his generous and unsuspicious master for a person of blunt honesty and fidelity, without any vice that could bias him from the execution of justice. His highness prepossessed to his advantage, upon the decease of the governor of his chief town of Zealand, gave Rhynsault that command. He was not long seated in that government, before he cast his eyes upon

Sapphira, a woman of exquiſite beauty, the wife of Paul Danvelt, a wealthy merchant of the city under his protection and government. Rhynſault was a man of a warm conſtitution, and violent inclination to women, and not unſkilled in the ſoft arts which win their favour. He knew what it was to enjoy the ſatisfactions which are reaped from the poſſeſſion of beauty, but was an utter ſtranger to the decencies, honours, and delicacies, that attend the paſſion towards them in elegant minds. However, he had ſo much of the world, that he had a great ſhare of the language which uſually prevails upon the weaker part of that ſex, and he could with his tongue utter a paſſion with which his heart was wholly untouched. He was one of thoſe brutal minds which can be gratified with the violation of innocence and beauty without the leaſt pity, paſſion, or love to that with which they are ſo much delighted. Ingratitude is a vice inſeparable from a luſtful man; and the poſſeſſion of a woman by him who has no thought but allaying a paſſion painful to himſelf, is neceſſarily followed by diſtaſte and averſion. Rhynſault being reſolved to accompliſh his will on the wife of Danvelt, left no arts untried to get into a familiarity at her houſe; but ſhe knew his character and diſpoſition too well, not to ſhun all occaſions that might enſnare her into his converſation. The governor deſpairing of ſucceſs by ordinary means, apprehended and impriſoned her huſband, under pretence of an information that he was guilty of a correſpondence with the enemies of the duke to betray the town into their poſſeſſion. This deſign had its deſired effect; and the wife of the unfortunate Danvelt, the day before that which was appointed for his execution, preſented herſelf in the hall of the governor's houſe, and as he paſſed through the apartment, threw herſelf at his feet, and holding his knees, beſeeched his mercy. Rhynſault beheld her with a diſſembled ſatisfaction, and aſſuming an air of thought and authority, he bid her ariſe, and told her ſhe muſt follow him to his cloſet; and aſking her whether ſhe knew the hand of the letter he pulled out of his pocket, went from her, leaving this admonition aloud, "If you will ſave your huſband, you muſt give me an ac-"count of all you know without prevarication; for every

" body is ſatisfied he was too fond of you to be able to " hide from you the names of the reſt of the conſpirators, " or any other particulars whatſoever." He went to his cloſet, and ſoon after the lady was ſent for to an audience. The ſervant knew his diſtance when matters of ſtate were to be debated; and the governor laying aſide the air with which he had appeared in public, began to be the ſupplicant, to rally an affliction, which it was in her power eaſily to remove, and relieve an innocent man from his impriſonment. She eaſily perceived his intention, and bathed in tears, began to deprecate ſo wicked a deſign. Luſt, like ambition, takes all the faculties of the mind and body into its ſervice and ſubjection. Her becoming tears, her honeſt anguiſh, the wringing of her hands, and the many changes of her poſture and figure in the vehemence of ſpeaking, were but ſo many attitudes in which he beheld her beauty, and farther incentives of his deſire. All humanity was loſt in that one appetite, and he ſignified to her in ſo many plain terms, that he was unhappy until he had poſſeſſed her, and nothing leſs ſhould be the price of her huſband's life; and ſhe muſt, before the following noon, pronounce the death or enlargement of Danvelt. After this notification, when he ſaw Sapphira enough again diſtracted to make the ſubject of their diſcourſe to common eyes appear different from what it was, he called ſervants to conduct her to the gate. Loaded with inſupportable affliction, ſhe immediately repairs to her huſband, and having ſignified to his gaolers, that ſhe had a propoſal to make to her huſband from the governor, ſhe was left alone with him, revealed to him all that had paſſed, and repreſented the endleſs conflict ſhe was in between love to his perſon and fidelity to his bed. It is eaſy to imagine the ſharp affliction this honeſt pair was in upon ſuch an incident, in lives not uſed to any but ordinary occurrences. The man was bridled by ſhame from ſpeaking what his fear prompted, upon ſo near an approach of death: but let fall words that ſignified to her he ſhould not think her polluted, though ſhe had not yet confeſſed to him that the governor had violated her perſon, ſince he knew her will had no part in the action. She parted from him with this oblique permiſſion

to ſave a life he had not reſolution enough to reſign for the ſafety of his honour.

The next morning the unhappy Sapphira attended the governor, and being led into a remote apartment, ſubmitted to his deſires. Rhynſault commended her charms, claimed a familiarity after what had paſſed between them, and with an air of gaiety in the language of a gallant, bid her return, and take her huſband out of priſon: "But, continued he, my fair one muſt not "be offended that I have taken care he ſhould not be "an interruption to our future aſſignations." The laſt words foreboded what ſhe found when ſhe came to the gaol, her huſband executed by the order of Rhynſault.

It was remarkable that the woman, who was full of tears and lamentations during the whole courſe of her affliction, uttered neither ſigh nor complaint, but ſtood fixed with grief at this conſummation of her misfortunes. She betook herſelf to her abode, and after having in ſolitude paid her devotions to him who is the avenger of innocence, ſhe repaired privately to court. Her perſon, and a certain grandeur of ſorrow negligent of forms, gained her paſſage into the preſence of the duke her ſovereign. As ſoon as ſhe came into the preſence, ſhe broke forth into the following words: "Be-"hold, O mighty Charles, a wretch weary of life, though "it has always been ſpent with innocence and virtue! "It is not in your power to redreſs my injuries, but it is "to avenge them. And if the protection of the diſ-"treſſed, and the puniſhment of oppreſſors, is a taſk "worthy a prince, I bring the duke of Burgundy am-"ple matter for doing honour to his own great name, "and wiping infamy off from mine."

When ſhe had ſpoke this, ſhe delivered the duke a paper, reciting her ſtory. He read it with all the emotions that indignation and pity could raiſe in a prince, jealous of his honour in the behaviour of his officers, and proſperity of his ſubjects.

Upon an appointed day, Rhynſault was ſent for to court, and in the preſence of a few of the council, confronted by Sapphira: the prince aſking, "Do you know "that lady?" Rhynſault, as ſoon as he could recover his ſurpriſe, told the duke he would marry her, if his highneſs would pleaſe to think that a reparation. The

duke ſeemed contented with this anſwer, and ſtood by during the immediate ſolemnization of the ceremony. At the concluſion of it, he told Rhynſault, "Thus far "you have done as conſtrained by my authority: I "ſhall not be ſatisfied of your kind uſage of her, with-"out you ſign a gift of your whole eſtate to her after "your deceaſe." To the performance of this alſo the duke was a witneſs. When theſe two acts were executed, the duke turned to the lady, and told her, it now remains for me to put you in quiet poſſeſſion of what your huſband has ſo bountifully beſtowed on you; and ordered the immediate execution of Rhynſault. T.

Nº 492. Wedneſday, September 24.

Quicquid eſt boni moris levitate extinguitur. SENECA.

Levity of behaviour is the bane of all that is good and virtuous.

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 18.

'I AM a young woman of eighteen years of age, and 'I do aſſure you, a maid of unſpotted reputation, 'founded upon a very careful carriage in all my looks, 'words, and actions. At the ſame time I muſt own 'to you, that it is with much conſtraint to fleſh and 'blood that my behaviour is ſo ſtrictly irreproachable; 'for I am naturally addicted to mirth, to gaiety, to a 'free air, to motion and gadding. Now what gives me 'a great deal of anxiety, and is ſome diſcouragement 'in the purſuit of virtue, is, that the young women who 'run into greater freedoms with the men are more taken 'notice of than I am. The men are ſuch unthinking 'ſots, that they do not prefer her who reſtrains all her 'paſſions and affections, and keeps much within the 'bounds of what is lawful, to her who goes to the utmoſt 'verge of innocence, and parleys at the very brink of 'vice, whether ſhe ſhall be a wife or a miſtreſs. But I 'muſt appeal to your ſpectatorial wiſdom, who, I find, 'have paſſed very much of your time in the ſtudy of

'woman, whether this is not a moſt unreaſonable pro-
'ceeding. I have read ſomewhere that Hobbes of
'Malmeſbury aſſerts, "that continent perſons have
"more of what they contain, than thoſe who give a
"looſe to their deſires." 'According to this rule, let
'there be equal age, equal wit, and equal good-humour,
'in the woman of prudence, and her of liberty; what
'ſtores has he to expect, who takes the former? what
'refuſe muſt he be contented with, who chooſes the
'latter? Well, but I ſat down to write to you to vent
'my indignation againſt ſeveral pert creatures, who are
'addreſſed to and courted in this place, while poor I,
'and two or three like me, are wholly unregarded.

'Every one of theſe affect gaining the hearts of your
'ſex: this is generally attempted by a particular man-
'ner of carrying themſelves with familiarity. Glycera
'has a dancing walk, and keeps time in her ordinary
'gate. Chloe, her ſiſter, who is unwilling to interrupt
'her conqueſts, comes into the room before her with a
'familiar run. Dulciſſa takes advantage of the approach
'of the winter, and has introduced a very pretty ſhiver;
'cloſing up her ſhoulders, and ſhrinking as ſhe moves:
'All that are in this mode carry their fans between both
'hands before them. Dulciſſa herſelf, who is author
'of this air, adds the pretty run to it; and has alſo,
'when ſhe is in very good humour, a taking famili-
'arity in throwing herſelf into the loweſt ſeat in the
'room, and letting her hooped petticoats fall with a
'lucky decency about her. I know ſhe practiſes this way
'of ſitting down in her chamber; and indeed ſhe does it
'as well as you may have ſeen an actreſs fall down dead
'in a tragedy. Not the leaſt indecency in her poſture.
'If you have obſerved what pretty carcaſſes are carried
'off at the end of a verſe at the theatre, it will give you
'a notion how Dulciſſa plumps into a chair. Here is
'a little country girl that is very cunning, that makes
'her uſe of being young and unbred, and outdoes the
'inſnarers, who are almoſt twice her age. The air
'that ſhe takes is to come into company after a walk,
'and is very ſucceſsfully out of breath upon occaſion.
'Her mother is in the ſecret, and calls her romp, and
'then looks round to ſee what young men ſtare at her.

'It would take up more than can come into one of 'your papers, to enumerate all the particular airs of 'the younger company in this place. But I cannot omit 'Dulceorella, whoſe manner is the moſt indolent ima- 'ginable, but ſtill as watchful of conqueſt as the buſieſt 'virgin among us. She has a peculiar art of ſtaring at 'a young fellow, till ſhe ſees ſhe has got him, and in- 'flamed him by ſo much obſervation. When ſhe ſees 'ſhe has him, and he begins to toſs his head upon it, 'ſhe is immediately ſhort-ſighted, and labours to ob- 'ſerve what he is at a diſtance with her eyes half ſhut. 'Thus the captive, that thought her firſt ſtruck, is to 'make very near approaches, or be wholly diſregarded. 'This artifice has done more execution than all the 'ogling of the reſt of the women here, with the utmoſt 'variety of half-glances, attentive heedleſſneſſes, childiſh 'inadvertencies, haughty contempts, or artificial over- 'ſights. After I have ſaid thus much of ladies among 'us who fight thus regularly, I am to complain to you 'of a ſet of familiar romps, who have broken through 'all common rules, and have thought of a very effectual 'way of ſhewing more charms than all of us. Theſe, 'Mr. SPECTATOR, are the ſwingers. You are to know 'theſe careleſs pretty creatures are very innocents 'again; and it is to be no matter what they do, for it is 'all harmleſs freedom. They get on ropes, as you muſt 'have ſeen the children, and are ſwung by their men vi- 'ſitants. The jeſt is, that Mr. Such-a-one can name the 'colour of Mrs. Such-a-one's ſtockings: and ſhe tells 'him he is a lying thief, ſo he is, and full of roguery; 'and ſhe will lay a wager, and her ſiſter ſhall tell the 'truth if he ſays right, and he cannot tell what colour 'her garters are of. In this diverſion there are very ma- 'ny pretty ſhrieks, not ſo much for fear of falling, as that 'their petticoats ſhould untie: for there is a great care 'had to avoid improprieties: and the lover who ſwings 'the lady, is to tie her clothes very cloſe with his hat- 'band, before ſhe admits him to throw up her heels.

'Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, except you can note theſe 'wantonneſſes in their beginnings, and bring us ſober 'girls into obſervation, there is no help for it, we muſt 'ſwim with the tide; the coquettes are too powerful a

'party for us. To look into the merit of a regular and 'well-behaved woman is a ſlow thing. A looſe trivial 'ſong gains the affections, when a wiſe homily is not 'attended to. There is no other way but to make war 'upon them, or we muſt go over to them. As for my 'part, I will ſhew all the world it is not for want of 'charms that I ſtand ſo long unaſked: and if you do 'not take meaſures for the immediate redreſs of us ri-'gids, as the fellows call us, I can move with a ſpeaking 'mien, can look ſignificantly, can liſp, can trip, can loll, 'can ſtart, can bluſh, can rage, can weep, if I muſt do 'it, and can be frighted as agreeably as any ſhe in Eng-'land. All which is humbly ſubmitted to your ſpecta-'torial conſideration with all humility, by

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. 'MATILDA MOHAIR.'

N° 493. Thurſday, September 25.

Qualem commendes etiam atque etiam adſpice, nem ox
Incutiant aliena tibi peccata pudorem.

HOR. Ep. 18. l. 1. ver. 76.

Commend not, till a man is throughly known:
A raſcal prais'd, you make his faults your own.

ANON.

IT is no unpleaſant matter of ſpeculation to conſider the recommendatory epiſtles that paſs round this town from hand to hand, and the abuſe people put upon one another in that kind. It is indeed come to that paſs, that inſtead of being the teſtimony of merit in the perſon recommended, the true reading of a letter of this ſort is, "The bearer hereof is ſo uneaſy to me, that it will be "an act of charity in you to take him off my hands; "whether you prefer him or not, it is all one, for I have "no manner of kindneſs for him, or obligation to him or "his; and do what you pleaſe as to that." As negligent as men are in this reſpect, a point of honour is concerned

in it; and there is nothing a man ſhould be more aſhamed of, than paſſing a worthleſs creature into the ſervice or intereſts of a man who has never injured you. The women indeed are a little too keen in their reſentments, to treſpaſs often this way: but you ſhall ſometimes know that the miſtreſs and the maid ſhall quarrel, and give each other very free language, and at laſt the lady ſhall be pacified to turn her out of doors, and give her a very good word to any body elſe. Hence it is that you ſee, in a year and half's time, the ſame face a domeſtic in all parts of the town. Good-breeding and good-nature lead people in a great meaſure to this injuſtice: when ſuitors of no conſideration will have confidence enough to preſs upon their ſuperiors, thoſe in power are tender of ſpeaking the exceptions they have againſt them, and are mortgaged into promiſes out of their impatience of importunity. In this latter caſe, it would be a very uſeful inquiry to know the hiſtory of recommendations: there are, you muſt know, certain abettors of this way of torment, who make it a profeſſion to manage the affairs of candidates: theſe gentlemen let out their impudence to their clients, and ſupply any defective recommendation, by informing how ſuch and ſuch a man is to be attacked. They will tell you, get the leaſt ſcrap from Mr. Such-a-one, and leave the reſt to them. When one of theſe undertakers has your buſineſs in hand, you may be ſick, abſent in town or country, and the patron ſhall be worried, or you prevail. I remember to have been ſhewn a gentleman ſome years ago, who puniſhed a whole people for their facility in giving their credentials. This perſon had belonged to a regiment which did duty in the Weſt-Indies, and by the mortality of the place happened to be commanding officer in the colony. He oppreſſed his ſubjects with great frankneſs, till he became ſenſible that he was heartily hated by every man under his command. When he had carried his point, to be thus deteſtable, in a pretended fit of diſhumour, and feigned uneaſineſs of living where he found he was ſo univerſally unacceptable, he communicated to the chief inhabitants a deſign he had to return for England, provided they would give him ample teſtimonials of their

approbation. The planters came into it to a man, and in proportion to his deſerving the quite contrary, the words juſtice, generoſity, and courage, were inſerted in his commiſſion, not omitting the general good-liking of people of all conditions in the colony. The gentleman returns for England, and within a few months after came back to them their governor on the ſtrength of their own teſtimonials.

Such a rebuke as this cannot indeed happen to eaſy recommenders, in the ordinary courſe of things from one hand to another; but how would a man bear to have it ſaid to him, the perſon I took into confidence on the credit you gave him, has proved falſe, unjuſt, and has not anſwered any way the character you gave me of him?

I cannot but conceive very good hopes of that rake Jack Toper of the Temple, for an honeſt ſcrupulouſneſs in this point. A friend of his meeting with a ſervant that had formerly lived with Jack, and having a mind to take him, ſent to him to know what faults the fellow had, ſince he could not pleaſe ſuch a careleſs fellow as he was. His anſwer was as follows:

'SIR,

'THOMAS that lived with me was turned away 'becauſe he was too good for me. You know I live 'in taverns; he is an orderly ſober raſcal, and thinks 'much to ſleep in an entry until two in the morning. 'He told me one day when he was dreſſing me, that 'he wondered I was not dead before now, ſince I went 'to dinner in the evening, and went to ſupper at two 'in the morning. We were coming down Eſſex-ſtreet 'one night a little fluſtered, and I was giving him the 'word to alarm the watch: he had the imprudence 'to tell me it was againſt the law. You that are mar-'ried, and live one day after another the ſame way, 'and ſo on the whole week, I dare ſay will like him, 'and he will be glad to have his meat in due ſeaſon. 'The fellow is certainly very honeſt. My ſervice to 'your lady. Yours, J. T.'

Now this was very fair dealing. Jack knew very well, that though the love of order made a man very awkward

in his equipage, it was a valuable quality among the queer people who live by rule; and had too much good-ſenſe and good-nature to let the fellow ſtarve, becauſe he was not fit to attend his vivacities.

I ſhall end this diſcourſe with a letter of recommendation from Horace to Claudius Nero. You will ſee in that letter a ſlowneſs to aſk a favour, a ſtrong reaſon for being unable to deny his good word any longer, and that it is a ſervice to the perſon to whom he recommends, to comply with what is aſked: all which are neceſſary circumſtances, both in juſtice and good-breeding, if a man would aſk ſo as to have reaſon to complain of a denial; and indeed a man ſhould not in ſtrictneſs aſk otherwiſe. In hopes the authority of Horace, who perfectly underſtood how to live with great men, may have a good effect towards amending this facility in people of condition, and the confidence of thoſe who apply to them without merit, I have tranſlated the epiſtle.

TO CLAUDIUS NERO.

'SIR,

'SEPTIMIUS, who waits upon you with this, is 'very well acquainted with the place you are pleaſed 'to allow me in your friendſhip. For when he be-'ſeeches me to recommend him to your notice, in ſuch 'a manner as to be received by you, who are delicate 'in the choice of your friends and domeſtics, he knows 'our intimacy, and underſtands my ability to ſerve him 'better than I do myſelf. I have defended myſelf 'againſt his ambition to be yours, as long as I poſſibly 'could; but fearing the imputation of hiding my power 'in you out of mean and ſelfiſh conſiderations, I am 'at laſt prevailed upon to give you this trouble. Thus, 'to avoid the appearance of a greater fault, I have put 'on this confidence. If you can forgive this tranſgreſ-'ſion of modeſty in behalf of a friend, receive this gen-'tleman into your intereſts and friendſhip, and take it 'from me that he is an honeſt and a brave man. T.

N° 494. Friday, September 26.

Ægritudinem laudare, unam rem maximè deteſtabilem, quorum eſt tandem philoſophorum? Cic.

What kind of philoſophy is it to extol melancholy, the moſt deteſtable thing in nature?

ABOUT an age ago it was the faſhion in England, for every one that would be thought religious, to throw as much ſanctity as poſſible into his face, and in particular to abſtain from all appearances of mirth and pleaſantry, which were looked upon as the marks of a carnal mind. The ſaint was of a ſorrowful countenance, and generally eaten up with ſpleen and melancholy. A gentleman, who was lately a great ornament to the learned world, has diverted me more than once with an account of the reception which he met with from a very famous independent miniſter, who was head of a college in thoſe times. This gentleman was then a young adventurer in the republic of letters, and juſt fitted out for the univerſity with a good cargo of Latin and Greek. His friends were reſolved that he ſhould try his fortune at an election which was drawing near in the college, of which the independent miniſter whom I have before mentioned was governor. The youth, according to cuſtom, waited on him in order to be examined. He was received at the door by a ſervant, who was one of that gloomy generation that were then in faſhion. He conducted him, with great ſilence and ſerioufneſs, to a long gallery, which was darkened at noon day, and had only a ſingle candle burning in it. After a ſhort ſtay in this melancholy apartment, he was led into a chamber hung with black, where he entertained himſelf for ſome time by the glimmering of a taper, until at length the head of the college came out to him, from an inner room, with half a dozen night-caps upon his head, and religious horror in his countenance. The young man trembled: but his fears

increaſed, when, inſtead of being aſked what progreſs he had made in learning, he was examined how he abounded in grace. His Latin and Greek ſtood him in little ſtead; he was to give an account only of the ſtate of his ſoul; whether he was of the number of the elect; what was the occaſion of his converſion; upon what day of the month and hour of the day it happened; how it was carried on, and when completed. The whole examination was ſummed up with one ſhort queſtion, namely, "Whether he was prepared for "death?" The boy, who had been bred up by honeſt parents, was frighted out of his wits at the ſolemnity of the proceeding, and by the laſt dreadful interrogatory; ſo that upon making his eſcape out of this houſe of mourning, he could never be brought a ſecond time to the examination, as not being able to go through the terrors of it.

Notwithſtanding this general form and outſide of religion is pretty well worn out among us, there are many perſons, who, by a natural unchearfulneſs of heart, miſtaken notions of piety, or weakneſs of underſtanding, love to indulge this uncomfortable way of life, and give up themſelves a prey to grief and melancholy. Superſtitious fears and groundleſs ſcruples cut them off from the pleaſures of converſation, and all thoſe ſocial entertainments, which are not only innocent, but laudable: as if mirth was made for reprobates, and chearfulneſs of heart denied thoſe who are the only perſons that have a proper title to it.

Sombrius is one of theſe ſons of ſorrow. He thinks himſelf obliged in duty to be ſad and diſconſolate. He looks on a ſudden fit of laughter as a breach of his baptiſmal vow. An innocent jeſt ſtartles him like blaſphemy. Tell him of one who is advanced to a title of honour, he lifts up his hands and eyes; deſcribe a public ceremony, he ſhakes his head; ſhew him a gay equipage, he bleſſes himſelf. All the little ornaments of life are pomps and vanities. Mirth is wanton, and wit profane. He is ſcandalized at youth for being lively, and at childhood for being playful. He ſits at a chriſtening, or marriage-feaſt, as at a funeral; ſighs at the concluſion of a merry ſtory, and grows

devout when the reſt of the company grow pleaſant. After all, Sombrius is a religious man, and would have behaved himſelf very properly, had he lived when Chriſtianity was under a general perſecution.

I would by no means preſume to tax ſuch characters with hypocriſy, as is done too frequently; that being a vice which I think none but he, who knows the ſecrets of mens hearts, ſhould pretend to diſcover in another, where the proofs of it do not amount to a demonſtration. On the contrary, as there are many excellent perſons, who are weighed down by this habitual ſorrow of heart, they rather deſerve our compaſſion than our reproaches. I think, however, they would do well to conſider whether ſuch a behaviour does not deter men from a religious life, by repreſenting it as an unſociable ſtate, that extinguiſhes all joy and gladneſs, darkens the face of nature, and deſtroys the reliſh of being itſelf.

I have, in former papers, ſhewn how great a tendency there is to chearfuleſs in religion, and how ſuch a frame of mind is not only the moſt lovely, but the moſt commendable in a virtuous perſon. In ſhort, thoſe who repreſent religion in ſo unamiable a light, are like the ſpies, ſent by Moſes to make a diſcovery of the land of Promiſe, when by their reports they diſcouraged the people from entering upon it. Thoſe who ſhew us the joy, the chearfulneſs, the good-humour, that naturally ſpring up in this happy ſtate, are like the ſpies bringing along with them the cluſters of grapes, and delicious fruits, that might invite their companions into the pleaſant country which produced them.

An eminent pagan writer, has made a diſcourſe, to ſhew that the atheiſt, who denies a God, does him leſs diſhonour than the man who owns his being, but at the ſame time believes him to be cruel, hard to pleaſe, and terrible to human nature. For my own part, ſays he, I would rather it ſhould be ſaid of me, that there was never any ſuch man as Plutarch, than that Plutarch was ill-natured, capricious, or inhumane.

If we may believe our logicians, man is diſtinguiſhed from all other creatures by the faculty of laughter. He has a heart capable of mirth, and naturally diſpoſed to it. It is not the buſineſs of virtue to extirpate the

affections of the mind, but to regulate them. It may moderate and reſtrain, but was not deſigned to baniſh gladneſs from the heart of man. Religion contracts the circle of our pleaſures, but leaves it wide enough for her votaries to expatiate in. The contemplation of the divine Being, and the exerciſe of virtue, are in their own nature ſo far from excluding all gladneſs of heart, that they are perpetual ſources of it. In a word, the true ſpirit of religion cheers, as well as compoſes the ſoul; it baniſhes indeed all levity of behaviour, all vicious and diſſolute mirth, but in exchange fills the mind with a perpetual ſerenity, uninterrupted chearfulneſs, and an habitual inclination to pleaſe others, as well as to be pleaſed in itſelf. O.

Nº 495. Saturday, September 27.

Duris ut ilex tonſa bipennibus
Nigræ feraci frondis in algido,
Per damna, per cædes, ab ipſo
Ducit opes animumque ferro.

HOR. Od. 4. l. 4. ver. 57.

——Like an oak on ſome cold mountain's brow,
At ev'ry wound they ſprout and grow:
The ax and ſword new vigour give,
And by their ruins they revive. ANON.

AS I am one, who, by my profeſſion, am obliged to look into all kinds of men, there are none whom I conſider with ſo much pleaſure, as thoſe who have any thing new or extraordinary in their characters, or ways of living. For this reaſon I have often amuſed myſelf with ſpeculations on the race of people called Jews, many of whom I have met with in moſt of the conſiderable towns which I have paſſed through in the courſe of my travels. They are, indeed, ſo diſſeminated through all the trading parts of the world, that they are become the inſtruments by which the moſt diſtant nations converſe with one another, and by which mankind

re knit together in a general correſpondence: they re like the pegs and nails in a great building, which, hough they are but little valued in themſelves, are abſolutely neceſſary to keep the whole frame together.

That I may not fall into any common beaten tracks of obſervation, I ſhall conſider this people in three views: Firſt, with regard to their number; ſecondly, their diſperſion; and thirdly, their adherence to their religion: and afterwards endeavour to ſhew, firſt, what natural reaſons, and, ſecondly, what providential reaſons may be aſſigned for theſe three remarkable particulars.

The Jews are looked upon by many to be as numerous at preſent, as they were formerly in the land of Canaan.

This is wonderful, conſidering the dreadful ſlaughter made of them under ſome of the Roman emperors, which hiſtorians deſcribe by the death of many hundred thouſands in a war; and the innumerable maſſacres and perſecutions they have undergone in Turkey, as well as in all Chriſtian nations of the world. The Rabbins, to expreſs the great havock which has been ſometimes made of them, tell us, after their uſual manner of hyperbole, that there were ſuch torrents of holy blood ſhed as carried rocks of an hundred yards in circumference above three miles into the ſea.

Their diſperſion is the ſecond remarkable particular in this people. They ſwarm over all the Eaſt; and are ſettled in the remoteſt parts of China: they are ſpread thro' moſt of the nations of Europe and Africa, and many families of them are eſtabliſhed in the Weſt-Indies: not to mention whole nations bordering on Preſter-John's country, and ſome diſcovered in the inner parts of America, if we may give any credit to their own writers.

Their firm adherence to their religion, is no leſs remarkable than their numbers and diſperſion, eſpecially conſidering it as perſecuted or contemned over the face of the whole earth. This is likewiſe the more remarkable, if we conſider the frequent apoſtacies of this people, when they lived under their kings in the land of promiſe, and within ſight of their temple.

If in the next place we examine, what may be the natural reaſons for theſe three particulars which we find

in the Jews, and which are not to be found in any other religion or people, I can, in the first place, attribute their numbers to nothing but their constant employment, their abstinence, their exemption from wars, and, above all, their frequent marriages; for they look on celibacy as an accursed state, and generally are married before twenty, as hoping the Messiah may descend from them.

The dispersion of the Jews into all the nations of the earth, is the second remarkable particular of that people, though not so hard to be accounted for. They were always in rebellions and tumults while they had the temple and holy city in view, for which reason they have often been driven out of their old habitations in the land of Promise. They have as often been banished out of most other places where they have settled, which must very much disperse and scatter a people, and oblige them to seek a livelihood where they can find it. Besides, the whole people is now a race of such merchants as are wanderers by profession, and, at the same time, are in most, if not all, places incapable of either lands or offices, that might engage them to make any part of the world their home.

This dispersion would probably have lost their religion, had it not been secured by the strength of its constitution: for they are to live all in a body, and generally within the same inclosure; to marry among themselves, and to eat no meats that are not killed or prepared their own way. This shuts them out from all table-conversation, and the most agreeable intercourses of life; and, by consequence, excludes them from the most probable means of conversion.

If, in the last place, we consider what providential reasons may be assigned for these three particulars, we shall find that their numbers, dispersion, and adherence to their religion, have furnished every age, and every nation of the world, with the strongest arguments for the Christian faith, not only as these very particulars are foretold of them, but as they themselves are the depositaries of these and all the other prophecies, which tend to their own confusion. Their number furnishes us with a sufficient cloud of witnesses that attest the truth of the old bible. Their dispersion spreads these

witneſſes through all parts of the world. The adherence to their religion makes their teſtimony unqueſtionable. Had the whole body of the Jews been converted to Chriſtianity, we ſhould certainly have thought all the prophecies of the old teſtament, that relate to the coming and hiſtory of our bleſſed Saviour, forged by Chriſtians, and have looked upon them, with the prophecies of the Sibyls, as made many years after the events they pretended to foretell. O.

N° 496. Monday, September 29.

Gnatum pariter uti his decuit aut etiam ampliùs,
Quòd illa ætas magis ad hæc utenda idonea eſt.
TER. Heaut. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

Your ſon ought to have ſhared in theſe things, becauſe youth is beſt ſuited to the enjoyment of them.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THOSE ancients who were the moſt accurate in 'their remarks on the genius and temper of mankind, 'by conſidering the various bent and ſcope of our 'actions throughout the progreſs of life, have with 'great exactneſs allotted inclinations and objects of 'deſire particular to every ſtage, according to the dif-'ferent circumſtances of our converſation and fortune, 'through the ſeveral periods of it. Hence they were 'diſpoſed eaſily to excuſe thoſe exceſſes which might 'poſſibly ariſe from a too eager purſuit of the affec-'tions more immediately proper to each ſtate: they 'indulged the levity of childhood with tenderneſs, 'overlooked the gaiety of youth with good-nature, 'tempered the forward ambition and impatience of ri-'pened manhood with diſcretion, and kindly imputed 'the tenacious avarice of old men to their want of re-'liſh for any other enjoyment. Such allowances as 'theſe were no leſs advantageous to common ſociety 'than obliging to particular perſons: for by main-'taining a decency and regularity in the courſe of life,

'they ſupported the dignity of human nature, which
'then ſuffers the greateſt violence when the order of
'things is inverted; and in nothing is it more remark-
'ably vilified and ridiculous, than when feebleneſs
'prepoſterouſly attempts to adorn itſelf with that out-
'ward pomp and luſtre, which ſerve only to ſet off the
'bloom of youth with better advantage. I was inſen-
'ſibly carried into reflections of this nature, by juſt now
'meeting Paulino (who is in his climacteric) bedecked
'with the utmoſt ſplendor of dreſs and equipage, and
'giving an unbounded looſe to all manner of pleaſure,
'whilſt his only ſon is debarred all innocent diverſion,
'and may be ſeen frequently ſolacing himſelf in the
'Mall with no other attendance than one antiquated
'ſervant of his father's for a companion and director.

'It is a monſtrous want of reflection that a man can-
'not conſider, that when he cannot reſign the pleaſures
'of life in his decay of appetite and inclination to them,
'his ſon muſt have a much uneaſier taſk to reſiſt the
'impetuoſity of growing deſires. The ſkill therefore
'ſhould, methinks, be to let a ſon want no lawful di-
'verſion, in proportion to his future fortune, and the
'figure he is to make in the world. The firſt ſtep to-
'wards virtue that I have obſerved in young men of
'condition that have run into exceſſes, has been that
'they had a regard to their quality and reputation in
'the management of their vices. Narrowneſs in their
'circumſtances has made many youths, to ſupply them-
'ſelves as debauchees, commence cheats and raſcals.
'The father who allows his ſon to his utmoſt ability
'avoids this latter evil, which as to the world is much
'greater than the former. But the contrary practice
'has prevailed ſo much among ſome men, that I have
'known them deny them what was merely neceſſary
'for education ſuitable to their quality. Poor young
'Antonio is a lamentable inſtance of ill conduct in this
'kind. The young man did not want natural talents;
'but the father of him was a coxcomb, who affected
'being a fine gentleman ſo unmercifully, that he could
'not endure in his ſight, or the frequent mention of
'one, who was his ſon, growing into manhood, and
'thruſting him out of the gay world. I have often

thought the father took a ſecret pleaſure in reflecting that when that fine houſe and ſeat came into the next hands, it would revive his memory, as a perſon who knew how to enjoy them, from obſervation of the ruſticity and ignorance of his ſucceſſor. Certain it is that a man may, if he will, let his heart cloſe to the having no regard to any thing but his dear ſelf, even with excluſion of his very children. I recommend this ſubject to your conſideration, and am,

'Sir, your moſt humble ſervant, T. B.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, London, Sept. 26, 1712.

'I AM juſt come from Tunbridge, and have ſince my return read Mrs. Matilda Mohair's letter to you: ſhe pretends to make a mighty ſtory about the diverſion of ſwinging in that place. What was done, was only among relations; and no man ſwung any woman who was not ſecond couſin at fartheſt. She is pleaſed to ſay, care was taken that the gallants tied the ladies legs before they were wafted into the air. Since ſhe is ſo ſpiteful, I will tell you the plain truth: there was no ſuch nicety obſerved, ſince we were all, as I juſt now told you, near relations; but Mrs. Mohair herſelf has been ſwung there, and ſhe invents all this malice, becauſe it was obſerved ſhe had crooked legs, of which I was an eye-witneſs.

'Your humble ſervant,

'RACHEL SHOESTRING.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept 26, 1712.

'WE have juſt now read your paper, containing Mrs. Mohair's letter. It is an invention of her own from one end to the other; and I deſire you would print the incloſed letter by itſelf, and ſhorten it ſo as to come within the compaſs of your half ſheet. She is the moſt malicious minx in the world, for all ſhe looks ſo innocent. Do not leave out that part about her being in love with her father's butler, which makes her ſhun men; for that is the trueſt of it all.

'Your humble ſervant,

'SARAH TRICE.'

'P. S. She has crooked legs.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'ALL that Mrs. Mohair is ſo vexed at againſt the 'good company of this place, is, that we all know ſhe 'has crooked legs. This is certainly true. I do not care 'for putting my name, becauſe one would not be in the 'power of the creature.

'Your humble ſervant unknown.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Tunbridge, Sept. 26, 1712.

'THAT inſufferable prude Mrs. Mohair, who has 'told ſuch ſtories of the company here, is with child, 'for all her nice airs and her crooked legs. Pray be ſure 'to put her in for both thoſe two things, and you will 'oblige every body here, eſpecially

'Your humble ſervant,

T. 'ALICE BLUEGARTER.'

Nº 497. Tueſday, September 30.

Οὗτός ἐστι γαλεώτης γέρων. MENANDER.

A cunning old fox this!

A FAVOUR well beſtowed is almoſt as great an honour to him who confers it, as to him who receives it. What indeed makes for the ſuperior reputation of the patron in this caſe is, that he is always ſurrounded with ſpecious pretences of unworthy candidates, and is often alone in the kind inclination he has towards the well deſerving. Juſtice is the firſt quality in the man who is in a poſt of direction; and I remember to have heard an old gentleman talk of the civil wars; and in his relation give an account of a general officer, who with this one quality, without any ſhining endowments, became ſo popularly beloved and honoured, that all deciſions between man and man were laid before him by the parties concerned in a private way; and they would lay by their animoſities implicitly, if he bid them be friends, or ſubmit themſelves in the wrong without reluctance, if he ſaid it, without waiting the judgment

of court-martials. His manner was to keep the dates of all commiſſions in his cloſet, and wholly diſmiſs from the ſervice ſuch who were deficient in their duty; and after that took care to prefer according to the order of battle. His familiars were his intire friends, and could have no intereſted views in courting his acquaintance; for his affection was no ſtep to their preferment, though it was to their reputation. By this means a kind aſpect, a ſalutation, a ſmile, and giving out his hand, had the weight of what is eſteemed by vulgar minds more ſubſtantial. His buſineſs was very ſhort, and he who had nothing to do but juſtice, was never affronted with a requeſt of a familiar daily viſitant for what was due to a brave man at a diſtance. Extraordinary merit he uſed to recommend to the king for ſome diſtinction at home, until the order of battle made way for his riſing in the troops. Add to this, that he had an excellent manner of getting rid of ſuch whom he obſerved were good at a halt, as his phraſe was. Under this deſcription he comprehended all thoſe who were contented to live without reproach, and had no promptitude in their minds towards glory. Theſe fellows were alſo recommended to the king, and taken off of the general's hands into poſts wherein diligence and common honeſty were all that were neceſſary. This general had no weak part in his line, but every man had as much care upon him, and as much honour to loſe as himſelf. Every officer could anſwer for what paſſed where he was, and the general's preſence was never neceſſary any where, but where he had placed himſelf at the firſt diſpoſition, except that accident happened from extraordinary efforts of the enemy which he could not foreſee; but it was remarkable that it never fell out from failure in his own troops. It muſt be confeſſed the world is juſt ſo much out of order, as an unworthy perſon poſſeſſes what ſhould be in the direction of him who has better pretenſions to it.

Inſtead of ſuch a conduct as this old fellow uſed to deſcribe in his general, all the evils which have ever happened among mankind have aroſe from the wanton diſpoſition of the favours of the powerful. It is generally all that men of modeſty and virtue can do, to fall in with ſome whimſical turn in a great man, to make way for

things of real and abſolute ſervice. In the time of don Sebaſtian of Portugal, or ſome time ſince, the firſt miniſter would let nothing come near him but what bore the moſt profound face of wiſdom and gravity. They carried it ſo far, that, for the greater ſhew of their profound knowledge, a pair of ſpectacles tied on their noſes, with a black ribbon round their heads, was what completed the dreſs of thoſe who made their court at his levee, and none with naked noſes were admitted to his preſence. A blunt honeſt fellow, who had a command in the train of artillery, had attempted to make an impreſſion upon the porter day after day in vain, until at length he made his appearance in a very thoughtful dark ſuit of clothes, and two pair of ſpectacles on at once. He was conducted from room to room, with great deference, to the miniſter; and carrying on the farce of the place, he told his excellency that he had pretended in this manner to be wiſer than he really was, but with no ill intention; but he was honeſt Such-a-one of the train, and he came to tell him that they wanted wheel-barrows and pick-axes. The thing happened not to diſpleaſe, the great man was ſeen to ſmile, and the ſucceſsful officer was reconducted with the ſame profound ceremony out of the houſe.

When Leo X. reigned pope of Rome, his holineſs, though a man of ſenſe, and of an excellent taſte of letters, of all things affected fools, buffoons, humoriſts, and coxcombs: whether it were from vanity, and that he enjoyed no talents in other men but what were inferior to him, or whatever it was, he carried it ſo far, that his whole delight was in finding out new fools, and, as our phraſe is, playing them off, and making them ſhew themſelves to advantage. A prieſt of his former acquaintance ſuffered a great many diſappointments in attempting to find acceſs to him in a regular character, until at laſt in deſpair he retired from Rome, and returned in an equipage ſo very fantaſtical, both as to the dreſs of himſelf and ſervants, that the whole court were in an emulation who ſhould firſt introduce him to his holineſs. What added to the expectation his holineſs had of the pleaſure he ſhould have in his follies, was, that this fellow, in a dreſs the moſt exquiſitely ridiculous, deſired he might ſpeak to him alone, for he had matters of the

higheſt importance, upon which he wanted a conference. Nothing could be denied to a coxcomb of ſo great hope; but when they were apart, the impoſtor revealed himſelf, and ſpoke as follows:

DO not be ſurpriſed, moſt holy father, at ſeeing, inſtead of a coxcomb to laugh at, your old friend, who has taken this way of acceſs to admoniſh you of your own folly. Can any thing ſhew your holineſs how unworthily you treat mankind, more than my being put upon this difficulty to ſpeak with you. It is a degree of folly to delight to ſee it in others, and it is the greateſt inſolence imaginable to rejoice in the diſgrace of human nature. It is a criminal humility in a perſon of your holineſs's underſtanding, to believe you cannot excel but in the converſation of half wits, humoriſts, coxcombs, and buffoons. If your holineſs has a mind to be diverted like a rational man, you have a great opportunity for it, in diſrobing all the impertinents you have favoured of all their riches and trappings at once, and beſtowing them on the humble, the virtuous, and the meek. If your holineſs is not concerned for the ſake of virtue and religion, be pleaſed to reflect, that for the ſake of your own ſafety it is not proper to be ſo very much in jeſt. When the Pope is thus merry, the people will in time begin to think many things, which they have hitherto beheld with great veneration, are in themſelves objects of ſcorn and deriſion. If they once get a trick of knowing how to laugh, your holineſs's ſaying this ſentence in one night-cap, and the other with the other, the change of your ſlippers, bringing you your ſtaff in the midſt of a prayer, then ſtripping you of one veſt and clapping on a ſecond during divine ſervice, will be found out to have nothing in it. Conſider, ſir, that at this rate a head will be reckoned never the wiſer for being bald, and the ignorant will be apt to ſay, that going bare-foot does not at all help on in the way to heaven. The red cap and the cowl will fall under the ſame contempt; and the vulgar will tell us to our faces that we ſhall have no authority over them, but from the force of our arguments, and the ſanctity of our lives. T.

Nº 498. Wedneſday, October 1.

———*Fruſtra retinacula tendens*
Fertur equis auriga, neque audit currus habenas.
VIRG. Georg. 1. ver. 51

Nor reins, nor curbs, nor cries, the horſes fear,
But force along the trembling charioteer. DRYDE

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of Great-Britain.

From the farther end of the Widow's coffee-houſe i Devereux-court, Monday evening, twenty-eight mi nutes and a half paſt ſix.

' Dear Dumb,

' IN ſhort, to uſe no farther preface, if I ſhould te ' you that I have ſeen a hackney-coachman, when h ' has come to ſet down his fare, which has conſiſt ' of two or three very fine ladies, hand them out, a ' ſalute every one of them with an air of familiarit ' without giving the leaſt offence, you would perha ' think me guilty of a gaſconade. But to clear myſ ' from that imputation, and to explain this matter ' you, I aſſure you that there are many illuſtrious yout ' within this city, who frequently recreate themſelv ' by driving of a hackney-coach: but thoſe who ' above all others, I would recommend to you, are t ' young gentlemen belonging to our inns of cou ' We have, I think, about a dozen coachmen, w ' have chambers here in the Temple; and as it is re ' ſonable to believe others will follow their examp ' we may perhaps in time (if it ſhall be thought co ' venient) be drove to Weſtminſter by our own frat ' nity, allowing every fifth perſon to apply his me ' tations this way, which is but a modeſt computati ' as the humour is now likely to take. It is to be hop ' likewiſe, that there are in the other nurſeries of t ' law to be found a proportionable number of th ' hopeful plants, ſpringing up to the everlaſting reno ' of their native country. Of how long ſtanding

humour has been, I know not; the first time I had any particular reason to take notice of it, was about this time twelvemonth, when being upon Hampstead-heath with some of these studious young men, who went thither purely for the sake of contemplation, nothing would serve them but I must go thro' a course of this philosophy too; and being ever willing to embellish myself with any commendable qualification, it was not long ere they persuaded me into the coach-box; nor indeed much longer, before I underwent the fate of my brother Phaeton; for having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, through my own natural sagacity, together with the good instructions of my tutors, who, to give them their due, were on all hands encouraging and assisting me in this laudable undertaking; I say, sir, having drove about fifty paces with pretty good success, I must needs be exercising the lash, which the horses resented so ill from my hands, that they gave a sudden start, and thereby pitched me directly upon my head, as I very well remembered about half an hour afterwards, which not only deprived me of all the knowledge I had gained for fifty years before, but had like to have broke my neck into the bargain. After such a severe reprimand, you may imagine I was not very easily prevailed with to make a second attempt; and indeed, upon mature deliberation, the whole science seemed, at least to me, to be surrounded with so many difficulties, that notwithstanding the unknown advantages which might have accrued to me thereby, I gave over all hopes of attaining it; and I believe had never thought of it more, but that my memory has been lately refreshed by seeing some of these ingenious gentlemen ply in the open streets, one of which I saw receive so suitable a reward to his labours, that though I know you are no friend to story-telling, yet I must beg leave to trouble you with this at large.

About a fortnight since, as I was diverting myself with a penny-worth of walnuts at the Temple-gate, a lively young fellow in a fustian jacket shot by me, beckoned a coach, and told the coachman he wanted to go as far as Chelsea: they agreed upon the price,

'and this young gentleman mounts the coach-box;
'the fellow ſtaring at him, deſired to know if he ſhould
'not drive until they were out of town? No, no, replied
'he: he was then going to climb up to him, but re-
'ceived another check, and was then ordered to get into
'the coach or behind it, for that he wanted no inſtruc-
'tors; but be ſure you dog you, ſays he, do not bilk
'me. The fellow thereupon ſurrendered his whip,
'ſcratched his head, and crept into the coach. Having
'myſelf occaſion to go into the Strand about the ſame
'time, we ſtarted both together; but the ſtreets being
'very full of coaches, and he not ſo able a coachman
'as perhaps he imagined himſelf, I had ſoon got a lit-
'tle way before him; often, however, having the curio-
'ſity to caſt my eye back upon him, to obſerve how he
'behaved himſelf in this high ſtation; which he did
'with great compoſure, until he came to the paſs, which
'is a military term the brothers of the whip have given
'to the ſtrait at St. Clement's church; when he was
'arrived near this place, where are always coaches in
'waiting, the coachmen began to ſuck up the muſcles
'of their cheeks, and to tip the wink upon each other, as
'if they had ſome roguery in their heads, which I was
'immediately convinced of; for he no ſooner came with-
'in reach, but the firſt of them with his whip took the
'exact dimenſion of his ſhoulders, which he very in-
'geniouſly called endorſing: and indeed I muſt ſay
'that every one of them took due care to endorſe him
'as he came through their hands. He ſeemed at firſt
'little uneaſy under the operation, and was going in a
'haſte to take the numbers of their coaches; but at
'length by the mediation of the worthy gentleman in
'the coach, his wrath was aſſwaged, and he prevailed
'upon to purſue his journey; though indeed I thought
'they had clapt ſuch a ſpoke in his wheel, as had dis-
'abled him from being a coachman for that day at
'leaſt: for I am much miſtaken, Mr. SPEC, if ſome of
'theſe endorſements were not wrote with ſo ſtrong a
'hand, that they are ſtill legible. Upon my enquiring
'the reaſon of this unuſual ſalutation, they told me, that
'it was a cuſtom among them, whenever they ſaw a bro-
'ther tottering or unſtable in his poſt, to lend him

'hand, in order to ſettle him again therein. For my 'part I thought their allegations but reaſonable, and ſo 'marched off. Beſides our coachmen, we abound in 'divers other ſorts of ingenious robuſt youth, who, I 'hope, will not take it ill if I refer giving you an ac-'count of their ſeveral recreations to another opportu-'nity. In the mean time, if you would but beſtow a little 'of your wholeſome advice upon our coachmen, it might 'perhaps be a reprieve to ſome of their necks. As I un-'derſtand you have ſeveral inſpectors under you, if you 'would but ſend one amongſt us here in the Temple, I 'am perſuaded he would not want employment. But I 'leave this to your own conſideration, and am,

'Sir, Your very humble ſervant,

'MOSES GREENBAG.

'P. S. I have heard our critics in the coffee-houſes 'hereabout talk mightily of the unity of time and 'place: according to my notion of the matter, I have 'endeavoured at ſomething like it in the beginning of 'my epiſtle. I deſire to be informed a little as to that 'particular. In my next I deſign to give you ſome ac-'count of excellent watermen who are bred to the law, 'and far outdo the land ſtudents abovementioned.' T.

N° 499. Thurſday, October 2.

——————*Nimis uncis*
Naribus indulges—— PERS. Sat. 1. ver. 40.

——You drive the jeſt too far. DRYDEN.

MY friend WILL HONEYCOMB has told me for above this half year, that he had a great mind to try his hand at a Spectator, and that he would fain have one of his writing in my works. This morning I received from him the following letter, which, after having rectified ſome little orthographical miſtakes, I ſhall make a preſent of to the public.

'Dear Spec,

'I WAS about two nights ago in company with 'very agreeable young people of both ſexes, where 'talking of ſome of your papers which are written on 'conjugal love, there aroſe a diſpute among us, whe- 'ther there were not more bad huſbands in the world 'than bad wives. A gentleman, who was advocate for 'the ladies, took this occaſion to tell us the ſtory of a 'famous ſiege in Germany, which I have ſince found re- 'lated in my hiſtorical dictionary, after the following 'manner. When the emperor Conrade the third had 'beſieged Guelphus, duke of Bavaria, in the city of 'Henſberg, the women finding that the town could not 'poſſibly hold out long, petitioned the emperor that 'they might depart out of it, with ſo much as each of 'them could carry. The emperor knowing they could 'not convey away many of their effects, granted them 'their petition: when the women, to his great ſur- 'priſe, came out of the place with every one her huſ- 'band upon her back. The emperor was ſo moved at 'the ſight, that he burſt into tears, and after having 'very much extolled the women for their conjugal af- 'fection, gave the men to their wives, and received the 'duke into his favour.

'The ladies did not a little triumph at this ſtory, 'aſking us at the ſame time, whether in our conſciences 'we believed that the men in any town of Great-Britain 'would, upon the ſame offer, and at the ſame conjunc- 'ture, have loaden themſelves with their wives; or ra- 'ther, whether they would not have been glad of ſuch 'an opportunity to get rid of them? To this my very 'good friend Tom Dapperwit, who took upon him to 'be the mouth of our ſex, replied, that they would be 'very much to blame if they would not do the ſame 'good office for the women, conſidering that their 'ſtrength would be greater, and their burdens lighter. 'As we were amuſing ourſelves with diſcourſes of this 'nature, in order to paſs away the evening, which now 'begins to grow tedious, we fell into that laudable and 'primitive diverſion of queſtions and commands. I 'was no ſooner veſted with the regal authority, but I

'enjoined all the ladies, under pain of my diſpleaſure, 'to tell the company ingenuouſly, in caſe they had 'been in the ſiege abovementioned, and had the ſame 'offers made them as the good women of that place, 'what every one of them would have brought off with 'her, and have thought moſt worth the ſaving? There 'were ſeveral merry anſwers made to my queſtion, 'which entertained us until bed-time. This filled my 'mind with ſuch a huddle of ideas, that upon my going 'to ſleep, I fell into the following dream.

'I ſaw a town of this iſland, which ſhall be nameleſs, 'inveſted on every ſide, and the inhabitants of it ſo 'ſtraitened as to cry for quarter. The general refuſed 'any other terms than thoſe granted to the abovemen-'tioned town of Henſberg, namely, that the married 'women might come out with what they could bring 'along with them. Immediately the city gates flew 'open, and a female proceſſion appeared, multitudes of 'the ſex following one another in a row, and ſtaggering 'under their reſpective burdens. I took my ſtand upon 'an eminence in the enemy's camp, which was ap-'pointed for the general rendezvous of theſe female 'carriers, being very deſirous to look into their ſeveral 'ladings. The firſt of them had a huge ſack upon her 'ſhoulders, which ſhe ſet down with great care: upon 'the opening of it, when I expected to have ſeen her 'huſband ſhot out of it, I found it was filled with china-'ware. The next appeared in a moſt decent figure, 'carrying a handſome young fellow upon her back: I 'could not forbear commending the young woman for 'her conjugal affection, when, to my great ſurprize, I 'found that ſhe had left the good man at home, and 'brought away her gallant. I ſaw the third, at ſome 'diſtance, with a little withered face peeping over her 'ſhoulder, whom I could not ſuſpect for any but her 'ſpouſe, until upon her ſetting him down I heard her 'call him dear pug, and found him to be her favourite 'monkey. A fourth brought a huge bale of cards along 'with her; and the fifth a Bologna lap-dog; for her huſ-'band, it ſeems, being a very burly man, ſhe thought 'it would be leſs trouble for her to bring away lit-'tle Cupid. The next was the wife of a rich uſurer,

'loaden with a bag of gold; ſhe told us that her ſpouſe 'was very old, and by the courſe of nature could not 'expect to live long; and that to ſhew her tender re-'gards for him, ſhe had ſaved that which the poor man 'loved better than his life. The next came towards 'us with her ſon upon her back, who, we were told, 'was the greateſt rake in the place, but ſo much the 'mother's darling, that ſhe left her huſband behind 'with a large family of hopeful ſons and daughters, 'for the ſake of this graceleſs youth.

'It would be endleſs to mention the ſeveral perſons, 'with their ſeveral loads, that appeared to me in this 'ſtrange viſion. All the place about me was covered 'with packs of ribbons, brocades, embroidery, and ten 'thouſand other materials, ſufficient to have furniſhed 'a whole ſtreet of toy-ſhops. One of the women, hav-'ing a huſband, who was none of the heavieſt, was 'bringing him off upon her ſhoulders, at the ſame time 'that ſhe carried a great bundle of Flanders-lace under 'her arm; but finding herſelf ſo over loaden, that ſhe 'could not ſave both of them, ſhe dropped the good 'man, and brought away the bundle. In ſhort, I 'found but one huſband among this great mountain of 'baggage, who was a lively cobbler, that kicked and 'ſpurred all the while his wife was carrying him on, 'and, as it was ſaid, had ſcarce paſſed a day in his life 'without giving her the diſcipline of the ſtrap.

'I cannot conclude my letter, dear SPEC, without 'telling thee one very odd whim in this my dream. I 'ſaw, methought, a dozen women employed in bring-'ing off one man; I could not gueſs who it ſhould be, 'until upon his nearer approach I diſcovered thy ſhort 'phiz. The women all declared that it was for the ſake 'of thy works, and not thy perſon, that they brought 'thee off, and that it was on condition that thou ſhouldſt 'continue the Spectator. If thou thinkeſt this dream 'will make a tolerable one, it is at thy ſervice, from

'Dear SPEC, thine, ſleeping and waking,

'WILL HONEYCOMB.'

The ladies will ſee, by this letter, what I have often told them, that WILL is one of thoſe old-faſhioned men

of wit and pleaſure of the town, that ſhews his parts by raillery on marriage, and one who has often tried his fortune that way without ſucceſs. I cannot however diſmiſs his letter, without obſerving that the true ſtory on which it is built does honour to the ſex, and that in order to abuſe them, the writer is obliged to have recourſe to dream and fiction. O.

N° 500. Friday, October 3.

——————Huc natas adjice ſeptem,
Et totidem juvenes; & mox generoſque nuruſque.
Quærite nunc, habeat quam noſtra ſuperbia cauſam.
OVID. Met. l. 6. ver. 182.

Seven are my daughters of a form divine,
With ſeven fair ſons, an indefective line.
Go, fools, conſider this, and aſk the cauſe,
From which my pride its ſtrong preſumption draws.
CROXAL.

'SIR,

'YOU, who are ſo well acquainted with the ſtory 'of Socrates, muſt have read how, upon his making a 'diſcourſe concerning love, he preſſed his point with 'ſo much ſucceſs, that all the bachelors in his audience 'took a reſolution to marry by the firſt opportunity, 'and that all the married men immediately took horſe 'and galloped home to their wives. I am apt to think 'your diſcourſes, in which you have drawn ſo many 'agreeable pictures of marriage, have had a very good ef'fect this way in England. We are obliged to you, at leaſt, 'for having taken off that ſenſeleſs ridicule, which for 'many years the witlings of the town have turned upon 'their fathers and mothers. For my own part, I was 'born in wedlock, and I do not care who knows it: 'for which reaſon, among many others, I ſhould look 'upon myſelf as a moſt inſufferable coxcomb, did I en'deavour to maintain that cuckoldom was inſeparable 'from marriage, or to make uſe of huſband and wife as 'terms of reproach. Nay, ſir, I will go one ſtep further,

'and declare to you before the whole world, that I am 'a married man, and at the ſame time I have ſo much 'aſſurance as not to be aſhamed of what I have done.

'Among the ſeveral pleaſures that accompany this 'ſtate of life, and which you have deſcribed in your 'former papers, there are two you have not taken 'notice of, and which are ſeldom caſt into the account, 'by thoſe who write on this ſubject. You muſt have 'obſerved, in your ſpeculations on human nature, that 'nothing is more gratifying to the mind of man than 'power or dominion; and this I think myſelf amply 'poſſeſſed of, as I am the father of a family. I am 'perpetually taken up in giving out orders, in pre-'ſcribing duties, in hearing parties, in adminiſtering 'juſtice, and in diſtributing rewards and puniſhments. 'To ſpeak in the language of the centurion, "I ſay "unto one, go, and he goeth; and to another come, "and he cometh; and to my ſervant, do this, and he "doeth it." 'In ſhort, ſir, I look upon my family as a 'patriarchal ſovereignty, in which I am myſelf both king 'and prieſt. All great governments are nothing elſe 'but cluſters of theſe little private royalties, and there-'fore I conſider the maſters of families as ſmall deputy-'governors preſiding over the ſeveral little parcels and 'diviſions of their fellow-ſubjects. As I take great plea-'ſure in the adminiſtration of my government in parti-'cular, ſo I look upon myſelf not only as a more uſeful, 'but as a much greater and happier man than any ba-'chelor in England, of my own rank and condition.

'There is another accidental advantage in marriage, 'which has likewiſe fallen to my ſhare. I mean the 'having a multitude of children. Theſe I cannot but 'regard as very great bleſſings. When I ſee my little 'troop before me, I rejoice in the additions which I 'have made to my ſpecies, to my country and to my 'religion, in having produced ſuch a number of rea-'ſonable creatures, citizens, and chriſtians. I am 'pleaſed to ſee myſelf thus perpetuated; and as there 'is no production comparable to that of a human crea-'ture, I am more proud of having been the occaſion 'of ten ſuch glorious productions, than if I had built a 'hundred pyramids at my own expence, or publiſhed

'as many volumes of the fineſt wit and learning. In 'what a beautiful light has the holy ſcripture repre-'ſented Abdon, one of the judges of Iſrael, who had 'forty ſons and thirty grandſons, that rode on three-'ſcore and ten aſs-colts, according to the magnificence 'of the eaſtern countries? How muſt the heart of the 'old man rejoice, when he ſaw ſuch a beautiful pro-'ceſſion of his own deſcendants, ſuch a numerous ca-'valcade of his own raiſing? For my own part, I can 'ſit in my parlour with great content when I take a 'review of half a dozen of my little boys mounting 'upon hobby-horſes, and of as many little girls tutor-'ing their babies, each of them endeavouring to excel 'the reſt, and to do ſomething that may gain my favour 'and approbation. I cannot queſtion but he who has 'bleſſed me with ſo many children, will aſſiſt my en-'deavours in providing for them. There is one thing 'I am able to give each of them, which is a virtuous 'education. I think it is ſir Francis Bacon's obſervation, 'that in a numerous family of children, the eldeſt is 'often ſpoiled by the proſpect of an eſtate, and the 'youngeſt by being the darling of the parents; but that 'ſome one or other in the middle, who has not perhaps 'been regarded, has made his way in the world, and 'over-topped the reſt. It is my buſineſs to implant in 'every one of my children the ſame ſeeds of induſtry, 'and the ſame honeſt principles. By this means I think 'I have a fair chance, that one or other of them may 'grow conſiderable in ſome or other way of life, whe-'ther it be in the army, or in the fleet, in trade, or any 'of the three learned profeſſions; for you muſt know, 'ſir, that from long experience and obſervation, I am 'perſuaded of what ſeems a paradox to moſt of thoſe 'with whom I converſe, namely, that a man who has 'many children, and gives them a good education, is 'more likely to raiſe a family, than he who has but one, 'notwithſtanding he leaves him his whole eſtate. For 'this reaſon I cannot forbear amuſing myſelf with find-'ing out a general, an admiral, or an alderman of Lon-'don, a divine, a phyſician, or a lawyer among my 'little people who are now perhaps in petticoats; and 'when I ſee the motherly airs of my little daughters

'when they are playing with their puppets, I cannot 'but flatter myſelf that their huſbands and children will 'be happy in the poſſeſſion of ſuch wives and mothers.

'If you are a father, you will not perhaps think this 'letter impertinent: but if you are a ſingle man, you 'will not know the meaning of it, and probably throw 'it into the fire: whatever you determine of it, you 'may aſſure yourſelf that it comes from one who is

O. 'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'and well-wiſher,

'PHILOGAMUS.'

Nº 501. Saturday, October 4.

Durum: ſed levius fit patientiâ
Quicquid corrigere eſt nefas. HOR. Od. 26. l. 1. ver. 19.

'Tis hard: but when we needs muſt bear,
Enduring patience makes the burden light.

CREECH.

AS ſome of the fineſt compoſitions among the ancients are in allegory, I have endeavoured, in ſeveral of my papers, to revive that way of writing, and hope I have not been altogether unſucceſsful in it; for I find there is always a great demand for thoſe particular papers, and cannot but obſerve that ſeveral authors have endeavoured of late to excel in works of this nature. Among theſe, I do not know any one who has ſucceeded better than a very ingenious gentleman, to whom I am obliged for the following piece, and who was the author of the viſion in the 460th paper. O.

HOW are we tortured with the abſence of what we covet to poſſeſs, when it appears to be loſt to us! What excurſions does the ſoul make in imagination after it! And how does it turn into itſelf again, more fooliſhly fond and dejected, at the diſappointment! Our grief, inſtead of having recourſe to reaſon, which might

reſtrain it, ſearches to find a further nouriſhment. It calls upon memory to relate the ſeveral paſſages and circumſtances of ſatisfactions which we formerly enjoyed; the pleaſures we purchaſed by thoſe riches that are taken from us; or the power and ſplendor of our departed honours; or the voice, the words, the looks, the temper, and affections of our friends that are deceaſed. It needs muſt happen from hence that the paſſion ſhould often ſwell to ſuch a ſize as to burſt the heart which contains it, if time did not make theſe circumſtances leſs ſtrong and lively, ſo that reaſon ſhould become a more equal match for the paſſion, or if another deſire which becomes more preſent did not overpower them with a livelier repreſentation. Theſe are thoughts which I had, when I fell into a kind of viſion upon this ſubject, and may therefore ſtand for a proper introduction to a relation of it.

I found myſelf upon a naked ſhore, with company whoſe afflicted countenances witneſſed their conditions. Before us flowed a water deep, ſilent, and called the River of Tears, which, iſſuing from two fountains on an upper ground, encompaſſed an iſland that lay before us. The boat which plied in it was old and ſhattered, having been ſometimes overſet by the impatience and haſte of ſingle paſſengers to arrive at the other ſide. This immediately was brought to us by Misfortune who ſteers it, and we were all preparing to take our places, when there appeared a woman of a mild and compoſed behaviour, who began to deter us from it, by repreſenting the dangers which would attend our voyage. Hereupon ſome who knew her for Patience, and ſome of thoſe too who until then cried the loudeſt, were perſuaded by her, and returned back. The reſt of us went in, and ſhe (whoſe good-nature would not ſuffer her to forſake perſons in trouble) deſired leave to accompany us, that ſhe might at leaſt adminiſter ſome ſmall comfort or advice while we ſailed. We were no ſooner embarked but the boat was puſhed off, the ſheet was ſpread; and being filled with ſighs, which are the winds of that country, we made a paſſage to the farther bank, through ſeveral difficulties of which the moſt of us ſeemed utterly regardleſs.

When we landed, we perceived the iſland to be ſtrangely overcaſt with fogs, which no brightneſs could pierce, ſo that a kind of gloomy horror ſat always brooding over it. This had ſomething in it very ſhocking to eaſy tempers, inſomuch that ſome others, whom Patience had by this time gained over, left us here, and privily conveyed themſelves round the verge of the iſland, to find a ford by which ſhe told them they might eſcape.

For my part, I ſtill went along with thoſe who were for piercing into the center of the place; and joining ourſelves to others whom we found upon the ſame journey, we marched ſolemnly as at a funeral, through bordering hedges of roſemary, and through a grove of yew-trees, which love to overſhadow tombs, and flouriſh in church-yards. Here we heard on every ſide the wailings and complaints of ſeveral of the inhabitants, who had caſt themſelves diſconſolately at the feet of trees; and as we chanced to approach any of theſe, we might perceive them wringing their hands, beating their breaſts, tearing their hair, or after ſome other manner viſibly agitated with vexation. Our ſorrows were heightened by the influence of what we heard and ſaw, and one of our number was wrought up to ſuch a pitch of wildneſs, as to talk of hanging himſelf upon a bough which ſhot temptingly acroſs the path we travelled in; but he was reſtrained from it by the kind endeavours of our above-mentioned companion.

We had now got into the moſt duſky ſilent part of the iſland, and by the redoubled ſounds of ſighs, which made a doleful whiſtling in the branches, the thickneſs of air, which occaſioned faintiſh reſpiration, and the violent throbbings of heart which more and more affected us, we found that we approached the "Grotto "of Grief." It was a wide, hollow, and melancholy cave, ſunk deep in a dale, and watered by rivulets that had a colour between red and black. Theſe crept ſlow and half congealed amongſt its windings, and mixed their heavy murmurs with the echo of groans that rolled through all the paſſages. In the moſt retired part of it ſat the doleful being herſelf; the path to her was ſtrewed with goads, ſtings, and thorns; and her throne on which ſhe ſat was broken into a rock, with ragged

pieces pointing upwards for her to lean upon. A heavy miſt hung above her; her head oppreſſed with it reclined upon her arm: thus did ſhe reign over her diſconſolate ſubjects, full of herſelf to ſtupidity, in eternal penſiveneſs, and the profoundeſt ſilence. On one ſide of her ſtood Dejection juſt dropping into a ſwoon, and Paleneſs waſting to a ſkeleton; on the other ſide were Care inwardly tormented with imaginations, and Anguiſh ſuffering outward troubles to ſuck the blood from her heart in the ſhape of vultures. The whole vault had a genuine diſmalneſs in it, which a few ſcattered lamps, whoſe bluiſh flames aroſe and ſunk in their urns, diſcovered to our eyes with increaſe. Some of us fell down, overcome and ſpent with what they ſuffered in the way, and were given over to thoſe tormentors that ſtood on either hand of the preſence; others, galled and mortified with pain, recovered the entrance, where Patience, whom we had left behind, was ſtill waiting to receive us.

With her (whoſe company was now become more grateful to us by the want we had found of her) we winded round the grotto, and aſcended at the back of it, out of the mournful dale in whoſe bottom it lay. On this eminence we halted, by her advice, to pant for breath; and lifting our eyes, which until then were fixed downwards, felt a ſullen ſort of ſatisfaction, in obſerving through the ſhades what numbers had entered the iſland. This ſatisfaction, which appears to have ill-nature in it, was excuſable, becauſe it happened at a time when we were too much taken up with our own concern, to have reſpect to that of others; and therefore we did not conſider them as ſuffering, but ourſelves as not ſuffering in the moſt forlorn eſtate. It had alſo the ground-work of humanity and compaſſion in it, though the mind was then too dark and too deeply engaged to perceive it; but as we proceeded onwards, it began to diſcover itſelf, and from obſerving that others were unhappy, we came to queſtion one another, when it was that we met, and what were the ſad occaſions that brought us together. Then we heard our ſtories, we compared them, we mutually gave and received pity, and ſo by degrees became tolerable company.

A conſiderable part of the troubleſome road was thus deceived; at length the openings among the trees grew larger, the air ſeemed thinner, it lay with leſs oppreſſion upon us, and we could now and then diſcern tracks in it of a lighter greyneſs, like the breakings of day, ſhort in duration, much enlivening, and called in that country "Gleams of Amuſement." Within a ſhort while theſe gleams began to appear more frequent, and then brighter and of a longer continuance; the ſighs that hitherto filled the air with ſo much dolefulneſs, altered to the ſound of common breezes, and in general the horrors of the iſland were abated.

When we had arrived at laſt at the ford by which we were to paſs out, we met with thoſe faſhionable mourners, who had been ferried over along with us, and who being unwilling to go as far as we, had coaſted by the ſhore to find the place, where they waited our coming; that by ſhewing themſelves to the world only at the time when we did, they might ſeem alſo to have been among the troubles of the grotto. Here the waters that rolled on the other ſide ſo deep and ſilent, were much dried up, and it was an eaſier matter for us to wade over.

The river being croſſed, we were received upon the further bank, by our friends and acquaintance, whom Comfort had brought out to congratulate our appearance in the world again. Some of theſe blamed us for ſtaying ſo long away from them, others adviſed us againſt all temptations of going back again; every one was cautious not to renew our trouble, by aſking any particulars of the journey; and all concluded, that in a caſe of ſo much melancholy and affliction, we could not have made choice of a fitter companion than Patience. Here Patience, appearing ſerene at her praiſes, delivered us over to Comfort. Comfort ſmiled at his receiving the charge; immediately the ſky purpled on that ſide to which he turned, and double day at once broke in upon me.

Nº 502. Monday, October 6.

Melius, pejus, profit, obſit, nil vident niſi quod lubent.
TER. Heaut. Act. 4. Sc. 1.

Better or worſe, profitable or diſadvantageous, they ſee nothing but what they liſt.

WHEN men read, they taſte the matter with which they are entertained, according as their own reſpective ſtudies and inclinations have prepared them, and make their reflections accordingly. Some peruſing Roman writers, would find in them whatever the ſubject of the diſcourſes were, parts which implied the grandeur of that people in their welfare or their politics. As for my part, who am a mere SPECTATOR, I drew this morning concluſions of their eminence in what I think great, to wit, in having worthy ſentiments, from the reading a comedy of Terence. The play was the Self-Tormentor. It is from the beginning to the end a perfect picture of human life, but I did not obſerve in the whole one paſſage that could raiſe a laugh. How well diſpoſed muſt that people be, who could be entertained with ſatisfaction by ſo ſober and polite mirth? In the firſt ſcene of the comedy, when one of the old men accuſes the other of impertinence for interpoſing in his affairs, he anſwers 'I am a man, and 'cannot help feeling any ſorrow that can arrive at man.' It is ſaid, this ſentence was received with an univerſal applauſe. There cannot be a greater argument of the general good underſtanding of a people, than a ſudden conſent to give their approbation of a ſentiment which has no emotion in it. If it were ſpoken with ever ſo great ſkill in the actor, the manner of uttering that ſentence could have nothing in it which could ſtrike any but people of the greateſt humanity, nay people elegant and ſkilful in obſervations upon it. It is poſſible he might have laid his hand on his breaſt, and with a winning inſinuation in his countenance, expreſſed to his

neighbour that he was a man who made his caſe his own; yet I will engage a player in Covent-Garden might hit ſuch an attitude a thouſand times before he would have been regarded. I have heard that a miniſter of ſtate in the reign of queen Elizabeth had all manner of books and ballads brought to him, of what kind ſoever, and took great notice how much they took with the people; upon which he would, and certainly might, very well judge of their preſent diſpoſitions, and the moſt proper way of applying them according to his own purpoſes. What paſſes on the ſtage, and the reception it meets with from the audience, is a very uſeful inſtruction of this kind. According to what you may obſerve there on our ſtage, you ſee them often moved ſo directly againſt all common ſenſe and humanity, that you would be apt to pronounce us a nation of ſavages. It cannot be called a miſtake of what is pleaſant, but the very contrary to it is what moſt aſſuredly takes with them. The other night an old woman carried off with a pain in her ſide, with all the diſtortions and anguiſh of countenance which is natural to one in that condition, was laughed and clapped off the ſtage. Terence's comedy, which I am ſpeaking of, is indeed written as if he hoped to pleaſe none but ſuch as had as good a taſte as himſelf. I could not but reflect upon the natural deſcription of the innocent young woman, made by the ſervant to his maſter. "When I came "to the houſe, ſaid he, an old woman opened the door, "and I followed her in, becauſe I could by entering up- "on them unawares better obſerve what was your miſ- "treſs's ordinary manner of ſpending her time, the only "way of judging any one's inclinations and genius. I "found her at her needle in a ſort of ſecond mourning, "which ſhe wore for an aunt ſhe had lately loſt. She "had nothing on but what ſhewed ſhe dreſſed only for "herſelf. Her hair hung negligently about her ſhoul- "ders. She had none of the arts with which others uſe to "ſet themſelves off, but had that negligence of perſon "which is remarkable in thoſe who are careful of their "minds——Then ſhe had a maid who was at work near "her that was a ſlattern, becauſe her miſtreſs was care- "leſs; which I take to be another argument of your

" ſecurity in her; for the go-betweens of women of in-
" trigue are rewarded too well to be dirty. When you
" were named, and I told her you deſired to ſee her, ſhe
" threw down her work for joy, covered her face and
" decently hid her tears."—He muſt be a very good ac-
tor, and draw attention rather from his own character than the words of the author, that could gain it among us for this ſpeech, though ſo full of nature and good ſenſe.

The intolerable folly and confidence of players putting in words of their own, does in a great meaſure feed the abſurd taſte of the audience. But however that is, it is ordinary for a cluſter of coxcombs to take up the houſe to themſelves, and equally inſult both the actors and the company. Theſe ſavages, who want all manner of regard and deference to the reſt of mankind, come only to ſhew themſelves to us, without any other purpoſe than to let us know they deſpiſe us.

The groſs of an audience is compoſed of two ſorts of people, thoſe who know no pleaſure but of the body, and thoſe who improve or command corporeal pleaſures, by the addition of fine ſentiments of the mind. At preſent the intelligent part of the company are wholly ſubdued, by the inſurrections of thoſe who know no ſatisfactions but what they have in common with all other animals.

This is the reaſon that when a ſcene tending to procreation is acted, you ſee the whole pit in ſuch a chuckle, and old letchers, with mouths open, ſtare at thoſe looſe geſticulations on the ſtage with ſhameful earneſtneſs; when the juſteſt pictures of human life in its calm dignity, and the propereſt ſentiments for the conduct of it, paſs by like mere narration, as conducing only to ſomewhat much better which is to come after. I have ſeen the whole houſe at ſome times in ſo proper a diſpoſition, that indeed I have trembled for the boxes, and feared the entertainment would end in the repreſentation of the rape of the Sabines.

I would not be underſtood in this talk to argue that nothing is tolerable on the ſtage but what has an immediate tendency to the promotion of virtue. On the contrary, I can allow, provided there is nothing againſt the intereſts of virtue, and is not offenſive to good-manners, that things of an indifferent nature may be

repreſented. For this reaſon I have no exception to the well drawn ruſticities in the Country-wake; and there is ſomething ſo miraculouſly pleaſant in Dogget's acting the aukward triumph and comic ſorrow of Hob in different circumſtances, that I ſhall not be able to ſtay away whenever it is acted. All that vexes me is, that the gallantry of taking the cudgels for Glouceſterſhire, with the pride of heart in tucking himſelf up, and taking aim at his adverſary, as well as the other's proteſtation in the humanity of low romance, that he could not promiſe the 'ſquire to break Hob's head, but he would, if he could, do it in love; then flouriſh and begin: I ſay, what vexes me is, that ſuch excellent touches as theſe, as well as the 'ſquire's being out of all patience at Hob's ſucceſs, and venturing himſelf into the croud, are circumſtances hardly taken notice of, and the height of the jeſt is only in the very point that heads are broken. I am confident, were there a ſcene written, wherein Pinkethman ſhould break his leg by wreſtling with Bullock, and Dicky come in to ſet it, without one word ſaid but what ſhould be according to the exact rules of ſurgery in making this extenſion, and binding up the leg, the whole houſe would be in a roar of applauſe at the diſſembled anguiſh of the patient, the help given by him who threw him down, and the handy addreſs and arch looks of the ſurgeon. To enumerate the entrance of ghoſts, the embattling of armies, the noiſe of heroes in love, with a thouſand other enormities, would be to tranſgreſs the bounds of this paper, for which reaſon it is poſſible they may have hereafter diſtinct diſcourſes; not forgetting any of the audience who ſhall ſet up for actors, and interrupt the play on the ſtage: and players who ſhall prefer the applauſe of fools to that of the reaſonable part of the company. T.

Nº 503. Tueſday, October 7.

Deleo omnes debinc ex animo mulieres.
TER. Eun. Act. 2. Sc. 3.

From henceforward I blot out of my thoughts all memory of womankind.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU have often mentioned with great vehemence 'and indignation the miſbehaviour of people at church; 'but I am at preſent to talk to you on that ſubject, 'and complain to you of one, whom at the ſame time I 'know not what to accuſe of, except it be looking too 'well there, and diverting the eyes of the congregation 'to that one object. However I have this to ſay, 'that ſhe might have ſtaid at her own pariſh, and not 'come to perplex thoſe who are otherwiſe intent upon 'their duty.

'Laſt Sunday was ſeven-night I went into a church 'not far from London Bridge; but I wiſh I had been con-'tented to go to my own pariſh, I am ſure it had been 'better for me; I ſay, I went to church thither, and got 'into a pew very near the pulpit. I had hardly been 'accommodated with a ſeat, before there entered into 'the aiſle a young lady in the very bloom of youth and 'beauty, and dreſſed in the moſt elegant manner imagin-'able. Her form was ſuch, that it engaged the eyes of the 'whole congregation in an inſtant, and mine among the 'reſt. Though we were all thus fixed upon her, ſhe was 'not in the leaſt out of countenance, or under the leaſt 'diſorder, though unattended by any one, and not ſeem-'ing to know particularly where to place herſelf. How-'ever, ſhe had not in the leaſt a confident aſpect, but 'moved on with the moſt graceful modeſty, every one 'making away until ſhe came to a ſeat juſt over-againſt 'that in which I was placed. The deputy of the ward 'ſat in that pew, and ſhe ſtood oppoſite to him, and at 'a glance into the ſeat, though ſhe did not appear the 'leaſt acquainted with the gentleman, was let in, with 'a confuſion that ſpoke much admiration at the novelty

'of the thing. The ſervice immediately began, and ſhe 'compoſed herſelf for it with an air of ſo much goodneſs 'and ſweetneſs, that the confeſſion which ſhe uttered ſo 'as to be heard where I ſat, appeared an act of humi-'liation more than ſhe had occaſion for. The truth is, 'her beauty had ſomething ſo innocent, and yet ſo ſub-'lime, that we all gazed upon her like a phantom. 'None of the pictures which we behold in the beſt Ita-'lian painters, have any thing like the ſpirit which ap-'peared in her countenance, at the different ſentiments 'expreſſed in the ſeveral parts of divine ſervice. That 'gratitude and joy at a thankſgiving, that lowlineſs and 'ſorrow at the prayers for the ſick and diſtreſſed, that 'triumph at the paſſages which gave inſtances of the 'divine mercy, which appeared reſpectively in her aſ-'pect, will be in my memory to my laſt hour. I proteſt 'to you, ſir, ſhe ſuſpended the devotion of every one 'around her; and the eaſe ſhe did every thing with, ſoon 'diſperſed the churliſh diſlike and heſitation in approv-'ing what is excellent, too frequent among us, to a ge-'neral attention and entertainment in obſerving her be-'haviour. All the while that we were gazing at her, 'ſhe took notice of no object about her, but had an art 'of ſeeming aukwardly attentive, whatever elſe her eyes 'were accidentally thrown upon. One thing indeed 'was particular, ſhe ſtood the whole ſervice, and never 'kneeled or ſat: I do not queſtion but that was to ſhew 'herſelf with the greater advantage, and ſet forth to 'better grace her hands and arms, lifted up with the moſt 'ardent devotion, and her boſom, the faireſt that ever 'was ſeen, bare to obſervation; while ſhe, you muſt 'think, knew nothing of the concern ſhe gave others, 'any other than, as an example of devotion, that threw 'herſelf out, without regard to dreſs or garment, all 'contrition, and looſe of all worldly regards, in ecſtaſy 'of devotion. Well, now the organ was to play a vo-'luntary, and ſhe was ſo ſkilful in muſic, and ſo touched 'with it, that ſhe kept time not only with ſome motion 'of her head, but alſo with a different air in her coun-'tenance. When the muſic was ſtrong and bold, ſhe 'looked exalted, but ſerious; when lively and airy, ſhe 'was ſmiling and gracious; when the notes were more

'ſoft and languiſhing, ſhe was kind and full of pity. 'When ſhe had now made it viſible to the whole con- 'gregation, by her motion and ear, that ſhe could dance, 'and ſhe wanted now only to inform us that ſhe could 'ſing too, when the pſalm was given out, her voice was 'diſtinguiſhed above all the reſt, or rather people did not 'exert their own in order to hear her. Never was any 'heard ſo ſweet and ſo ſtrong. The organiſt obſerved 'it, and he thought fit to play to her only, and ſhe ſwell- 'ed every note, when ſhe found ſhe had thrown us all 'out, and had the laſt verſe to herſelf in ſuch a manner, 'as the whole congregation was intent upon her, in the 'ſame manner as we ſee in the cathedrals they are on the 'perſon who ſings alone the anthem. Well, it came at 'laſt to the ſermon, and our young lady would not loſe 'her part in that neither; for ſhe fixed her eye upon the 'preacher, and as he ſaid any thing ſhe approved, with 'one of Charles Mathers's fine tablets, ſhe ſet down the 'ſentence, at once ſhewing her fine hand, the gold pen, 'her readineſs in writing, and her judgment in chooſing 'what to write. To ſum up what I intend by this long 'and particular account, I mean to appeal to you, whe- 'ther it is reaſonable that ſuch a creature as this ſhall 'come from a janty part of the town and give herſelf ſuch 'violent airs, to the diſturbance of an innocent and in- 'offenſive congregation, with her ſublimities. The fact, 'I aſſure you, was as I have related; but I had like to 'have forgot another very conſiderable particular. As 'ſoon as church was done ſhe immediately ſtepped out 'of her pew, and fell into the fineſt pitty-pat air, for- 'ſooth, wonderfully out of countenance, toſſing her head 'up and down, as ſhe ſwam along the body of the church. 'I, with ſeveral others of the inhabitants, followed her 'out, and ſaw her hold up her fan to an hackney-coach 'at a diſtance, who immediately came up to her, and 'ſhe whipped into it with great nimbleneſs, pulled the 'door with a bowing mien, as if ſhe had been uſed to a 'better glaſs. She ſaid aloud, "you know where to go," 'and drove off. By this time the beſt of the congrega- 'tion was at the church door, and I could hear ſome ſay, "a very fine lady;" others, "I'll warrant you, ſhe "is no better than ſhe ſhould be:" and one very wiſe

'old lady ſaid, "ſhe ought to have been taken up." 'Mr. SPECTATOR, I think this matter lies wholly before 'you: for the offence does not come under any law, 'though it is apparent this creature came among us only 'to give herſelf airs, and enjoy her full ſwing in being 'admired. I deſire you will print this, that ſhe maybe 'confined to her own pariſh; for I can aſſure you there 'is no attending any thing elſe in a place where ſhe is 'a novelty. She has been talked of among us ever 'ſince under the name of Phantom: but I would adviſe 'her to come no more; for there is ſo ſtrong a party 'made by the women againſt her, that ſhe muſt expect 'they will not be excelled a ſecond time in ſo outrageous 'a manner, without doing her ſome inſult. Young wo-'men, who aſſume after this rate, and affect expoſing 'themſelves to view in congregations at the other end 'of the town, are not ſo miſchievous, becauſe they are 'rivalled by more of the ſame ambition, who will not 'let the reſt of the company be particular; but in the 'name of the whole congregation where I was, I deſire 'you to keep theſe agreeable diſturbances out of the 'city, where ſobriety of manners is ſtill preſerved, and 'all glaring and oſtentatious behaviour, even in things 'laudable, diſcountenanced. I wiſh you may never ſee 'the Phantom, and am,

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. 'RALPH WONDER.'

Nº 504. Wedneſday, October 8.

Lepus tute es, & pulpamentum quæris.

TER. Eun. Act. 3. Sc. 1.

You are a hare yourſelf, and want dainties, forſooth.

IT is a great convenience to thoſe who want wit to furniſh out a converſation, that there is ſomething or other in all companies where it is wanted, ſubſtituted in

its ſtead, which, according to their taſte, does the buſineſs as well. Of this nature is the agreeable paſtime in country-halls of croſs purpoſes, queſtions and commands, and the like. A little ſuperior to theſe are thoſe who can play at crambo, or cap verſes. Then above them are ſuch as can make verſes, that is, rhyme; and among thoſe who have the Latin tongue, ſuch as uſe to make what they call golden verſes. Commend me alſo to thoſe who have not brains enough for any of theſe exerciſes, and yet do not give up their pretenſions to mirth. Theſe can ſlap you on the back unawares, laugh aloud, aſk you how you do with a twang on your ſhoulders, ſay you are dull to-day, and laugh a voluntary to put you in humour; not to mention the laborious way among the minor poets, of making things come into ſuch and ſuch a ſhape, as that of an egg, an hand, an ax, or any thing that nobody had ever thought on before for that purpoſe, or which would have coſt a great deal of pains to accompliſh it if they did. But all theſe methods, though they are mechanical, and may be arrived at with the ſmalleſt capacity, do not ſerve an honeſt gentleman who wants wit for his ordinary occaſions; therefore it is abſolutely neceſſary that the poor in imagination ſhould have ſomething which may be ſerviceable to them at all hours upon all common occurrences. That which we call punning is therefore greatly affected by men of ſmall intellects. Theſe men need not be concerned with you for the whole ſentence; but if they can ſay a quaint thing, or bring in a word which ſounds like any one word you have ſpoken to them, they can turn the diſcourſe, or diſtract you ſo that you cannot go on, and by conſequence if they cannot be as witty as you are, they can hinder your being any wittier than they are. Thus if you talk of a candle; he can deal with you; and if you aſk him to help you to ſome bread, a punſter ſhould think himſelf very ill-bred if he did not; and if he is not as well-bred as yourſelf, he hopes for grains of allowance. If you do not underſtand that laſt fancy, you muſt recollect that bread is made of grain; and ſo they go on for ever, without poſſibility of being exhauſted.

There are another kind of people of ſmall faculties, who ſupply want of wit with want of breeding;

and becauſe women are both by nature and educati more offended at any thing which is immodeſt, than m men are, theſe are ever harping upon things they ough not to allude to, and deal mightily in double meaning Every one's own obſervation will ſuggeſt inſtanc enough of this kind, without my mentioning any; fo your double meaners are diſperſed up and down throug all parts of town or city where there are any to offend in order to ſet off themſelves. Theſe men are might loud laughers, and held very pretty gentlemen with th fillier and unbred part of womankind. But above a already mentioned, or any who ever were, or ever ca be in the world, the happieſt and ſureſt to be pleaſant are a ſort of people whom we have not indeed lately heard much of, and thoſe are your biters.

A biter is one who tells you a thing you have no rea-ſon to diſbelieve in itſelf, and perhaps has given you, be-fore he bit you, no reaſon to diſbelieve it for his ſaying it; and if you give him credit, laughs in your face, and triumphs that he has deceived you. In a word, a biter is one who thinks you a fool, becauſe you do not think him a knave. This deſcription of him one may inſiſt upon to be a juſt one; for what elſe but a degree of knavery is it, to depend upon deceit for what you gain of another, be it in point of wit, or intereſt, or any thing elſe?

This way of wit is called biting, by a metaphor taken from beaſts of prey, which devour harmleſs and unarmed animals, and look upon them as their food wherever they meet them. The ſharpers about town very inge-niouſly underſtood themſelves to be to the undeſigning part of mankind what foxes are to lambs, and therefore uſed the word biting, to expreſs any exploit wherein they have over-reached any innocent and inadvertent man of his purſe. Theſe raſcals of late years have been the gallants of the town, and carried it with a faſhionable haughty air, to the diſcouragement of mo-deſty, and all honeſt arts. Shallow fops, who are go-verned by the eye, and admire every thing that ſtruts in vogue, took up from the ſharpers the phraſe of biting, and uſed it upon all occaſions, either to diſown any nonſenſical ſtuff they ſhould talk themſelves, or evade the force of what was reaſonably ſaid by others. Thus, when one of theſe cunning creatures was entered

into a debate with you, whether it was practicable in the preſent ſtate of affairs to accompliſh ſuch a propoſition, and you thought he had let fall what deſtroyed his ſide of the queſtion, as ſoon as you looked with an earneſtneſs ready to lay hold of it, he immediately cried, Bite, and you were immediately to acknowledge all that part was in jeſt. They carry this to all the extravagance imaginable, and if one of theſe witlings knows any particulars which may give authority to what he ſays, he is ſtill the more ingenious if he impoſes upon your credulity. I remember a remarkable inſtance of this kind. There came up a ſhrewd young fellow to a plain young man, his countryman, and taking him aſide with a grave concerned countenance, goes on at this rate: "I ſee you "here, and have you heard nothing out of Yorkſhire!— "You look ſo ſurpriſed you could not have heard of it "—and yet the particulars are ſuch, that it cannot be "falſe: I am ſorry I am got into it ſo far that I now "muſt tell you; but I know not but it may be for your "ſervice to know—on Tueſday laſt, juſt after dinner— "you know his manner is to ſmoke, opening his box, "your father fell down dead of an apoplexy." The youth ſhewed the filial ſorrow which he ought—Upon which the witty man cried, "Bite, there is nothing in "all this"———

To put an end to this ſilly, pernicious, frivolous way at once, I will give the reader one late inſtance of a bite, which no biter for the future will ever be able to equal, though I heartily wiſh him the ſame occaſion. It is a ſuperſtition with ſome ſurgeons who beg the bodies of condemned malefactors, to go to the gaol, and bargain for the carcaſe with the criminal himſelf. A good honeſt fellow did ſo laſt ſeſſions, and was admitted to the condemned men on the morning wherein they died. The ſurgeon communicated his buſineſs, and fell into diſcourſe with a little fellow, who refuſed twelve ſhillings, and inſiſted upon fifteen for his body. The fellow, who killed the officer of Newgate, very forwardly, and like a man who was willing to deal, told him, "Look you, "Mr. Surgeon, that little dry fellow, who has been half-"ſtarved all his life, and is now half dead with fear, can-"not anſwer your purpoſe. I have ever lived high and

" freely, my veins are full, I have not pined in impri-
" ſonment; you ſee my creſt ſwells to your knife, and
" after Jack-Catch has done, upon my honour you will
" find me as ſound as ever a bullock in any of the
" markets. Come, for twenty ſhillings I am your
" man"—Says the ſurgeon, " Done, there is a guinea."
—This witty rogue took the money, and as ſoon as he
had it in his fiſt, cries, " Bite, I am to be hanged in
" chains." T.

N° 505. Thurſday, October 9.

Non habeo denique nauci Marſum Augurem,
Non vicanos aruſpices, non de circo Aſtrologos,
Non Iſiacos conjectores, non interpretes ſomniûm:
Non enim ſunt ii, aut ſcientiâ, aut arte divinâ,
Sed ſuperſtitioſi vates, impudenteſque harioli,
Aut inertes, aut inſani, aut quibus egeſtas imperat:
Qui ſui queſtûs cauſâ fictas ſuſcitant ſententias,
Qui ſibi ſemitam non ſapiunt, alteri monſtrant viam,
Quibus divitias pollicentur, ab iis drachmam petunt:
De divitiis deducant drachmam, reddant cætera.

ENNIUS.

Augurs, and ſoothſayers, aſtrologers,
Diviners, and interpreters of dreams,
I ne'er conſult, and heartily deſpiſe:
Vain their pretence to more than human ſkill:
For gain imaginary ſchemes they draw;
Wand'rers themſelves, they guide another's ſteps;
And for poor ſixpence promiſe countleſs wealth:
Let them, if they expect to be believed,
Deduct the ſixpence, and beſtow the reſt.

THOSE who have maintained that men would be more miſerable than beaſts, were their hopes confined to this life only, among other conſiderations take notice that the latter are only afflicted with the anguiſh of the preſent evil, whereas the former are very often pained by the reflection on what is paſſed, and the

fear of what is to come. This fear of any future difficulties or misfortunes is so natural to the mind, that were a man's sorrows and disquietudes summed up at the end of his life, it would generally be found that he had suffered more from the apprehensions of such evils as never happened to him, than from those evils which had really befallen him. To this we may add, that among those evils which befall us, there are many that have been more painful to us in the prospect, than by their actual pressure.

This natural impatience to look into futurity, and to know what accidents may happen to us hereafter, has given birth to many ridiculous arts and inventions. Some found the prescience on the lines of a man's hand, others on the features of his face; some on the signatures which nature has impressed on his body, and others on his own hand-writing: some read mens fortunes in the stars, as others have searched after them in the entrails of beasts, or the flights of birds. Men of the best sense have been touched more or less with these groundless horrors and presages of futurity, upon surveying the most indifferent works of nature. Can any thing be more surprising than to consider Cicero, who made the greatest figure at the bar, and in the senate of the Roman common-wealth, and, at the same time, outshined all the philosophers of antiquity in his library and in his retirements, as busying himself in the college of augurs, and observing with a religious attention, after what manner the chickens pecked the several grains of corn which were thrown to them?

Notwithstanding these follies are pretty well worn out of the minds of the wise and learned in the present age, multitudes of weak and ignorant persons are still slaves to them. There are numberless arts of prediction among the vulgar, which are too trifling to enumerate; and infinite observation of days, numbers, voices, and figures, which are regarded by them as portents and prodigies. In short, every thing propheſies to the superstitious man; there is scarce a straw or a rusty piece of iron that lies in his way by accident.

It is not to be conceived how many wizards, gypsies, and cunning men are dispersed through all the countries,

and market-towns of Great-Britain, not to mention the fortune-tellers and aſtrologers, who live very comfortably upon the curioſity of ſeveral well-diſpoſed perſons in the cities of London and Weſtminſter.

Among the many pretended arts of divination, there is none which ſo univerſally amuſes as that by dreams. I have indeed obſerved in a late ſpeculation, that there have been ſometimes, upon very extraordinary occaſions, ſupernatural revelations made to certain perſons, by this means; but as it is the chief buſineſs of this paper to root out popular errors, I muſt endeavour to expoſe the folly and ſuperſtition of thoſe perſons, who, in the common and ordinary courſe of life, lay any ſtreſs upon things of ſo uncertain, ſhadowy, and chimerical a nature. This I cannot do more effectually than by the following letter, which is dated from a quarter of the town that has always been the habitation of ſome prophetic Philomath; it having been uſual, time out of mind, for all ſuch people as have loſt their wits, to reſort to that place either for their cure or for their inſtruction.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Moorfields, October 4, 1712.

'HAVING long conſidered whether there be any 'trade wanting in this great city, after having ſur-'veyed very attentively all kinds of ranks and pro-'feſſions, I do not find in any quarter of the town an 'Oneiro-critic, or, in plain Engliſh, an interpreter of 'dreams. For want of ſo uſeful a perſon, there are 'ſeveral good people who are very much puzzled in 'this particular, and dream a whole year together 'without being ever the wiſer for it: I hope I am 'pretty well qualified for this office, having ſtudied by 'candle-light all the rules of art which have been laid 'down upon this ſubject. My great uncle by my 'wife's ſide was a Scotch Highlander, and ſecond-ſighted. 'I have four fingers and two thumbs upon one hand, 'and was born on the longeſt night of the year. My 'chriſtian and ſur-name begin and end with the ſame 'letters. I am lodged in Moorfields, in a houſe that 'for theſe fifty years has been always tenanted by a 'conjuror.

'If you had been in company, ſo much as myſelf, with ordinary women of the town, you muſt know that there are many of them who every day in their lives, upon ſeeing or hearing of any thing that is unexpected, cry "my dream is out;" and cannot go to ſleep in quiet the next night, until ſomething or other has happened which has expounded the viſions of the preceding one. There are others who are in very great pain for not being able to recover the circumſtances of a dream, that made ſtrong impreſſions upon them while it laſted. In ſhort, ſir, there are many whoſe waking thoughts are wholly employed on their ſleeping ones. For the benefit therefore of this curious and inquiſitive part of my fellow-ſubjects, I ſhall in the firſt place tell thoſe perſons what they dreamt of, who fancy they never dream at all. In the next place, I ſhall make out any dream, upon hearing a ſingle circumſtance of it; and in the laſt place, ſhall expound to them the good or bad fortune which ſuch dreams portend. If they do not preſage good luck, I ſhall deſire nothing for my pains; not queſtioning at the ſame time that thoſe who conſult me will be ſo reaſonable as to afford me a moderate ſhare out of any conſiderable eſtate, profit or emolument which I ſhall thus diſcover to them. I interpret to the poor for nothing on condition that their names may be inſerted in public advertiſements, to atteſt the truth of ſuch my interpretations. As for people of quality or others who are indiſpoſed, and do not care to come in perſon, I can interpret their dreams by ſeeing their water. I ſet aſide one day in the week for lovers; and interpret by the great for any gentlewoman who is turned of ſixty, after the rate of half a crown per week, with the uſual allowances for good luck. I have ſeveral rooms and apartments fitted up, at reaſonable rates, for ſuch as have not conveniencies for dreaming at their own houſes.

'TITUS TROPHONIUS.

'N. B. I am not dumb.' O.

Nº 506. Friday, October 10.

Candida perpetuo reſide, concordia, lecto,
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus æqua jugo.
Diligat illa ſenem quondam; ſed & ipſa marito,
Tunc quoque cùm fuerit, non videatur anus.

MART. Epig. 13. l. 4. ver. 7.

Perpetual harmony their bed attend,
And Venus ſtill the well-match'd pair befriend.
May ſhe, when time has ſunk him into years,
Love her old man, and cheriſh his white hairs;
Nor he perceive her charms thro' age decay,
But think each happy ſun his bridal day.

THE following eſſay is written by the gentleman, to whom the world is obliged for thoſe ſeveral excellent diſcourſes which have been marked with the letter X.

I HAVE ſomewhere met with a fable that made wealth the father of love. It is certain that a mind ought, at leaſt, to be free from the apprehenſions of want and poverty, before it can fully attend to all the ſoftneſſes and endearments of this paſſion. Notwithſtanding we ſee multitudes of married people, who are utter ſtrangers to this delightful paſſion amidſt all the affluence of the moſt plentiful fortunes.

It is not ſufficient to make a marriage happy, that the humours of two people ſhould be alike; I could inſtance an hundred pair, who have not the leaſt ſentiment of love remaining for one another, yet are ſo like in their humours, that if they were not already married, the whole world would deſign them for man and wife.

The ſpirit of love has ſomething ſo extremely fine in it, that it is very often diſturbed and loſt, by ſome

little accidents, which the careleſs and unpolite never attend to, until it is gone paſt recovery.

Nothing has more contributed to baniſh it from a married ſtate, than too great a familiarity, and laying aſide the common rules of decency. Though I could give inſtances of this in ſeveral particulars, I ſhall only mention that of dreſs. The beaus and belles about town, who dreſs purely to catch one another, think there is no farther occaſion for the bait, when their firſt deſign has ſucceeded. But beſides the too common fault in point of neatneſs, there are ſeveral others which I do not remember to have ſeen touched upon, but in one of our modern comedies, where a French woman offering to undreſs and dreſs herſelf before the lover of the play, and aſſuring her miſtreſs that it was very uſual in France, the lady tells her that is a ſecret in dreſs ſhe never knew before, and that ſhe was ſo unpoliſhed an Engliſh woman, as to reſolve never to learn to dreſs even before her huſband.

There is ſomething ſo groſs in the carriage of ſome wives, that they loſe their huſbands hearts for faults, which, if a man has either good-nature or good breeding, he knows not how to tell them of. I am afraid, indeed, the ladies are generally moſt faulty in this particular; who at their firſt giving into love, find the way ſo ſmooth and pleaſant, that they fancy it is ſcarce poſſible to be tired in it.

There is ſo much nicety and diſcretion required to keep love alive after marriage, and make converſation ſtill new and agreeable after twenty or thirty years, that I know nothing which ſeems readily to promiſe it, but an earneſt endeavour to pleaſe on both ſides, and ſuperior good ſenſe on the part of the man.

By a man of ſenſe, I mean one acquainted with buſineſs and letters.

A woman very much ſettles her eſteem for a man, according to the figure he makes in the world, and the character he bears among his own ſex. As learning is the chief advantage we have over them, it is, methinks, as ſcandalous and inexcuſable for a man of fortune to be illiterate, as for a woman not to know how to behave herſelf on the moſt ordinary occaſions. It is

this which ſets the two ſexes at the greateſt diſtance; a woman is vexed and ſurpriſed, to find nothing more in the converſation of a man, than in the common tattle of her own ſex.

Some ſmall engagement at leaſt in buſineſs, not only ſets a man's talents in the faireſt light, and allots him a part to act, in which a wife cannot well intermeddle; but gives frequent occaſions for thoſe little abſences, which, whatever ſeeming uneaſineſs they may give, are ſome of the beſt preſervatives of love and deſire.

The fair ſex are ſo conſcious to themſelves, that they have nothing in them which can deſerve intirely to ingroſs the whole man, that they heartily deſpiſe one, who, to uſe their own expreſſion, is always hanging at their apron-ſtrings.

Lætitia is pretty, modeſt, tender, and has ſenſe enough; ſhe married Eraſtus, who is in a poſt of ſome buſineſs, and has a general taſte in moſt parts of polite learning. Lætitia, wherever ſhe viſits, has the pleaſure to hear of ſomething which was handſomely ſaid or done by Eraſtus. Eraſtus, ſince his marriage, is more gay in his dreſs than ever, and in all companies is as complaiſant to Lætitia as to any other lady. I have ſeen him give her her fan when it has dropped, with all the gallantry of a lover. When they take the air together, Eraſtus is continually improving her thoughts, and, with a turn of wit and ſpirit which is peculiar to him, giving her an inſight into things ſhe had no notions of before. Lætitia is tranſported at having a new world thus opened to her, and hangs upon the man that gives her ſuch agreeable informations. Eraſtus has carried this point ſtill further, as he makes her daily not only more fond of him, but infinitely more ſatisfied with herſelf. Eraſtus finds a juſtneſs or beauty in whatever ſhe ſays or obſerves, that Lætitia herſelf was not aware of, and by his aſſiſtance, ſhe has diſcovered an hundred good qualities and accompliſhments in herſelf, which ſhe never before once dreamed of. Eraſtus, with the moſt artful complaiſance in the world, by ſeveral remote hints, finds the means to make her ſay or propoſe almoſt whatever he has a mind to, which he always

receives as her own diſcovery, and gives her all the reputation of it.

Eraſtus has a perfect taſte in painting, and carried Lætitia with him the other day to ſee a collection of pictures. I ſometimes viſit this happy couple. As we were laſt week walking in the long gallery before dinner, "I have lately laid out ſome money in paintings, "ſays Eraſtus; I have bought that Venus and Adonis "purely upon Lætitia's judgment; it coſt me threeſcore "guineas, and I was this morning offered a hundred for "it." I turned towards Lætitia, and ſaw her cheeks glow with pleaſure, while at the ſame time ſhe caſt a look upon Eraſtus, the moſt tender and affectionate I ever beheld.

Flavilla married Tom Tawdry; ſhe was taken with his laced coat and rich ſword-knot; ſhe has the mortification to ſee Tom deſpiſed by all the worthy part of his own ſex. Tom has nothing to do after dinner but to determine whether he will pare his nails at St. James's, White's, or his own houſe. He has ſaid nothing to Flavilla ſince they were married, which ſhe might not have heard as well from her own woman. He however takes great care to keep up the ſaucy ill-natured authority of a huſband. Whatever Flavilla happens to aſſert, Tom immediately contradicts with an oath by way of preface, and, "my dear, I muſt tell you, you "talk moſt confoundedly ſilly." Flavilla had a heart naturally as well diſpoſed for all the tenderneſs of love as that of Lætitia; but as love ſeldom continues long after eſteem, it is difficult to determine, at preſent, whether the unhappy Flavilla hates or deſpiſes the perſon moſt, whom ſhe is obliged to lead her whole life with.

X.

N° 507. Saturday, October 11.

Defendit numerus, junctæque umbone phalanges.
Juv. Sat. 2. ver. 46.

Preſerv'd from ſhame by numbers on our ſide.

THERE is ſomething very ſublime, though very fanciful, in Plato's deſcription of the Supreme Being, that, "Truth is his body, and light his ſhadow." According to this definition, there is nothing ſo contradictory to his nature, as error and falſehood. The Platoniſts have ſo juſt a notion of the Almighty's averſion to every thing which is falſe and erroneous, that they looked upon truth as no leſs neceſſary than virtue, to qualify a human ſoul for the enjoyment of a ſeparate ſtate. For this reaſon as they recommended moral duties to qualify and ſeaſon the will for a future life, ſo they preſcribed ſeveral contemplations and ſciences to rectify the underſtanding. Thus Plato has called mathematical demonſtrations the cathartics or purgatives of the ſoul, as being the moſt proper means to cleanſe it from error, and to give it a reliſh of truth; which is the natural food and nouriſhment of the underſtanding, as virtue is the perfection and happineſs of the will.

There are many authors who have ſhewn wherein the malignity of a lie conſiſts, and ſet forth, in proper colours, the heinouſneſs of the offence. I ſhall here conſider one particular kind of this crime, which has not been ſo much ſpoken to; I mean that abominable practice of party-lying. This vice is ſo very predominant among us at preſent, that a man is thought of no principles, who does not propagate a certain ſyſtem of lies. The coffee-houſes are ſupported by them, the preſs is choked with them, eminent authors live upon them. Our bottle-converſation is ſo infected with them, that a party-lie is grown as faſhionable an entertainment as a lively catch or a merry ſtory: the truth of it is, half the great talkers in the nation would be ſtruck dumb, were

this fountain of diſcourſe dried up. There is however one advantage reſulting from this deteſtable practice; the very appearances of truth are ſo little regarded, that lies are at preſent diſcharged in the air, and begin to hurt nobody. When we hear a party-ſtory from a ſtranger, we conſider whether he is a Whig or a Tory that relates it, and immediately conclude they are words of courſe, in which the honeſt gentleman deſigns to recommend his zeal, without any concern for his veracity. A man is looked upon as bereft of common ſenſe, that gives credit to the relations of party-writers; nay his own friends ſhake their heads at him, and conſider him in no other light than as an officious tool or a well-meaning idiot. When it was formerly the faſhion to huſband a lie, and trump it up in ſome extraordinary emergency, it generally did execution, and was not a little ſerviceable to the faction that made uſe of it; but at preſent every man is upon his guard, the artifice has been too often repeated to take effect.

I have frequently wondered to ſee men of probity, who would ſcorn to utter a falſehood for their own particular advantage, give ſo readily into a lie when it becomes the voice of their faction, notwithſtanding they are thoroughly ſenſible of it as ſuch. How is it poſſible for thoſe who are men of honour in their perſons, thus to become notorious liars in their party? If we look into the bottom of this matter, we may find, I think, three reaſons for it, and at the ſame time diſcover the inſufficiency of theſe reaſons to juſtify ſo criminal a practice.

In the firſt place, men are apt to think that the guilt of a lie, and conſequently the puniſhment, may be very much diminiſhed, if not wholly worn out, by the multitudes of thoſe who partake in it. Though the weight of a falſehood would be too heavy for one to bear, it grows light in their imaginations, when it is ſhared among many. But in this caſe a man very much deceives himſelf; guilt, when it ſpreads through numbers, is not ſo properly divided as multiplied: every one is criminal in proportion to the offence which he commits, not to the number of thoſe who are his companions in it. Both the crime and the penalty lie as heavy upon

every individual of an offending multitude, as they would upon any ſingle perſon had none ſhared with him in the offence. In a word, the diviſion of guilt is like to that of matter; though it may be ſeparated into infinite portions, every portion ſhall have the whole eſſence of matter in it, and conſiſt of as many parts as the whole did before it was divided.

But in the ſecond place, though multitudes, who join in a lie, cannot exempt themſelves from the guilt, they may from the ſhame of it. The ſcandal of a lie is in a manner loſt and annihilated, when diffuſed among ſeveral thouſands; as a drop of the blackeſt tincture wears away and vaniſhes, when mixed and confuſed in a conſiderable body of water; the blot is ſtill in it, but is not able to diſcover itſelf. This is certainly a very great motive to ſeveral party-offenders who avoid crimes, not as they are prejudicial to their virtue, but to their reputation. It is enough to ſhew the weakneſs of this reaſon, which palliates guilt without removing it, that every man who is influenced by it declares himſelf in effect an infamous hypocrite, prefers the appearance of virtue to its reality, and is determined in his conduct neither by the dictates of his own conſcience, the ſuggeſtions of true honour, nor the principles of religion.

The third and laſt great motive for mens joining in a popular falſehood, or, as I have hitherto called it, a party lie, notwithſtanding they are convinced of it as ſuch, is the doing good to a cauſe which every party may be ſuppoſed to look upon as the moſt meritorious. The unſoundneſs of this principle has been ſo often expoſed, and is ſo univerſally acknowledged, that a man muſt be an utter ſtranger to the principles, either of natural religion or chriſtianity, who ſuffers himſelf to be guided by it. If a man might promote the ſuppoſed good of his country by the blackeſt calumnies and falſehoods, our nation abounds more in patriots than any other of the chriſtian world. When Pompey was deſired not to ſet ſail in a tempeſt that would hazard his life, "It is neceſſary for me, ſays he, to ſail, but it is not ne-"ceſſary for me to live:" every man ſhould ſay to

himſelf, with the ſame ſpirit, "It is my duty to ſpeak "truth, though it is not my duty to be in an office." One of the fathers hath carried this point ſo high, as to declare, "He would not tell a lie, though he were ſure "to gain heaven by it." However extravagant ſuch a proteſtation may appear, every one will own, that a man may ſay very reaſonably, "he would not tell a lie if "he were ſure to gain hell by it;" or if you have a mind to ſoften the expreſſion, that he would not tell a lie to gain any temporal reward by it, when he ſhould run the hazard of loſing much more than it was poſſible for him to gain. O.

N° 508. Monday, October 13.

Omnes autem & habentur & dicuntur Tyranni, qui poteſtate ſunt perpetuâ, in ea civitate quæ libertate uſa eſt.
CORN. NEPOS in Milt. c. 8.

For all thoſe are accounted and denominated tyrants, who exerciſe a perpetual power in that ſtate, which was before free.

THE following letters complain of what I have frequently obſerved with very much indignation; therefore I ſhall give them to the public in the words with which my correſpondents, who ſuffer under the hardſhips mentioned in them, deſcribed them.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IN former ages all pretenſions to dominion have 'been ſupported and ſubmitted to, either upon account 'of inheritance, conqueſt or election; and all ſuch 'perſons who have taken upon them any ſovereignty 'over their fellow-creatures upon any other account, 'have been always called tyrants, not ſo much becauſe 'they were guilty of any particular barbarities, as be'cauſe every attempt to ſuch a ſuperiority was in 'its nature tyrannical. But there is another ſort of

'potentates, who may with greater propriety be called 'tyrants than thoſe laſt mentioned, both as they aſſume 'a deſpotic dominion over thoſe as free as themſelves, 'and as they ſupport it by acts of notable oppreſſion 'and injuſtice; and theſe are the rulers in all clubs 'and meetings. In other governments, the puniſh-'ments of ſome have been alleviated by the rewards 'of others; but what makes the reign of theſe po-'tentates ſo particularly grievous, is, that they are 'exquiſite in puniſhing their ſubjects, at the ſame time 'they have it not in their power to reward them. 'That the reader may the better comprehend the na-'ture of theſe monarchs, as well as the miſerable ſtate 'of thoſe that are their vaſſals, I ſhall give an account 'of the king of the company I am fallen into, whom 'for his particular tyranny I ſhall call Dionyſius; as 'alſo of the ſeeds that ſprung up to this odd ſort of 'empire.

'Upon all meetings at taverns, it is neceſſary ſome 'one of the company ſhould take it upon him to get 'all things in ſuch order and readineſs, as may con-'tribute as much as poſſible to the felicity of the con-'vention; ſuch as haſtening the fire, getting a ſufficient 'number of candles, taſting the wine with a judicious 'ſmack, fixing the ſupper, and being briſk for the diſ-'patch of it. Know then, that Dionyſius went through 'theſe offices with an air that ſeemed to expreſs a ſatis-'faction rather in ſerving the public, than in gratifying 'any particular inclination of his own. We thought 'him a perſon of an exquiſite palate, and therefore 'by conſent beſeeched him to be always our prove-'ditor, which poſt, after he had handſomely denied, he 'could do no otherwiſe than accept. At firſt he made 'no other uſe of his power, than in recommending 'ſuch and ſuch things to the company, ever allow-'ing theſe points to be diſputable; inſomuch that I 'have often carried the debate for partridge, when his 'majeſty has given intimation of the high reliſh of 'duck, but at the ſame time has chearfully ſubmitted, 'and devoured his partridge with moſt gracious reſig-'nation. This ſubmiſſion on his ſide naturally pro-'duced the like on ours: of which he in a little time

'made ſuch barbarous advantage, as in all thoſe mat-
'ters, which before ſeemed indifferent to him, to iſſue
'out certain edicts as uncontrolable and unalterable as
'the laws of the Medes and Perſians. He is by turns
'outrageous, peeviſh, froward and jovial. He thinks
'it our duty for the little offices, as proveditor, that
'in return all converſation is to be interrupted or pro-
'moted by his inclination for or againſt the preſent
'humour of the company. We feel, at preſent, in
'the utmoſt extremity, the inſolence of office; how-
'ever, I, being naturally warm, ventured to oppoſe
'him in a diſpute about a haunch of veniſon. I was
'altogether for roaſting, but Dionyſius declared him-
'ſelf for boiling with ſo much proweſs and reſolution,
'that the cook thought it neceſſary to conſult his
'own ſafety, rather than the luxury of my propoſition.
'With the ſame authority that he orders what we ſhall
'eat and drink, he alſo commands us where to do it,
'and we change our taverns according as he ſuſpects
'any treaſonable practices in the ſettling the bill by
'the maſter, or ſees any bold rebellion in point of at-
'tendance by the waiters. Another reaſon for chang-
'ing the ſeat of empire, I conceive to be the pride he
'takes in the promulgation of our ſlavery, though we
'pay our club for our entertainments even in theſe pa-
'laces of our grand monarch. When he has a mind
'to take the air, a party of us are commanded out by
'way of life-guard, and we march under as great re-
'ſtrictions as they do. If we meet a neighbouring
'king, we give or keep the way according as we are
'out-numbered or not; and if the train of each is
'equal in number, rather than give battle, the ſupe-
'riority is ſoon adjuſted by a deſertion from one of
'them.

'Now, the expulſion of theſe unjuſt rulers out of
'all ſocieties would gain a man as everlaſting a re-
'putation, as either of the Brutus's got from their en-
'deavours to extirpate tyranny from among the Ro-
'mans. I confeſs myſelf to be in a conſpiracy againſt
'the uſurper of our club; and to ſhew my reading
'as well as my merciful diſpoſition, ſhall allow him
'until the ides of March, to dethrone himſelf. If he

'ſeems to affect empire until that time, and does not 'gradually recede from the incurſions he has made up-'on our liberties, he ſhall find a dinner dreſſed which 'he has no hand in, and ſhall be treated with an order, 'magnificence and luxury, as ſhall break his proud 'heart; at the ſame time that he ſhall be convinced in 'his ſtomach he was unfit for his poſt, and a more mild 'and ſkilful prince receive the acclamations of the peo-'ple, and be ſet up in his room: but, as Milton ſays,

"——These thoughts
"Full counſel muſt mature. Peace is deſpair'd,
"And who can think ſubmiſſion? War then, war,
"Open, or underſtood, muſt be reſolv'd."

'I am, Sir, your moſt obedient humble ſervant.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman at a gentleman's ſeat in the 'country, who is a particular friend of my father's, and 'came hither to paſs away a month or two with his 'daughters. I have been entertained with the utmoſt 'civility by the whole family, and nothing has been 'omitted which can make my ſtay eaſy and agreeable 'on the part of the family; but there is a gentleman 'here, a viſitant as I am, whoſe behaviour has given 'me great uneaſineſſes. When I firſt arrived here, he 'uſed me with the utmoſt complaiſance; but, forſooth, 'that was not with regard to my ſex, and ſince he has 'no deſigns upon me, he does not know why he ſhould 'diſtinguiſh me from a man in things indifferent. He 'is, you muſt know, one of thoſe familiar coxcombs, 'who have obſerved ſome well-bred men with a good 'grace converſe with women, and ſay no fine things, 'but yet treat them with that ſort of reſpect which 'flows from the heart and the underſtanding, but is ex-'erted in no profeſſions or compliments. This puppy 'to imitate this excellence, or avoid the contrary fault 'of being troubleſome in complaiſance, takes upon him 'to try his talent upon me, inſomuch that he contra-'dicts me upon all occaſions, and one day told me I 'lied. If I had ſtuck him with my bodkin, and be-'haved myſelf like a man, ſince he will not treat me

'as a woman, I had, I think, ſerved him right. I wiſh, 'ſir, you would pleaſe to give him ſome maxims of 'behaviour in theſe points, and reſolve me if all maids 'are not in point of converſation to be treated by all 'bachelors as their miſtreſſes? if not ſo, are they not 'to be uſed as gently as their ſiſters? Is it ſufferable, 'that the ſop of whom I complain ſhould ſay, that he 'would rather have ſuch-a-one without a groat, than 'me with the Indies? What right has any man to make 'ſuppoſitions of things not in his power, and then de-'clare his will to the diſlike of one that has never of-'fended him? I aſſure you theſe are things worthy 'your conſideration, and I hope we ſhall have your 'thoughts upon them. I am, though a woman juſtly 'offended, ready to forgive all this, becauſe I have no 'remedy but leaving very agreeable company ſooner 'than I deſire. This alſo is an heinous aggravation of 'his offence, that he is inflicting baniſhment upon me. 'Your printing this letter may perhaps be an admoni-'tion to reform him: as ſoon as it appears I will write 'my name at the end of it, and lay it in his way; the 'making which juſt reprimand, I hope you will put in 'the power of,

'Sir,

'Your conſtant reader,

T. 'and humble ſervant.'

N° 509. Tueſday, October 14.

Hominis frugi & temperantis functus officium.

TER. Heaut. Act. 3. Sc. 3.

Diſcharging the part of a good œconomiſt.

THE uſeful knowledge in the following letter ſhall have a place in my paper, though there is nothing in it which immediately regards the polite or the learned world; I ſay immediately, for upon reflection every man will find there is a remote influence upon his own.

affairs, in the prosperity or decay of the trading part of mankind. My present correspondent, I believe, was never in print before; but what he says well deserves a general attention, though delivered in his own homely maxims, and a kind of proverbial simplicity; which sort of learning has raised more estates than ever were, or will be, from attention to Virgil, Horace, Tully, Seneca, Plutarch, or any of the rest, whom I dare say, this worthy citizen would hold to be indeed ingenious, but unprofitable writers. But to the letter.

MR. WILLIAM SPECTATOR,

SIR, Broad-street, October 10, 1712.

'I ACCUSE you of many discourses on the subject of 'money, which you have heretofore promised the pub- 'lic, but have not discharged yourself thereof. But, 'forasmuch as you seemed to depend upon advice from 'others what to do in that point, have sat down to 'write you the needful upon that subject. But, be- 'fore I enter thereupon, I shall take this opportunity to 'observe to you, that the thriving frugal man shews it 'in every part of his expence, dress, servants, and house; 'and I must, in the first place, complain to you, as 'SPECTATOR, that in these particulars there is at this 'time, throughout the city of London, a lamentable 'change from that simplicity of manners, which is 'the true source of wealth and prosperity. I just now 'said, the man of thrift shews regularity in every 'thing; but you may, perhaps, laugh that I take notice 'of such a particular as I am going to do, for an in- 'stance that this city is declining, if their ancient œco- 'nomy is not restored. The thing which gives me 'this prospect, and so much offence, is the neglect of 'the Royal Exchange, I mean the edifice so called, and 'the walks appertaining thereunto. The Royal Ex- 'change is a fabric that well deserves to be so called, as 'well to express that our monarchs highest glory and 'advantage consists in being the patrons of trade, as that 'it is commodious for business, and an instance of the 'grandeur both of prince and people. But alas! at

'preſent it hardly ſeems to be ſet apart for any ſuch uſe 'or purpoſe. Inſtead of the aſſembly of honourable mer-'chants, ſubſtantial tradeſmen, and knowing maſters of 'ſhips; the mumpers, the halt, the blind, and the lame; 'your venders of traſh, apples, plums; your ragga-muf-'fins, rakeſhames, and wenches, have juſtled the greater 'number of the former out of that place. Thus it is, 'eſpecially on the evening Change: ſo that what with 'the din of ſquallings, oaths, and cries of beggars, men 'of the greateſt conſequence in our city abſent them-'ſelves from the place. This particular, by the way, 'is of evil conſequence; for if the 'Change be no place 'for men of the higheſt credit to frequent, it will not 'be a diſgrace to thoſe of leſs abilities to abſent. I 'remember the time when raſcally company were kept 'out, and the unlucky boys with toys and balls were 'whipped away by a beadle. I have ſeen this done in-'deed of late, but then it has been only to chaſe the lads 'from chuck, that the beadle might ſeize their copper.

'I muſt repeat the abomination, that the walnut-trade 'is carried on by old women within the walks, which 'makes the place impaſſable by reaſon of ſhells and traſh. 'The benches around are ſo filthy, that no one can ſit 'down, yet the beadles and officers have the impudence 'at Chriſtmas to aſk for their box, though they deſerve 'the ſtrapado. I do not think it impertinent to have 'mentioned this, becauſe it ſpeaks a neglect in the do-'meſtic care of the city, and the domeſtic is the trueſt 'picture of a man every where elſe.

'But I deſigned to ſpeak on the buſineſs of money 'and advancement of gain. The man proper for this, 'ſpeaking in the general, is of a ſedate, plain, good 'underſtanding, not apt to go out of his way, but ſo 'behaving himſelf at home, that buſineſs may come 'to him. Sir William Turner, that valuable citizen, 'has left behind him a moſt excellent rule, and couched 'it in very few words, ſuited to the meaneſt capacity. 'He would ſay, "Keep your ſhop, and your ſhop will "keep you." 'It muſt be confeſſed, that if a man of a 'great genius could add ſteadineſs to his vivacities, or 'ſubſtitute ſlower men of fidelity to tranſact the metho-'dical part of his affairs, ſuch a one would outſtrip the

'reſt of the world: but buſineſs and trade is not to be 'managed by the ſame heads which write poetry, and 'make plans for the conduct of life in general. So 'though we are at this day beholden to the late witty 'and inventive duke of Buckingham for the whole 'trade and manufacture of glaſs, yet I ſuppoſe there is 'no one will aver, that, were his grace yet living, they 'would not rather deal with my diligent friend and 'neighbour, Mr. Gumley, for any goods to be prepared 'and delivered on ſuch a day, than he would with that 'illuſtrious mechanic above mentioned.

'No, no, Mr. SPECTATOR, you wits muſt not pre-'tend to be rich; and it is poſſible the reaſon may be, 'in ſome meaſure, becauſe you deſpiſe, or at leaſt you 'do not value it enough to let it take up your chief at-'tention; which the trader muſt do, or loſe his credit, 'which is to him what honour, reputation, fame, or 'glory is to other ſort of men.

'I ſhall not ſpeak to the point of caſh itſelf, until I 'ſee how you approve of theſe my maxims in general: 'but, I think a ſpeculation upon "many a little makes "a mickle; a penny ſaved is a penny got; penny wiſe "and pound fooliſh; it is need that makes the old wife "trot;" would be very uſeful to the world, and if you 'treated them with knowledge would be uſeful to your-'ſelf, for it would make demands for your paper among 'thoſe who have no notion of it at preſent. But of theſe 'matters more hereafter. If you did this, as you excel 'many writers of the preſent age for politeneſs, ſo you 'would outgo the author of the true razor ſtrops for uſe.

'I ſhall conclude this diſcourſe with an explanation 'of a proverb, which by vulgar error is taken and uſed 'when a man is reduced to an extremity, whereas the 'propriety of the maxim is to uſe it when you would 'ſay, there is plenty, but you muſt make ſuch a choice, 'as not to hurt another who is to come after you.

'Mr. Tobias Hobſon, from whom we have the ex-'preſſion, was a very honourable man, for I ſhall ever 'call the man ſo who gets an eſtate honeſtly. Mr. To-'bias Hobſon was a carrier, and being a man of great 'abilities and invention, and one that ſaw where there 'might good profit ariſe, though the duller men over-

'looked it; this ingenious man was the firſt in this 'iſland who let out hackney-horſes. He lived in Cam-'bridge, and obſerving that the ſcholars rid hard, his 'manner was to keep a large ſtable of horſes, with 'boots, bridles, and whips to furniſh the gentlemen at 'once without going from college to college to borrow, 'as they have done ſince the death of this worthy man: 'I ſay, Mr. Hobſon kept a ſtable of forty good cattle, 'always ready and fit for travelling; but when a man 'came for a horſe, he was led into the ſtable, where 'there was great choice, but he obliged him to take 'the horſe which ſtood next to the ſtable-door; ſo that 'every cuſtomer was alike well-ſerved according to his 'chance, and every horſe ridden with the ſame juſtice: 'from whence it became a proverb, when what ought 'to be your election was forced upon you to ſay, "Hobſon's choice." This memorable man ſtands 'drawn in freſco at an inn, which he uſed, in Biſhops-'gate-ſtreet, with an hundred pound bag under his arm, 'with this inſcription upon the ſaid bag:

"The fruitful mother of a hundred more."

'Whatever tradeſman will try the experiment, and 'begin the day after you publiſh this my diſcourſe to 'treat his cuſtomers all alike, and all reaſonably and 'honeſtly, I will inſure him the ſame ſucceſs.

T. 'I am, Sir,

'Your loving friend,

HEZEKIAH THRIFT.'

Nº 510. Wedneſday, October 15.

——Si ſapis,
Neque præterquam quas ipſe amor moleſtias
Habet addas; & illas, quas habet, rectè feras.
TER. Eun. Act. 1. Sc. 1.

If you are wiſe, neither add to the troubles, which attend the paſſion of love, and bear patiently thoſe which are inſeparable from it.

I WAS the other day driving in a hack through Gerrard-ſtreet, when my eye was immediately catched with the prettieſt object imaginable, the face of a very fair girl, between thirteen and fourteen, fixed at the chin to a painted ſaſh and made part of the landſkip. It ſeemed admirably done, and upon throwing myſelf eagerly out of the coach to look at it, it laughed and flung from the window. This amiable figure dwelt upon me; and I was conſidering the vanity of the girl, and her pleaſant coquetry in acting a picture until ſhe was taken notice of, and raiſing the admiration of the beholders. This little circumſtance made me run into reflections upon the force of beauty, and the wonderful influence the female ſex has upon the other part of the ſpecies. Our hearts are ſeized with their inchantments, and there are few of us, but brutal men, who by that hardneſs loſe the chief pleaſure in them, can reſiſt their inſinuations, though never ſo much againſt our own intereſts and opinion. It is common with women to deſtroy the good effects a man's following his own way and inclination might have upon his honour and fortune, by interpoſing their power over him in matters wherein they cannot influence him, but to his loſs and diſparagement. I do not know therefore a taſk ſo difficult in human life, as to be proof againſt the importunities of a woman a man loves. There is certainly no armour againſt tears, ſullen looks, or at

beſt conſtrained familiarities, in her whom you uſually meet with tranſport and alacrity. Sir Walter Raleigh was quoted in a letter (of a very ingenious correſpondent of mine) on this ſubject. That author, who had lived in courts and camps, travelled through many countries, and ſeen many men under ſeveral climates, and of as various complexions, ſpeaks of our impotence to reſiſt the wiles of women in very ſevere terms. His words are as follows:

"What means did the devil find out, or what inſtru-
"ments did his own ſubtlety preſent him, as fitteſt and
"apteſt to work his miſchief by? even the unquiet va-
"nity of the woman; ſo as by Adam's hearkening to the
"voice of his wife, contrary to the expreſs command-
"ment of the living God, mankind by that her incanta-
"tion became the ſubject of labour, ſorrow and death;
"the woman being given to man for a comforter and
"companion, but not for a counſellor. It is alſo to be
"noted by whom the woman was tempted; even by the
"moſt ugly and unworthy of all beaſts, into whom the
"devil entered and perſuaded. Secondly, what was the
"motive of her diſobedience? even a deſire to know
"what was moſt unfitting her knowledge; an affection
"which has ever ſince remained in all the poſterity of
"her ſex. Thirdly, what was it that moved the man
"to yield to her perſuaſions? even the ſame cauſe which
"hath moved all men ſince to the like conſent, namely,
"an unwillingneſs to grieve her or make her ſad, leſt
"ſhe ſhould pine and be overcome with ſorrow. But
"if Adam in the ſtate of perfection, and Solomon the
"ſon of David, God's choſen ſervant, and himſelf a man
"endued with the greateſt wiſdom, did both of them
"diſobey their Creator by the perſuaſion and for the love
"they bare to a woman, it is not ſo wonderful as la-
"mentable, that other men in ſucceeding ages have been
"allured to ſo many inconvenient and wicked practices
"by the perſuaſion of their wives, or other beloved
"darlings, who cover over and ſhadow many malicious
"purpoſes with a counterfeit paſſion of diſſimulate ſor-
"row and unquietneſs."

The motions of the minds of lovers are no where well deſcribed, as in the works of ſkilful writers for

the ſtage. The ſcene between Fulvia and Curius, in the ſecond act of Johnſon's Catiline, is an excellent picture of the power of a lady over her gallant. The wench plays with his affection; and as a man of all places in the world wiſhes to make a good figure with his miſtreſs, upon her upbraiding him with want of ſpirit, he alludes to enterpriſes which he cannot reveal but with the hazard of his life. When he is worked thus far, with a little flattery of her opinion of his gallantry, and deſire to know more of it out of her overflowing fondneſs to him, he brags to her until his life is in her diſpoſal.

When a man is thus liable to be vanquiſhed by the charms of her he loves, the ſafeſt way is to determine what is proper to be done, but to avoid all expoſtulation with her before he executes what he has reſolved. Women are ever too hard for us upon a treaty, and one muſt conſider how ſenſeleſs a thing it is to argue with one whoſe looks and geſtures are more prevalent with you, than your reaſons and arguments can be with her. It is a moſt miſerable ſlavery to ſubmit to what you diſapprove, and give up a truth for no other reaſon, but that you had not fortitude to ſupport you in aſſerting it. A man has enough to do to conquer his own unreaſonable wiſhes and deſires; but he does that in vain, if he has thoſe of another to gratify. Let his pride be in his wife and family; let him give them all the conveniencies of life in ſuch a manner as if he were proud of them; but let it be his own innocent pride, and not their exorbitant deſires, which are indulged by him. In this caſe all the little arts imaginable are uſed to ſoften a man's heart, and raiſe his paſſion above his underſtanding. But in all conceſſions of this kind, a man ſhould conſider whether the preſent he makes flows from his own love, or the importunity of his beloved: if from the latter, he is her ſlave; if from the former, her friend. We laugh it off, and do not weigh this ſubjection to women with that ſerioufneſs which ſo important a circumſtance deſerves. Why was courage given to man, if his wife's fears are to fruſtrate it? when this is once indulged, you are no longer her guardian and protector, as you were deſigned by nature; in compliance to her weakneſſes, you have diſabled

ourſelf from avoiding the misfortunes into which ney will lead you both, and you are to ſee the hour in hich you are to be reproached by herſelf for that very omplaiſance to her. It is indeed the moſt difficult maſ- ry over ourſelves we can poſſibly attain, to reſiſt the ief of her who charms us; but let the heart ake: be e anguiſh never ſo quick and painful, it is what muſt e ſuffered and paſſed through, if you think to live like gentleman, or be conſcious to yourſelf that you are a an of honeſty. The old argument, that "you do not love me if you deny me this," which firſt was uſed to btain a trifle, by habitual ſucceſs will oblige the unhappy an who gives way to it, to reſign the cauſe even of his ountry and his honour. T.

№ 511. Thurſday, October 16.

Quis non invenit turbâ quod amaret in illâ?
OVID. Ars Am. l. 1. ver. 175.

——Who could fail to find,
In ſuch a croud, a miſtreſs to his mind?

'Dear SPEC,

FINDING that my laſt letter took, I do intend to continue my epiſtolary correſpondence with thee, on thoſe dear confounded creatures, women. Thou knoweſt, all the little learning I am maſter of is upon that ſubject; I never looked in a book, but for their ſakes. I have lately met with two pure ſtories for a Spectator, which I am ſure will pleaſe mightily, if they paſs through thy hands. The firſt of them I found by chance in an Engliſh book, called Herodotus, that lay in my friend Dapperwit's win- dow, as I viſited him one morning. It luckily open- ed in the place where I met with the following ac- count. He tells us that it was the manner among the Perſians to have ſeveral fairs in the kingdom, at which all the young unmarried women were annually expoſed to ſale. The men who wanted wives came

'hither to provide themſelves: every woman was 'given to the higheſt bidder, and the money which ſhe 'fetched laid aſide for the public uſe, to be employed 'as thou ſhalt hear by and by. By this means the 'richeſt people had the choice of the market, and 'culled out all the moſt extraordinary beauties. As 'ſoon as the fair was thus picked, the refuſe was to 'be diſtributed among the poor, and among thoſe who 'could not go to the price of a beauty. Several of theſe 'married the agreeables, without paying a farthing for 'them, unleſs ſomebody chanced to think it worth his 'while to bid for them, in which caſe the beſt bidder 'was always the purchaſer. But now you muſt know, 'SPEC, it happened in Perſia as it does in our own 'country, that there were as many ugly women as beau-'ties or agreeables; ſo that by conſequence, after the 'magiſtrates had put off a great many, there were ſtill 'a great many that ſtuck upon their hands. In order 'therefore to clear the market, the money which the 'beauties had ſold for, was diſpoſed of among the ugly; 'ſo that a poor man, who could not afford to have a 'beauty for his wife, was forced to take up with a for-'tune; the greateſt portion being always given to the 'moſt deformed. To this the author adds, that every 'poor man was forced to live kindly with his wife, or 'in caſe he repented of his bargain, to return her portion 'with her to the next public ſale.

'What I would recommend to thee on this occaſion 'is, to eſtabliſh ſuch an imaginary fair in Great Britain; 'thou couldſt make it very pleaſant, by matching 'women of quality with coblers and carmen, or de-'ſcribing titles and garters leading off in great cere-'mony ſhop-keepers and farmers daughters. Though 'to tell thee the truth, I am confoundedly afraid that 'as the love of money prevails in our iſland more than 'it did in Perſia, we ſhould find that ſome of our 'greateſt men would chooſe out the portions, and rival 'one another for the richeſt piece of deformity; and 'that on the contrary, the toaſts and belles would be 'bought up by extravagant heirs, gameſters and ſpend-'thrifts. Thou couldſt make very pretty reflections 'upon this occaſion in honour of the Perſian politics

'who took care, by ſuch marriages, to beautify the 'upper part of the ſpecies, and to make the greateſt 'perſons in the government the moſt graceful. But 'this I ſhall leave to thy judicious pen.

'I have another ſtory to tell thee, which I likewiſe 'met with in a book. It ſeems the general of the 'Tartars, after having laid ſiege to a ſtrong town in 'China, and taken it by ſtorm, would ſet to ſale all the 'women that were found it. Accordingly, he put 'each of them into a ſack, and after having thoroughly 'conſidered the value of the woman who was incloſed, 'marked the price that was demanded for her upon the 'ſack. There was a great confluence of chapmen, 'that reſorted from every part, with a deſign to pur-'chaſe, which they were to do unſight unſeen. The 'book mentions a merchant in particular, who obſerving 'one of the ſacks to be marked pretty high, bargained 'for it, and carried it off with him to his houſe. As 'he was reſting with it upon a halfway bridge, he was 'reſolved to take a ſurvey of his purchaſe: upon 'opening the ſack, a little old woman popped her head 'out of it; at which the adventurer was in ſo great 'a rage, that he was going to ſhoot her out into the 'river. The old lady, however, begged him firſt of 'all to hear her ſtory, by which he learned that ſhe 'was ſiſter to a great mandarin, who would infallibly 'make the fortune of his brother-in-law as ſoon as he 'ſhould know to whoſe lot ſhe fell. Upon which the 'merchant again tied her up in his ſack, and carried 'her to his houſe, where ſhe proved an excellent wife, 'and procured him all the riches from her brother that 'ſhe had promiſed him.

'I fancy, if I was diſpoſed to dream a ſecond time, 'I could make a tolerable viſion upon this plan. I 'would ſuppoſe all the unmarried women in London and 'Weſtminſter brought to market in ſacks with their re-'ſpective prices on each ſack. The firſt ſack that is 'ſold is marked with five thouſand pounds: upon the 'opening of it, I find it filled with an admirable houſe-'wife, of an agreeable countenance. The purchaſer, 'upon hearing her good qualities, pays down her price 'very chearfully. The ſecond I would open, ſhould

'be a five hundred pound ſack: the lady in it, to our 'ſurpriſe, has the face and perſon of a toaſt: as we are 'wondering how ſhe came to be ſet at ſo low a price, 'we hear that ſhe would have been valued at ten thou-'ſand pounds, but that the public had made thoſe 'abatements for her being a ſcold. I would afterwards 'find ſome beautiful, modeſt, and diſcreet woman, that 'ſhould be the top of the market: and perhaps diſco-'ver half a dozen romps tied up together in the ſame 'ſack, at one hundred pounds an head. The prude and 'the coquette ſhould be valued at the ſame price, 'though the firſt ſhould go off the better of the two. 'I fancy thou wouldſt like ſuch a viſion, had I time to 'finiſh it; becauſe, to talk in thy own way, there is a 'moral in it. Whatever thou mayeſt think of it, pr'y-'thee do not make any of thy queer apologies for this 'letter, as thou didſt for my laſt. The women love a 'gay lively fellow, and are never angry at the railleries 'of one who is their known admirer. I am always bit-'ter upon them, but well with them.

'Thine,

O. 'HONEYCOMB.'

N° 512. Friday, October 17.

Lectorem delectando, pariterque monendo.

HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 344

Mixing together profit and delight.

THERE is nothing which we receive with ſo much reluctance as advice. We look upon the man who gives it us as offering an affront to our underſtanding, and treating us like children or idiots. We conſider the inſtruction as an implicit cenſure, and the zeal which any one ſhews for our good on ſuch an occaſion as a piece of preſumption or impertinence. The truth of it is, the perſon who pretends to adviſe, does, in that particular, exerciſe a ſuperiority over us, and can have no other reaſon for it, but that in comparing us

with himſelf, he thinks us defective either in our conduct or our underſtanding. For theſe reaſons, there is nothing ſo difficult as the art of making advice agreeable; and indeed all the writers, both ancient and modern, have diſtinguiſhed themſelves among one another, according to the perfection at which they have arrived in this art. How many devices have been made uſe of, to render this bitter potion palatable? Some convey their inſtructions to us in the beſt choſen words, others in the moſt harmonious numbers, ſome in points of wit, and others in ſhort proverbs.

But among all the different ways of giving counſel, I think the fineſt, and that which pleaſes the moſt univerſally, is Fable, in whatſoever ſhape it appears. If we conſider this way of inſtructing or giving advice, it excels all others, becauſe it is the leaſt ſhocking, and the leaſt ſubject to thoſe exceptions which I have before mentioned.

This will appear to us, if we reflect in the firſt place, that upon the reading of a fable we are made to believe we adviſe ourſelves. We peruſe the author for the ſake of the ſtory, and conſider the precepts rather as our own concluſions than his inſtructions. The moral inſinuates itſelf imperceptibly, we are taught by ſurpriſe, and become wiſer and better unawares. In ſhort, by this method a man is ſo far over-reached as to think he is directing himſelf, while he is following the dictates of another, and conſequently is not ſenſible of that which is the moſt unpleaſing circumſtance in advice.

In the next place, if we look into human nature, we ſhall find that the mind is never ſo much pleaſed, as when ſhe exerts herſelf in any action that gives her an idea of her own perfections and abilities. This natural pride and ambition of the ſoul is very much gratified in the reading of a fable: for in writings of this kind, the reader comes in for half of the performance; every thing appears to him like a diſcovery of his own; he is buſied all the while in applying characters and circumſtances, and is in this reſpect both a reader and a compoſer. It is no wonder therefore that on ſuch occaſions, when the mind is thus pleaſed with itſelf, and amuſed with its own diſcoveries, that it is highly delighted with the writing which is the occaſion of it.

For this reaſon the Abſalom and Achitophel was one of the moſt popular poems that ever appeared in Engliſh. The poetry is indeed very fine, but had it been much finer, it would not have ſo much pleaſed, without a plan which gave the reader an opportunity of exerting his own talents.

This oblique manner of giving advice is ſo inoffenſive, that if we look into ancient hiſtories, we find the wiſe men of old very often choſe to give counſel to their kings in fables. To omit many which will occur to every one's memory, there is a pretty inſtance of this nature in a Turkiſh tale, which I do not like the worſe for that little oriental extravagance which is mixed with it.

We are told that the ſultan Mahmoud, by his perpetual wars abroad, and his tyranny at home, had filled his dominions with ruin and deſolation, and half unpeopled the Perſian empire. The viſier to this great ſultan (whether an humoriſt or an enthuſiaſt, we are not informed) pretended to have learned of a certain derviſe to underſtand the language of birds, ſo that there was not a bird that could open his mouth, but the viſier knew what it was he ſaid. As he was one evening with the emperor, in their return from hunting, they ſaw a couple of owls upon a tree that grew near an old wall out of an heap of rubbiſh. "I would fain "know," ſays the ſultan, "what thoſe two owls are ſaying "to one another; liſten to their diſcourſe and give me "an account of it." The viſier approached the tree, pretending to be very attentive to the two owls. Upon his return to the ſultan, "Sir," ſays he, "I have heard part "of their converſation, but dare not tell you what it is." The ſultan would not be ſatisfied with ſuch an anſwer, but forced him to repeat word for word every thing the owls had ſaid. "You muſt know then," ſaid the viſier, "that one of theſe owls has a ſon, and the other a daugh-"ter, between whom they are now upon a treaty of mar-"riage. The father of the ſon ſaid to the father of the "daughter, in my hearing, brother, I conſent to this "marriage, provided you will ſettle upon your daughter "fifty ruined villages for her portion. To which the "father of the daughter replied, inſtead of fifty I will

" give her five hundred, if you pleaſe. God grant a " long life to ſultan Mahmoud; whilſt he reigns over " us, we ſhall never want ruined villages."

The ſtory ſays, the ſultan was ſo touched with the fable, that he rebuilt the towns and villages which had been deſtroyed, and from that time forward conſulted the good of his people.

To fill up my paper, I ſhall add a moſt ridiculous piece of natural magic, which was taught by no leſs a philoſopher than Democritus, namely, that if the blood of certain birds, which he mentioned, were mixed together, it would produce a ſerpent of ſuch a wonderful virtue, that whoever did eat it ſhould be ſkilled in the language of birds, and underſtand every thing they ſaid to one another. Whether the derviſe abovementioned might not have eaten ſuch a ſerpent, I ſhall leave to the determinations of the learned. O.

Nº 513. Saturday, October 18.

——*Afflata eſt numine quando*
Jam propiore Dei—— VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 50.

When all the God came ruſhing on her ſoul.

DRYDEN.

THE following letter comes to me from that excellent man in holy orders, whom I have mentioned more than once as one of that ſociety who aſſiſts me in my ſpeculations. It is a thought in ſickneſs, and of a very ſerious nature, for which reaſon I give it a place in the paper of this day.

'SIR,

'THE indiſpoſition which has long hung upon me, 'is at laſt grown to ſuch a head, that it muſt quickly 'make an end of me, or of itſelf. You may imagine, 'that whilſt I am in this bad ſtate of health, there are 'none of your works which I read with greater plea'ſure than your Saturday's papers. I ſhould be very 'glad if I could furniſh you with any hints for that 'day's entertainment. Were I able to dreſs up ſeveral

'thoughts of a ſerious nature, which have made great 'impreſſions on my mind during a long fit of ſickneſs, 'they might not be an improper entertainment for that 'occaſion.

'Among all the reflections which uſually riſe in the 'mind of a ſick man, who has time and inclination to 'conſider his approaching end, there is none more na- 'tural than that of his going to appear naked and un- 'bodied before him who made him. When a man con- 'ſiders, that, as ſoon as the vital union is diſſolved, he 'ſhall ſee that Supreme Being, whom he now contem- 'plates at a diſtance, and only in his works: or, to 'ſpeak more philoſophically, when by ſome faculty in 'the ſoul he ſhall apprehend the Divine Being, and be 'more ſenſible of his preſence, than we are now of the 'preſence of any object which the eye beholds, a man 'muſt be loſt in careleſſneſs and ſtupidity, who is not 'alarmed at ſuch a thought. Dr. Sherlock, in his ex- 'cellent treatiſe upon death, has repreſented, in very 'ſtrong and lively colours, the ſtate of the ſoul in its firſt 'ſeparation from the body, with regard to that inviſible 'world which every where ſurrounds us, though we are 'not able to diſcover it through this groſſer world of 'matter, which is accommodated to our ſenſes in this 'life. His words are as follow:

"That death, which is our leaving this world, is nothing "elſe but our putting off theſe bodies, teaches us, that it "is only our union to theſe bodies, which intercepts the "ſight of the other world: the other world is not at ſuch "a diſtance from us as we may imagine; the throne of "God indeed is at a great remove from this earth, above "the third heavens, where he diſplays his glory to thoſe "bleſſed ſpirits which encompaſs his throne; but as ſoon "as we ſtep out of theſe bodies, we ſtep into the other "world, which is not ſo properly another world, (for "there is the ſame heaven and earth ſtill) as a new ſtate "of life. To live in theſe bodies is to live in this world; "to live out of them is to remove into the next: for "while our ſouls are confined to theſe bodies, and can "look only through theſe material caſements, nothing "but what is material can affect us; nay, nothing but "what is ſo groſs, that it can reflect light and convey

" the ſhapes and colours of things with it to the eye: ſo
" that though within this viſible world, there be a more
" glorious ſcene of things than what appears to us, we
" perceive nothing at all of it; for this veil of fleſh parts
" the viſible and inviſible world; but when we put off
" theſe bodies, there are new and ſurpriſing wonders
" preſent themſelves to our views; when theſe material
" ſpectacles are taken off, the ſoul, with its own naked
" eyes, ſees what was inviſible before: and then we
" are in the other world, when we can ſee it, and con-
" verſe with it: thus St. Paul tells us, that when we
" are at home in the body, we are abſent from the Lord,
" but when we are abſent from the body, we are pre-
" ſent with the Lord, 2 Cor. v. 6, 8. And methinks
" this is enough to cure us of our fondneſs for theſe
" bodies, unleſs we think it more deſirable to be con-
" fined to a priſon, and to look through a grate all our
" lives, which gives us but a very narrow proſpect, and
" that none of the beſt neither, than to be ſet at liberty
" to view all the glories of the world. What would we
" give now for the leaſt glimpſe of that inviſible world,
" which the firſt ſtep we take out of theſe bodies will
" preſent us with? There are ſuch things as eye hath
" not ſeen, nor ear heard, neither hath it entered into
" the heart of man to conceive: Death opens our eyes,
" enlarges our proſpect, preſents us with a new and
" more glorious world, which we can never ſee while
" we are ſhut up in fleſh; which ſhould make us as
" willing to part with this veil, as to take the film off
" of our eyes, which hinders our ſight."

' As a thinking man cannot but be very much af-
' fected with the idea of his appearing in the preſence
' of that being " whom none can ſee and live;" he muſt
' be much more affected when he conſiders that this being
' whom he appears before will examine all the actions
' of his paſt life, and reward or puniſh him accordingly.
' I muſt confeſs that I think there is no ſcheme of re-
' ligion, beſides that of Chriſtianity, which can poſſibly
' ſupport the moſt virtuous perſon under this thought.
' Let a man's innocence be what it will, let his virtues
' riſe to the higheſt pitch of perfection attainable in this

'life, there will be ſtill in him ſo many ſecret ſins, ſo 'many human frailties, ſo many offences of ignorance, 'paſſion and prejudice, ſo many unguarded words and 'thoughts, and in ſhort, ſo many defects in his beſt acti-'ons, that, without the advantages of ſuch an expiation, 'and atonement as chriſtianity has revealed to us, it is 'impoſſible that he ſhould be cleared before his ſove-'reign judge, or that he ſhould be able "to ſtand in his "ſight." Our holy religion ſuggeſts to us the only 'means whereby our guilt may be taken away, and our 'imperfect obedience accepted.

'It is this ſeries of thought that I have endeavoured 'to expreſs in the following hymn, which I have com-'poſed during this my ſickneſs.

I.

'WHEN riſing from the bed of death,
'O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
'I ſee my Maker, face to face,
'O how ſhall I appear!

II.

'If yet, while pardon may be found,
'And mercy may be ſought,
'My heart with inward horror ſhrinks,
'And trembles at the thought;

III.

'When thou, O Lord, ſhall ſtand diſclos'd
'In majeſty ſevere,
'And ſit in judgment on my ſoul,
'O how ſhall I appear!

IV.

'But thou haſt told the troubled mind,
'Who does her ſins lament,
'The timely tribute of her tears
'Shall endleſs wo prevent.

V.

'Then ſee the ſorrows of my heart,
'Ere yet it be too late;
'And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
'To give thoſe ſorrows weight.

VI.

'For never ſhall my ſoul deſpair
'Her pardon to procure,
'Who knows thine only ſon has dy'd
'To make her pardon ſure.

'There is a noble hymn in French, which monſieur 'Bayle has celebrated for a "very fine one," and which 'the famous author of the Art of Speaking calls an "admirable one," that turns upon a thought of the 'ſame nature. If I could have done it juſtice in Eng-'liſh, I would have ſent it to you tranſlated; it was 'written by monſieur des Barreaux, who had been one 'of the greateſt wits and libertines in France, but in his 'laſt years was as remarkable a penitent.'

GRAND Dieu, tes jugemens ſont remplis d' equité;
Toûjours tu prens plaiſir à nous être propice.
Mais j' ai tant fait de mal, que jamais ta bonté
Ne me pardonnera, ſans choquer ta juſtice.
Oui, mon Dieu, la grandeur de mon impieté
Ne laiſſe à ton pouvoir que le choix du ſuplice:
Ton intereſt s' oppoſe à ma felicité:
Et ta clemence même attend que je periſſe.
Contente ton deſir, puis qu' il t' eſt glorieux;
Offenſe toy des pleurs qui coulent de mes yeux;
Tonne, frappe, il eſt tems, rens moi guerre pour guerre;
J' adore en periſſant la raiſon qui t' aigrit.
Mais deſſus quel endroit tombera ton tonnere,
Qui ne ſoit tout couvert du ſang de Jeſus Chriſt?

'If theſe thoughts may be ſerviceable to you, I de-'ſire you would place them in a proper light, and am 'ever with great ſincerity,

Sir,

O. 'Yours, &c.'

Nº 514. Monday, October 20.

——Me Parnaſſi deſerta per ardua dulcis
Raptat amor ; juvat ire jugis quâ nulla priorum
Caſtaliam molli divertitur orbita clivo.

VIRG. Georg. 3. ver. 291.

But the commanding muſe my chariot guides,
Which o'er the dubious cliff ſecurely rides :
And pleas'd I am no beaten road to take,
But firſt the way to new diſcov'ries make. DRYDEN.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I CAME home a little later than uſual the other 'night, and not finding myſelf inclined to ſleep, I took 'up Virgil to divert me until I ſhould be more diſpoſed 'to reſt. He is the author whom I always chooſe on 'ſuch occaſions, no one writing in ſo divine, ſo harmo-'nious, nor ſo equal a ſtrain, which leaves the mind com-'poſed and ſoftened into an agreeable melancholy ; the 'temper, in which, of all others, I chooſe to cloſe 'the day. The paſſages I turned to were thoſe beau-'tiful raptures in his Georgics, where he profeſſes him-'ſelf intirely given up to the muſes, and ſmit with the 'love of poetry, paſſionately wiſhing to be tranſported 'to the cool ſhades and retirements of the mountain 'Hæmus. I cloſed the book and went to bed. What 'I had juſt before been reading made ſo ſtrong an im-'preſſion on my mind, that fancy ſeemed almoſt to ful-'fil to me the wiſh of Virgil, in preſenting to me the 'following viſion.

'Methought I was on a ſudden placed in the plains 'of Bœotia, where at the end of the horizon I ſaw the 'mountain Parnaſſus riſing before me. The proſpect 'was of ſo large an extent, that I had long wandered 'about to find a path which ſhould directly lead me to 'it, had I not ſeen at ſome diſtance a grove of trees, 'which in a plain that had nothing elſe remarkable 'enough in it to fix my ſight, immediately determined

'me to go thither. When I arrived at it, I found it 'parted out into a great number of walks and alleys, 'which often widened into beautiful openings, as 'circles or ovals, ſet round with yews and cypreſſes, 'with nitches, grottoes, and caves placed on the ſides, 'encompaſſed with ivy. There was no ſound to be 'heard in the whole place, but only that of a gentle 'breeze paſſing over the leaves of the foreſt; every 'thing beſide was buried in a profound ſilence. I 'was captivated with the beauty and retirement of the 'place, and never ſo much, before that hour, was 'pleaſed with the enjoyment of myſelf. I indulged 'the humour, and ſuffered myſelf to wander without 'choice or deſign. At length at the end of a range 'of trees, I ſaw three figures ſeated on a bank of moſs, 'with a ſilent brook creeping at their feet. I adored 'them as the tutelar divinities of the place, and ſtood 'ſtill to take a particular view of each of them. The 'middlemoſt, whoſe name was Solitude, ſat with her 'arms acroſs each other, and ſeemed rather penſive and 'wholly taken up with her own thoughts, than any 'ways grieved or diſpleaſed. The only companions 'which ſhe admitted into that retirement, was the 'goddeſs Silence, who ſat on her right-hand with her 'finger on her mouth, and on her left Contemplation, 'with her eyes fixed upon the heavens. Before her 'lay a celeſtial globe, with ſeveral ſchemes of mathe-'matical theorems. She prevented my ſpeech with 'the greateſt affability in the world. Fear not, ſaid 'ſhe, I know your requeſt before you ſpeak it; you 'would be led to the mountain of the Muſes; the only 'way to it lies through this place, and no one is ſo of-'ten employed in conducting perſons thither as my-'ſelf. When ſhe had thus ſpoken, ſhe roſe from her 'ſeat, and I immediately placed myſelf under her direc-'tion; but whilſt I paſſed through the grove, I could 'not help enquiring of her who were the perſons ad-'mitted into that ſweet retirement. Surely, ſaid I, 'there can nothing enter here but virtue and virtuous 'thoughts; the whole wood ſeems deſigned for the 'reception and reward of ſuch perſons as have ſpent 'their lives according to the dictates of their conſcience

'and the commands of the gods. You imagine right, 'ſaid ſhe; aſſure yourſelf this place was at firſt de- 'ſigned for no other: ſuch it continued to be in the 'reign of Saturn, when none entered here but holy 'prieſts, deliverers of their country from oppreſſion 'and tyranny, who repoſed themſelves here after their 'labours, and thoſe whom the ſtudy and love of wiſ- 'dom had fitted for divine converſation. But now it 'is become no leſs dangerous than it was before deſi- 'rable: vice has learned ſo to mimic virtue, that it 'often creeps in hither under its diſguiſe. See there! 'juſt before you, Revenge ſtalking by, habited in the 'robe of Honour! Obſerve not far from him Ambition 'ſtanding alone; if you aſk him his name, he will tell 'you it is Emulation or Glory. But the moſt frequent 'intruder we have is Luſt, who ſucceeds now the Deity 'to whom in better days this grove was intirely devot- 'ed. Virtuous Love, with Hymen, and the graces 'attending him, once reigned in this happy place; a 'whole train of virtues waited on him, and no diſho- 'nourable thought durſt preſume for admittance: but 'now, how is the whole proſpect changed! and how 'ſeldom renewed by ſome few who dare deſpiſe ſordid 'wealth, and imagine themſelves fit companions for ſo 'charming a divinity!

'The goddeſs had no ſooner ſaid thus, but we were 'arrived at the utmoſt boundaries of the wood, which 'lay contiguous to a plain that ended at the foot of 'the mountain. Here I kept cloſe to my guide, being 'ſolicited by ſeveral phantoms, who aſſured me they 'would ſhew me a nearer way to the mountain of the 'Muſes. Among the reſt Vanity was extremely im- 'portunate, having deluded infinite numbers, whom I 'ſaw wandering at the foot of the hill. I turned away 'from this deſpicable troop with diſdain, and addreſ- 'ſing myſelf to my guide, told her, that as I had ſome 'hopes I ſhould be able to reach up part of the aſcent, 'ſo I deſpaired of having ſtrength enough to attain the 'plain on the top. But being informed by her that 'it was impoſſible to ſtand upon the ſides, and that if 'I did not proceed onwards, I ſhould irrecoverably 'fall down to the loweſt verge, I reſolved to hazard

'any labour and hardſhip in the attempt: ſo great a 'deſire had I of enjoying the ſatisfaction I hoped to 'meet with at the end of my enterpriſe!

'There were two paths, which led up by different 'ways to the ſummit of the mountain; the one was 'guarded by the genius which preſides over the mo- 'ment of our births. He had it in charge to examine 'the ſeveral pretenſions of thoſe who deſired to paſs 'that way, but to admit none excepting thoſe only on 'whom Melpomene had looked with a propitious eye 'at the hour of their nativity. The other way was 'guarded by Diligence, to whom many of thoſe perſons 'applied who had met with a denial the other way; but 'he was ſo tedious in granting their requeſt, and indeed 'after admittance the way was ſo very intricate and 'laborious, that many, after they had made ſome pro- 'greſs, choſe rather to return back than proceed, and 'very few perſiſted ſo long as to arrive at the end they 'propoſed. Beſides theſe two paths, which at length 'ſeverally led to the top of the mountain, there was a 'third made up of theſe two, which a little after the 'entrance joined in one. This carried thoſe happy 'few, whoſe good fortune it was to find it, directly to 'the throne of Apollo. I do not know whether I ſhould 'even now have had the reſolution to have demanded 'entrance at either of theſe doors, had I not ſeen a 'peaſant-like man (followed by a numerous and lovely 'train of youths of both ſexes) inſiſt upon entrance 'for all whom he led up. He put me in mind of the 'country clown who is painted in the map for lead- 'ing prince Eugene over the Alps. He had a bundle 'of papers in his hand, and producing ſeveral which, 'he ſaid, were given to him by hands which he knew 'Apollo would allow as paſſes; among which, me- 'thought I ſaw ſome of my own writing. The whole 'aſſembly was admitted, and gave, by their preſence, 'a new beauty and pleaſure to theſe happy manſions. 'I found the man did not pretend to enter himſelf, 'but ſerved as a kind of foreſter in the lawns to direct 'paſſengers, who by their own merit, or inſtructions 'he procured for them, had virtue enough to travel 'that way. I looked very attentively upon this kind

'homely benefactor, and forgive me, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'if I own to you I took him for yourself. We were 'no sooner entered, but we were sprinkled three times 'with the water of the fountain of Aganippe, which 'had power to deliver us from all harms, but only envy, 'which reacheth even to the end of our journey. 'We had not proceeded far in the middle path when 'we arrived at the summit of the hill, where there im-'mediately appeared to us two figures, which extremely 'engaged my attention; the one was a young nymph 'in the prime of her youth and beauty; she had wings 'on her shoulders and feet, and was able to transport 'herself to the most distant regions in the smallest space 'of time. She was continually varying her dress, 'sometimes into the most natural and becoming habits 'in the world, and at others into the most wild and 'freakish garb that can be imagined. There stood by 'her a man full aged and of great gravity, who cor-'rected her inconsistencies by shewing them in this 'mirrour, and still flung her affected and unbecoming 'ornaments down the mountain, which fell in the plain 'below, and were gathered up and wore with great 'satisfaction by those that inhabited it. The name of 'this nymph was Fancy, the daughter of Liberty, the 'most beautiful of all the mountain nymphs. The 'other was Judgment, the offspring of Time, and the 'only child he acknowledged to be his. A youth, 'who sat upon a throne just between them, was their 'genuine offspring; his name was Wit, and his seat 'was composed of the works of the most celebrated 'authors. I could not but see with a secret joy, that 'though the Greeks and Romans made the majority, yet 'our own countrymen were the next both in number 'and dignity. I was now at liberty to take a full pro-'spect of that delightful region. I was inspired with 'new vigour and life, and saw every thing in nobler and 'more pleasing views than before; I breathed a purer 'æther in a sky which was a continued azure, gilded 'with perpetual sun-shine. The two summits of the 'mountain rose on each side, and formed in the midst 'a most delicious vale, the habitation of the Muses, and 'of such as had composed works worthy of immortality.

'Apollo was ſeated upon a throne of gold, and for 'a canopy an aged laurel ſpread its boughs and its 'ſhade over his head. His bow and quiver lay at his 'feet. He held his harp in his hand, whilſt the Muſes 'round about him celebrated with hymns his victory 'over the ſerpent Python, and ſometimes ſang in ſofter 'notes the loves of Leucothoe and Daphnis. Homer, 'Virgil, and Milton were ſeated the next to them. Be-'hind were a great number of others, among whom I 'was ſurpriſed to ſee ſome in the habit of Laplanders, 'who, notwithſtanding the uncouthneſs of their dreſs, 'had lately obtained a place upon the mountain. I 'ſaw Pindar walking alone, no one daring to accoſt 'him, until Cowley joined himſelf to him; but grow-'ing weary of one who almoſt walked him out of 'breath, he left him for Horace and Anacreon, with 'whom he ſeemed infinitely delighted.

'A little further I ſaw another group of figures; I 'made up to them, and found it was Socrates dictating 'to Xenophon, and the ſpirit of Plato; but moſt of all 'Muſæus had the greateſt audience about him. I was at 'too great a diſtance to hear what he ſaid, or to diſcover 'the faces of his hearers; only I thought I now perceiv-'ed Virgil, who had joined them, and ſtood in a poſture 'full of admiration at the harmony of his words.

'Laſtly, at the very brink of the hill I ſaw Boccalini 'ſending diſpatches to the world below of what happen-'ed upon Parnaſſus: but I perceived he did it without 'leave of the Muſes, and by ſtealth, and was unwilling 'to have them reviſed by Apollo. I could now from this 'height and ſerene ſky behold the infinite cares and 'anxieties with which mortals below ſought out their 'way thro' the maze of life. I ſaw the path of virtue 'lie ſtraight before them, whilſt intereſt, or ſome mali-'cious demon, ſtill hurried them out of the way. I was 'at once touched with pleaſure at my own happineſs, 'and compaſſion at the ſight of their inextricable errors. 'Here the two contending paſſions roſe ſo high, that 'they were inconſiſtent with the ſweet repoſe I enjoyed, 'and awaking with a ſudden ſtart, the only conſolation 'I could admit of for my loſs, was the hopes that this 'relation of my dream will not diſpleaſe you.' T.

N° 515. Tueſday, October 21.

Pudet me & miſeret, qui harum mores cantabat mihi,
Monuiſſe fruſtra—— TER. Heaut. Act. 2. Sc. 2.

I am aſhamed and grieved, that I neglected his advice, who gave me the character of theſe creatures.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM obliged to you for printing the account I 'lately ſent you of a coquette who diſturbed a ſober 'congregation in the city of London. That intelligence 'ended at her taking a coach, and bidding the driver 'go where he knew. I could not leave her ſo, but 'dogged her, as hard as ſhe drove, to St. Paul's church-'yard, where there was a ſtop of coaches attending 'company coming out of the cathedral. This gave 'me opportunity to hold up a crown to her coach-'man, who gave me the ſignal, that he would hurry 'on, and make no haſte, as you know the way is when 'they favour a chace. By his many kind blunders, 'driving againſt other coaches, and ſlipping of ſome 'of his tackle, I could keep up with him, and lodged 'my fine lady in the pariſh of St. James's. As I gueſſed 'when I firſt ſaw her at church, her buſineſs is to win 'hearts and throw them away, regarding nothing but 'the triumph. I have had the happineſs by tracing 'her thro' all with whom I heard ſhe was acquainted, 'to find one who was intimate with a friend of mine, 'and to be introduced to her notice. I have made ſo 'good uſe of my time, as to procure from that inti-'mate of hers one of her letters, which ſhe writ to her 'when in the country. This epiſtle of her own may 'ſerve to alarm the world againſt all her ordinary 'life, as mine, I hope, did thoſe, who ſhall behold 'her at church. The letter was written laſt winter 'to the lady who gave it me; and I doubt not but 'you will find it the ſoul of an happy ſelf-loving

'dame, that takes all the admiration she can meet with, 'and returns none of it in love to her admirers.'

"Dear Jenny,

"I AM glad to find you are likely to be disposed "of in marriage so much to your approbation as you "tell me. You say you are afraid only of me, for I "shall laugh at your spouse's airs. I beg of you not "to fear it, for I am too nice a discerner to laugh at "any, but whom most other people think fine fellows; "so that your dear may bring you hither as soon as his "horses are in case enough to appear in town, and you "will be very safe against any raillery you may appre-"hend from me; for I am surrounded with coxcombs "of my own making, who are all ridiculous in a "manner your good-man, I presume, cannot exert "himself. As men who cannot raise their fortunes, "and are uneasy under the incapacity of shining in "courts, rail at ambition; so do aukward and insipid "women, who cannot warm the hearts and charm the "eyes of men, rail at affectation: but she that has the "joy of seeing a man's heart leap into his eyes at be-"holding her, is in no pain for want of esteem among "a crew of that part of her own sex, who have no "spirit but that of envy, and no language but that of "malice. I do not in this, I hope, express myself in-"sensible of the merit of Leodacia, who lowers her "beauty to all but her husband, and never spreads her "charms but to gladden him who has a right in them; "I say, I do honour to those who can be coquettes, "and are not such; but I despise all who would be so, "and in despair of arriving at it themselves, hate and "vilify all those who can. But, be that as it will, in "answer to your desire of knowing my history: one "of my chief present pleasures is in country dances; "and, in obedience to me, as well as the pleasure of "coming up to me with a good grace, shewing them-"selves in their address to others in my presence, and "the like opportunities, they are all proficients that "way; and I had the happiness of being the other "night where we made six couple, and every woman's "partner a professed lover of mine. The wildest

" imagination cannot form to itſelf on any occaſion, " higher delight than I acknowledge myſelf to have " been in all that evening. I choſe out of my admirers " a ſet of men who moſt love me, and gave them " partners of ſuch of my own ſex who moſt envied " me.

" My way is, when any man who is my admirer " pretends to give himſelf airs of merit, as at this time " a certain gentleman you know did, to mortify him " by favouring in his preſence the moſt inſignificant " creature I can find. At this ball I was led into the " company by pretty Mr. Fanfly, who, you know, is " the moſt obſequious, well-ſhaped, well-bred woman's " man in town. I at firſt entrance declared him my " partner if I danced at all; which put the whole aſ- " ſembly into a grin, as forming no terrors from ſuch " a rival. But we had not been long in the room, be- " fore I overheard the meritorious gentleman above- " mentioned ſay with an oath, There is no raillery in " the thing, ſhe certainly loves the puppy. My gen- " tleman, when we were dancing, took an occaſion to " be very ſoft in his oglings upon a lady he danced " with, and whom he knew of all women I love moſt " to outſhine. The conteſt began who ſhould plague " the other moſt. I, who do not care a farthing for " him, had no hard taſk to outvex him. I made Fanfly, " with a very little encouragement, cut capers *coupée*, " and then ſink with all the air and tenderneſs ima- " ginable. When he performed this, I obſerved the " gentleman you know of fall into the ſame way, and " imitate as well as he could the deſpiſed Fanfly. I " cannot well give you, who are ſo grave a country " lady, the idea of the joy we have when we ſee a " ſtubborn heart breaking, or a man of ſenſe turning " fool for our ſakes; but this happened to our friend, " and I expect his attendance whenever I go to church, " to court, to the play, or the park. This is a ſacri- " fice due to us women of genius, who have the elo- " quence of beauty, an eaſy mien. I mean by an eaſy " mien, one which can be on occaſion eaſily affected; " for I muſt tell you, dear Jenny, I hold one maxim, " which is an uncommon one, to wit, that our greateſt

" charms are owing to affectation. It is to that our " arms can lodge ſo quietly juſt over our hips, and " the fan can play without any force or motion but " juſt of the wriſt. It is to affectation we owe the pen- " ſive attention of Deidamia at a tragedy, the ſcornful " approbation of Dulcimara at a comedy, and the lowly " aſpect of Lanquicelſa at a ſermon.

" To tell you the plain truth, I know no pleaſure " but in being admired, and have yet never failed of " attaining the approbation of the man whoſe regard " I had a mind to. You ſee all the men who make a " figure in the world (as wiſe a look as they are pleaſed " to put upon the matter) are moved by the ſame va- " nity as I am. What is there in ambition, but to " make other people's wills depend upon yours? This " indeed is not to be aimed at by one who has a ge- " nius no higher than to think of being a very good " houſewife in a country gentleman's family. The " care of poultry and pigs are great enemies to the " countenance; the vacant look of a fine lady is not " to be preſerved, if ſhe admits any thing to take up " her thoughts but her own dear perſon. But I inter- " rupt you too long from your cares, and myſelf from " my conqueſts.

" I am, Madam,

" Your moſt humble ſervant."

'Give me leave, Mr. SPECTATOR, to add her 'friend's anſwer to this epiſtle, who is a very diſcreet 'ingenious woman.'

" Dear Gatty,

" I TAKE your raillery in very good part, and " am obliged to you for the free air with which you " ſpeak of your own gaieties. But this is but a barren " ſuperficial pleaſure. Indeed, Gatty, we are made " for man, and in ſerious ſadneſs I muſt tell you, whe- " ther you yourſelf know it or no, all theſe gallantries " tend to no other end but to be a wife and a mother as " faſt as you can.

" I am, Madam,

" Your moſt obedient ſervant."

Nº 516. Wedneſday, October 22.

Immortale odium & nunquam ſanabile vulnus.
Inde furor vulgo, quòd numina vicinorum
Odit uterque locus, quum ſolos credit habendos
Eſſe Deos quos ipſe colit—— Juv. Sat. 15. ver. 34.

——A grudge, time out of mind, begun,
And mutually bequeath'd from ſire to ſon:
Religious ſpite and pious ſpleen bred firſt
The quarrel, which ſo long the bigots nurſt:
Each calls the other's God a ſenſeleſs ſtock;
His own, divine. Tate.

OF all the monſtrous paſſions and opinions which have crept into the world, there is none ſo wonderful as that thoſe who profeſs the common name of Chriſtians, ſhould purſue each other with rancour and hatred for differences in their way of following the example of their Saviour. It ſeems ſo natural that all who purſue the ſteps of any leader ſhould form themſelves after his manner, that it is impoſſible to account for effects ſo different from what we might expect from thoſe who profeſs themſelves followers of the higheſt pattern of meekneſs and charity, but by aſcribing ſuch effects to the ambition and corruption of thoſe who are ſo audacious, with ſouls full of fury, to ſerve at the altars of the God of peace.

The maſſacres to which the church of Rome has animated the ordinary people, are dreadful inſtances of the truth of this obſervation; and whoever reads the hiſtory of the Iriſh rebellion, and the cruelties which enſued thereupon, will be ſufficiently convinced to what rage poor ignorants may be worked up by thoſe who profeſs holineſs, to become incendiaries, and, under the diſpenſation of grace, promote evils abhorrent to nature.

This ſubject and cataſtrophe, which deſerve ſo well to be remarked by the proteſtant world, will, I doubt

not, be considered by the reverend and learned prelate that preaches to-morrow before many of the descendents of those who perished on that lamentable day, in a manner suitable to the occasion, and worthy his own great virtue and eloquence.

I shall not dwell upon it any further, but only transcribe out of a little tract, called, the Christian Hero, published in 1701, what I find there in honour of the renowned Hero, William III. who rescued that nation from the repetition of the same disasters. His late majesty, of glorious memory, and the most christian king, are considered at the conclusion of that treatise as heads of the Protestant and Roman Catholic world in the following manner.

'There were not ever, before the entrance of the 'christian name into the world, men who have main-'tained a more renowned carriage, than the two great 'rivals who possess the full fame of the present age, 'and will be the theme and examination of the future. 'They are exactly formed by nature for those ends to 'which heaven seems to have sent them amongst us: 'both animated with a restless desire of glory, but 'pursue it by different means, and with different mo-'tives. To one it consists in an extensive undisputed 'empire over his subjects, to the other in their rational 'and voluntary obedience: one's happiness is founded 'in their want of power, the other's in their want of 'desire to oppose him. The one enjoys the summit 'of fortune with the luxury of a Persian, the other with 'the moderation of a Spartan: one is made to op-'press, the other to relieve the oppressed: the one is 'satisfied with the pomp and ostentation of power to 'prefer and debase his inferiors, the other delighted 'only with the cause and foundation of it to cherish 'and protect them. To one therefore religion is but 'a convenient disguise, to the other a vigorous motive 'of action.

'For without such ties of real and solid honour, 'there is no way of forming a monarch, but after the 'Machiavelian scheme, by which a prince must ever 'seem to have all virtues, but really to be master of

'none; but is to be liberal, merciful and juſt, only 'as they ſerve his intereſts; while, with the noble art 'of hypocriſy, empire would be to be extended, and 'new conqueſts be made by new devices, by which 'prompt addreſs his creatures might inſenſibly give 'law in the buſineſs of life, by leading men in the en-'tertainment of it.

'Thus when words and ſhow are apt to paſs for the 'ſubſtantial things they are only to expreſs, there would 'need no more to enſlave a country but to adorn a 'court; for while every man's vanity makes him be-'lieve himſelf capable of becoming luxury, enjoyments 'are a ready bait for ſufferings, and the hopes of pre-'ferment invitations to ſervitude; which ſlavery would 'be coloured with all the agreements, as they call it, 'imaginable. The nobleſt arts and artiſts, the fineſt 'pens and moſt elegant minds, jointly employed to 'ſet it off, with the various embelliſhments of ſumptu-'ous entertainments, charming aſſemblies, and po-'liſhed diſcourſes; and thoſe apoſtate abilities of men, 'the adored monarch might profuſely and ſkilfully 'encourage, while they flatter his virtue, and gild his 'vice at ſo high a rate, that he, without ſcorn of the 'one, or love of the other, would alternately and occa-'ſionally uſe both: ſo that his bounty ſhould ſupport 'him in his rapines, his mercy in his cruelties.

'Nor is it to give things a more ſevere look than is 'natural, to ſuppoſe ſuch muſt be the conſequences of 'a prince's having no other purſuit than that of his 'own glory; for if we conſider an infant born into the 'world, and beholding itſelf the mightieſt thing in it, 'itſelf the preſent admiration and future proſpect of 'a fawning people, who profeſs themſelves great or 'mean, according to the figure he is to make among 'them, what fancy would not be debauched to believe 'they were but what they profeſſed themſelves, his 'mere creatures, and uſe them as ſuch by purchaſing 'with their lives a boundleſs renown, which he, for 'want of a more juſt proſpect, would place in the 'number of his ſlaves, and the extent of his terri-'tories? Such undoubtedly would be the tragical

'effects of a prince's living with no religion, which are 'not to be ſurpaſſed but by his having a falſe one.

'If ambition were ſpirited with zeal, what would 'follow, but that his people ſhould be converted into 'an army, whoſe ſwords can make right in power, and 'ſolve controverſy in belief? and if men ſhould be ſtiff-'necked to the doctrine of that viſible church, let them 'be contented with an oar and a chain, in the midſt of 'ſtripes and anguiſh, to contemplate on him, "whoſe "yoke is eaſy, and whoſe burden is light."

'With a tyranny begun on his own ſubjects, and in-'dignation that others draw their breath independent 'of his frown or ſmile, why ſhould he not proceed to 'the ſeizure of the world? and if nothing but the 'thirſt of ſway were the motive of his actions, why 'ſhould treaties be other than mere words, or ſolemn 'national compacts be any thing but an halt in the 'march of that army, who are never to lay down their 'arms, until all men are reduced to the neceſſity of 'hanging their lives on his wayward will; who might 'ſupinely, and at leiſure, expiate his own ſins by other 'mens ſufferings, while he daily meditates new ſlaugh-'ter, and new conqueſt?

'For mere man, when giddy with unbridled power, 'is an inſatiate idol, not to be appeaſed with myriads 'offered to his pride, which may be puffed up by the 'adulation of a baſe and proſtrate world, into an opi-'nion that he is ſomething more than human, by be-'ing ſomething leſs: and, alas! what is there that 'mortal man will not believe of himſelf, when com-'plimented with the attributes of God? He can then 'conceive thoughts of a power as omnipreſent as his. 'But ſhould there be ſuch a foe of mankind now upon 'earth, have our ſins ſo far provoked Heaven, that we 'are left utterly naked to his fury? Is there no power, 'no leader, no genius, that can conduct and animate 'us to our death or our defence? Yes; our great God 'never gave one to reign by his permiſſion, but he gave 'to another alſo to reign by his grace.

'All the circumſtances of the illuſtrious life of 'our prince, ſeem to have conſpired to make him the 'check and bridle of tyranny; for his mind has been

'ſtrengthened and confirmed by one continued ſtruggle,
'and heaven has educated him by adverſity to a quick
'ſenſe of the diſtreſſes and miſeries of mankind, which
'he was born to redreſs: in juſt ſcorn of the trivial glo-
'ries and light oſtentations of power, that glorious in-
'ſtrument of Providence moves, like that, in a ſteady,
'calm, and ſilent courſe, independent either of applauſe
'or calumny; which renders him, if not in a political,
'yet in a moral, a philoſophic, an heroic, and a chriſ-
'tian ſenſe, an abſolute monarch; who, ſatisfied with
'this unchangeable, juſt, and ample glory, muſt needs
'turn all his regards from himſelf to the ſervice of
'others; for he begins his enterpriſes with his own
'ſhare in the ſucceſs of them; for integrity bears in
'itſelf its reward, nor can that which depends not on
'event ever know diſappointment.

'With the undoubted character of a glorious cap-
'tain, and (what he much more values than the moſt
'ſplendid titles) that of an ſincere and honeſt man, he is
'the hope and ſtay of Europe, an univerſal good not to
'be ingroſſed by us only; for diſtant potentates implore
'his friendſhip, and injured empires court his aſſiſtance.
'He rules the world, not by an invaſion of the people
'of the earth, but the addreſs of its princes; and if
'that world ſhould be again rouſed from the repoſe
'which his prevailing arms had given it, why ſhould
'we not hope that there is an Almighty, by whoſe in-
'fluence the terrible enemy that thinks himſelf prepared
'for battle, may find he is but ripe for deſtruction? and
'that there may be in the womb of time great incidents,
'which may make the cataſtrophe of a proſperous life
'as unfortunate as the particular ſcenes of it were ſuc-
'ceſsful? for there does not want a ſkilful eye and re-
'ſolute arm to obſerve and graſp the occaſion: a prince,
'who from——

'——*Fuit Ilium & ingens*
'*Gloria*—— VIRG. Æn. 2. ver. 325.

'Troy is no more, and Ilium was a town.

T. 'DRYDEN.

N° 517. Thurſday, October 23.

Heu pietas! heu priſca fides!——
VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 878.

Mirrour of ancient faith!
Undaunted worth! inviolable truth! DRYDEN.

WE laſt night received a piece of ill news at our club, which very ſenſibly afflicted every one of us. I queſtion not but my readers themſelves will be troubled at the hearing of it. To keep them no longer in ſuſpenſe, ſir ROGER DE COVERLEY is dead. He departed this life at his houſe in the country, after a few weeks ſickneſs. Sir ANDREW FREEPORT has a letter from one of his correſpondents in thoſe parts, that informs him the old man caught a cold at the county-ſeſſions, as he was very warmly promoting an addreſs of his own penning, in which he ſucceeded according to his wiſhes. But this particular comes from a whig juſtice of peace, who was always ſir ROGER's enemy and antagoniſt. I have letters both from the chaplain and captain SENTRY which mention nothing of it, but are filled with many particulars to the honour of the good old man. I have likewiſe a letter from the butler, who took ſo much care of me laſt ſummer when I was at the knight's houſe. As my friend the butler mentions, in the ſimplicity of his heart, ſeveral circumſtances the others have paſſed over in ſilence, I ſhall give my reader a copy of his letter, without any alteration or diminution.

'Honoured Sir,

'KNOWING that you was my old maſter's good 'friend, I could not forbear ſending you the melancholy 'news of his death, which has afflicted the whole coun-'try, as well as his poor ſervants, who loved him, I 'may ſay, better than we did our lives. I am afraid

'he caught his death the laſt county-ſeſſions, where he 'would go to ſee juſtice done to a poor widow wo- 'man, and her fatherleſs children, that had been 'wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you 'know, ſir, my good maſter was always the poor 'man's friend. Upon his coming home, the firſt com- 'plaint he made was, that he had loſt his roaſt-beef 'ſtomach, not being able to touch a ſirloin, which was 'ſerved up according to cuſtom; and you know he 'uſed to take great delight in it. From that time 'forward he grew worſe and worſe, but ſtill kept a 'good heart to the laſt. Indeed we were once in 'great hope of his recovery, upon a kind meſſage that 'was ſent him from the widow lady whom he had 'made love to the forty laſt years of his life; but this 'only proved a lightning before death. He has be- 'queathed to this lady, as a token of his love, a great 'pearl necklace, and a couple of ſilver bracelets ſet 'with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady his 'mother: he has bequeathed the fine white gelding, 'that he uſed to ride a-hunting upon, to his chaplain, 'becauſe he thought he would be kind to him, and has 'left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed 'to the chaplain a very pretty tenement with good 'lands about it. It being a very cold day when he 'made his will, he left for mourning, to every man in 'the pariſh, a great frize coat, and to every woman a 'black-riding-hood. It was a moſt moving ſight to ſee 'him take leave of his poor ſervants, commending us 'all for our fidelity, whilſt we were not able to ſpeak 'a word for weeping. As we moſt of us are grown 'grey-headed in our dear maſter's ſervice, he has left 'us penſions and legacies, which we may live very 'comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He 'has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is 'not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily 'ſaid in the pariſh, that he has left money to build a 'ſteeple to the church; for he was heard to ſay ſome 'time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverley 'church ſhould have a ſteeple to it. The chaplain 'tells every body that he made a very good end, and 'never ſpeaks of him without tears. He was buried

according to his own directions, among the family of the COVERLIES, on the left hand of his father sir Arthur. The coffin was carried by six of his tenants, and the pall held up by six of the quorum: the whole parish followed the corpse with heavy hearts, and in their mourning suits, the men in frize, and the women in riding-hoods. Captain SENTRY, my master's nephew, has taken possession of the hall-house, and the whole estate. When my old master saw him a little before his death, he shook him by the hand, and wished him joy of the estate which was falling to him, desiring him only to make a good use of it, and to pay the several legacies, and the gifts of charity which he told him he had left as quit-rents upon the estate. The captain truly seems a courteous man, though he says but little. He makes much of those whom my master loved, and shews great kindness to the old house-dog, that you know my poor master was so fond of. It would have gone to your heart to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire. This is all from,

'Honoured Sir,

'Your most sorrowful servant,

'EDWARD BISCUIT.

'P. S. My master desired, some weeks before he died, that a book, which comes up to you by the carrier, should be given to sir ANDREW FREEPORT, in his name.'

This letter, notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it there was not a dry eye in the club. Sir ANDREW opening the book, found it to be a collection of acts of parliament. There was in particular the Act of Uniformity, with

ſome paſſages in it marked by ſir ROGER's own hand. Sir ANDREW found that they related to two or three points, which he had diſputed with ſir ROGER the laſt time he appeared at the club. Sir ANDREW, who would have been merry at ſuch an incident on another occaſion, at the ſight of the old man's hand-writing burſt into tears, and put the book into his pocket. Captain SENTRY informs me, that the knight has left rings and mourning for every one in the club. O.

N° 518. Friday, October 24.

——Miſerum eſt alienæ incumbere famæ,
Ne collapſa ruant ſubductis tecta columnis.
JUV. Sat. 8. ver. 76.

'Tis poor relying on another's fame:
For, take the pillars but away, and all
The ſuperſtructure muſt in ruins fall.
STEPNEY.

THIS being a day of buſineſs with me, I muſt make the preſent entertainment like a treat at an houſe-warming, out of ſuch preſents as have been ſent me by my gueſts. The firſt diſh which I ſerve up is a letter come freſh to my hand.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is with inexpreſſible ſorrow that I hear of the 'death of good ſir ROGER, and do heartily condole 'with you upon ſo melancholy an occaſion. I think 'you ought to have blackened the edges of a paper 'which brought us ſo ill news, and to have had it 'ſtamped likewiſe in black. It is expected of you that 'you ſhould write his epitaph, and, if poſſible, fill his 'place in the club with as worthy and diverting a 'member. I queſtion not but you will receive many

'recommendations from the public of ſuch as will appear 'candidates for that poſt.

'Since I am talking of death, and have mentioned 'an epitaph, I muſt tell you, ſir, that I have made 'diſcovery of a church-yard in which I believe you 'might ſpend an afternoon, with great pleaſure to your-'ſelf and to the public: it belongs to the church of 'Stebon-heath, commonly called Stepney. Whether or 'no it be that the people of that pariſh have a particu-'lar genius for an epitaph, or that there be ſome poet 'among them who undertakes that work by the great, 'I cannot tell; but there are more remarkable inſcrip-'tions in that place than in any other I have met with; 'and I may ſay without vanity, that there is not a gen-'tleman in England better read in tomb-ſtones than my-'ſelf, my ſtudies having laid very much in church-'yards. I ſhall beg leave to ſend you a couple of epi-'taphs, for a ſample of thoſe I have juſt now mention-'ed. They are written in a different manner; the firſt 'being in the diffuſed and luxuriant, the ſecond in the 'cloſe contracted ſtyle. The firſt has much of the 'ſimple and pathetic; the ſecond is ſomething light, 'but nervous. The firſt is thus:

"Here Thomas Sapper lies interr'd. Ah why!
"Born in New England, did in London die;
"Was the third ſon of eight, begot upon
"His mother Martha by his father John.
"Much favour'd by his prince he 'gan to be,
"But nipt by death at th' age of twenty-three.
"Fatal to him was that we ſmall-pox name,
"By which his mother and two brethren came
"Alſo to breathe their laſt nine years before,
"And now have left their father to deplore
"The loſs of all his children, with his wife,
"Who was the joy and comfort of his life.

'The ſecond is as follows:

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
"Spittle-fields weaver, and that's all.

'I will not diſmiſs you, whilſt I am upon this ſubject, 'without ſending a ſhort epitaph which I once met

'with, though I cannot poſſibly recollect the place. 'The thought of it is ſerious, and in my opinion, the 'fineſt that I ever met with upon this occaſion. You 'know, ſir, it is uſual, after having told us the name 'of the perſon who lies interred, to launch out into his 'praiſes. This epitaph takes a quite contrary turn, 'having been made by the perſon himſelf ſome time 'before his death.

Hic jacet R. C. *in expectatione diei ſupremi. Qualis erat dies iſte indicabit.*

'Here lieth R. C. in expectation of the laſt day; 'What ſort of a man he was, that day will diſcover.

'I am, Sir, &c.'

The following letter is dated from Cambridge.

'SIR,

'HAVING lately read among your ſpeculations, 'an eſſay upon phyſiognomy, I cannot but think that 'if you made a viſit to this ancient univerſity, you 'might receive very conſiderable lights upon that ſub-'ject, there being ſcarce a young fellow in it who does 'not give certain indications of his particular humour 'and diſpoſition conformable to the rules of that art. 'In courts and cities every body lays a conſtraint upon 'his countenance, and endeavours to look like the reſt 'of the world; but the youth of this place, having not 'yet formed themſelves by converſation, and the know-'ledge of the world, give their limbs and features their 'full play.

'As you have conſidered human nature in all its 'lights, you muſt be extremely well appriſed, that there 'is a very cloſe correſpondence between the outward 'and the inward man; that ſcarce the leaſt dawning, 'the leaſt parturiency towards a thought can be ſtirring 'in the mind of man, without producing a ſuitable re-'volution in his exteriors, which will eaſily diſcover 'itſelf to an adept in the theory of the phiz. Hence it 'is, that the intrinſic worth and merit of a ſon of Alma 'Mater is ordinarily calculated from the caſt of his

'viſage, the contour of his perſon, the mechaniſm of 'his dreſs, the diſpoſition of his limbs, the manner of 'his gait and air, with a number of circumſtances of 'equal conſequence and information: the practitioners 'in this art often make uſe of a gentleman's eyes to 'give them light into the poſture of his brains; take a 'handle from his noſe, to judge of the ſize of his in-'tellects; and interpret the over much viſibility and 'pertneſs of one ear, as an infallible mark of repro-'bation, and a ſign the owner of ſo ſaucy a member 'fears neither God nor man. In conformity to this 'ſcheme, a contracted brow, a lumpiſh down-caſt look, 'a ſober ſedate pace, with both hands dangling quiet 'and ſteady in lines exactly parallel to each lateral 'pocket of the galligaſkins, is logic, metaphyſics and 'mathematics in perfection. So likewiſe the Belles 'Lettres are typified by a ſaunter in the gait, a fall 'of one wing of the peruke backward, an inſertion of 'one hand in the fob, and a negligent ſwing of the 'other, with a pinch of right and fine Barcelona between 'finger and thumb, a due quantity of the ſame upon 'the upper lip, and a noddle caſe loaden with pulvil. 'Again, a grave ſolemn ſtalking pace is heroic poetry, 'and politics; an unequal one, a genius for the ode, 'and the modern ballad; and an open breaſt, with an 'audacious diſplay of the holland ſhirt, is conſtrued a 'fatal tendency to the art military.

'I might be much larger upon theſe hints, but I know 'whom I write to. If you can graft any ſpeculation 'upon them, or turn them to the advantage of the per-'ſons concerned in them, you will do a work very be-'coming the Britiſh SPECTATOR, and oblige

'Your very humble ſervant,

'TOM TWEER.'

Nº 519. Saturday, October 25.

Inde hominum pecudumque genus, vitæque volantum,
Et quæ marmoreo fert monſtra ſub æquore pontus.
VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 728.

Hence men and beaſts the breath of life obtain,
And birds of air, and monſters of the main.
DRYDEN.

THOUGH there is a great deal of pleaſure in contemplating the material world, by which I mean that ſyſtem of bodies into which nature has ſo curiouſly wrought the maſs of dead matter, with the ſeveral relations which thoſe bodies bear to one another; there is ſtill, methinks, ſomething more wonderful and ſurpriſing in contemplations on the world of life, by which I mean all thoſe animals with which every part of the univerſe is furniſhed. The material world is only the ſhell of the univerſe: the world of life are its inhabitants.

If we conſider thoſe parts of the material world which lie the neareſt to us, and are therefore ſubject to our obſervations and inquiries, it is amazing to conſider the infinity of animals with which it is ſtocked. Every part of matter is peopled; every green leaf ſwarms with inhabitants. There is ſcarce a ſingle humour in the body of a man, or of any other animal, in which our glaſſes do not diſcover myriads of living creatures. The ſurface of animals is alſo covered with other animals, which are in the ſame manner the baſis of other animals that live upon it; nay, we find in the moſt ſolid bodies, as in marble itſelf, innumerable cells and cavities that are crouded with ſuch imperceptible inhabitants, as are too little for the naked eye to diſcover. On the other hand, if we look into the more bulky parts of nature, we ſee the ſeas, lakes and rivers teeming with numberleſs kinds of living creatures: we find every mountain and marſh, wilderneſs and wood, plentifully ſtocked with

birds and beaſts, and every part of matter affording proper neceſſaries and conveniencies for the livelihood of multitudes which inhabit it.

The author of the Plurality of Worlds draws a very good argument from this conſideration, for the peopling of every planet; as indeed it ſeems very probable from the analogy of reaſon, that if no part of matter, which we are acquainted with, lies waſte and uſeleſs, thoſe great bodies, which are at ſuch a diſtance from us, ſhould not be deſert and unpeopled, but rather that they ſhould be furniſhed with beings adapted to their reſpective ſituations.

Exiſtence is a bleſſing to thoſe beings only which are endowed with perception, and is in a manner thrown away upon dead matter, any farther than as it is ſubſervient to beings which are conſcious of their exiſtence. Accordingly we find, from the bodies which lie under our obſervation, that matter is only made as the baſis and ſupport of animals, and that there is no more of the one, than what is neceſſary for the exiſtence of the other.

Infinite goodneſs is of ſo communicative a nature, that it ſeems to delight in the conferring of exiſtence upon every degree of perceptive being. As this is a ſpeculation, which I have often purſued with great pleaſure to myſelf, I ſhall enlarge farther upon it, by conſidering that part of the ſcale of beings which comes within our knowledge.

There are ſome living creatures which are raiſed but juſt above dead matter. To mention only that ſpecies of ſhell-fiſh, which are formed in the faſhion of a cone, that grow to the ſurface of ſeveral rocks, and immediately die upon their being ſevered from the place where they grow. There are many other creatures but one remove from theſe, which have no other ſenſe beſides that of feeling and taſte. Others have ſtill an additional one of hearing; others of ſmell, and others of ſight. It is wonderful to obſerve, by what a gradual progreſs the world of life advances through a prodigious variety of ſpecies, before a creature is formed that is complete in all its ſenſes; and even among theſe there is ſuch a different degree of perfection in the ſenſe which one animal enjoys beyond what appears in

another, that though the ſenſe in different animals be diſtinguiſhed by the ſame common denomination, it ſeems almoſt of a different nature. If after this we look into the ſeveral inward perfections of cunning and ſagacity, or what we generally call inſtinct, we find them riſing after the ſame manner imperceptibly one above another, and receiving additional improvements, according to the ſpecies in which they are implanted. This progreſs in nature is ſo very gradual, that the moſt perfect of an inferior ſpecies comes very near to the moſt imperfect of that which is immediately above it.

The exuberant and overflowing goodneſs of the Supreme Being, whoſe mercy extends to all his works, is plainly ſeen, as I have before hinted, from his having made ſo very little matter, at leaſt what falls within our knowledge, that does not ſwarm with life: nor is his goodneſs leſs ſeen in the diverſity, than in the multitude of living creatures. Had he only made one ſpecies of animals, none of the reſt would have enjoyed the happineſs of exiſtence; he has, therefore, ſpecified in his creation, every degree of life, every capacity of being. The whole chaſm in nature, from a plant to a man, is filled up with diverſe kinds of creatures, riſing one over another, by ſuch a gentle and eaſy aſcent, that the little tranſitions and deviations from one ſpecies to another, are almoſt inſenſible. This intermediate ſpace is ſo well huſbanded and managed, that there is ſcarce a degree of perception which does not appear in ſome one part of the world of life. Is the goodneſs or wiſdom of the Divine Being more manifeſted in this his proceeding?

There is a conſequence, beſides thoſe I have already mentioned, which ſeems very naturally deducible from the foregoing conſiderations. If the ſcale of being riſes by ſuch a regular progreſs, ſo high as man, we may by a parity of reaſon ſuppoſe that it ſtill proceeds gradually through thoſe beings which are of a ſuperior nature to him; ſince there is an infinitely greater ſpace and room for different degrees of perfection, between the Supreme Being and man, than between man and the moſt deſpicable inſect. The conſequence of ſo great a variety of beings which are ſuperior to us, from that

variety which is inferior to us, is made by Mr. Locke, in a paſſage which I ſhall here ſet down, after having premiſed, that notwithſtanding there is ſuch infinite room between man and his Maker for the creative power to exert itſelf in, it is impoſſible that it ſhould ever be filled up, ſince there will be ſtill an infinite gap or diſtance between the higheſt created being, and the power which produced him.

"That there ſhould be more ſpecies of intelligent "creatures above us, than there are of ſenſible and ma- "terial below us, is probable to me from hence; that "in all the viſible corporeal world, we ſee no chaſms, "or no gaps. All quite down from us, the deſcent "is by eaſy ſteps, and a continued ſeries of things, "that in each remove differ very little one from the "other. There are fiſhes that have wings, and are "not ſtrangers to the airy region: and there are ſome "birds, that are inhabitants of the water; whoſe blood "is cold as fiſhes, and their fleſh ſo like in taſte, that "the ſcrupulous are allowed them on fiſh days. There "are animals ſo near of kin both to birds and beaſts, "that they are in the middle between both: amphibi- "ous animals link the terreſtrial and aquatic together: "ſeals live at land and at ſea, and porpoiſes have the "warm blood and entrails of a hog; not to mention "what is confidently reported of mermaids or ſea-men. "There are ſome brutes, that ſeem to have as much "knowledge and reaſon, as ſome that are called men; "and the animal and vegetable kingdoms are ſo nearly "joined, that if you will take the loweſt of one, and the "higheſt of the other, there will ſcarce be perceived "any great difference between them: and ſo on until "we come to the loweſt and the moſt inorganical parts "of matter, we ſhall find every where that the ſeveral "ſpecies are linked together, and differ but in almoſt "inſenſible degrees. And when we conſider the infi- "nite power and wiſdom of the Maker, we have reaſon "to think that it is ſuitable to the magnificent harmony "of the univerſe, and the great deſign and infinite "goodneſs of the Architect, that the ſpecies of creatures "ſhould alſo by gentle degrees aſcend upward from us "toward his infinite perfection, as we ſee they gradually

" deſcend from us downward: which if it be probable, " we have reaſon then to be perſuaded, that there are " far more ſpecies of creatures above us, than there are " beneath; we being in degrees of perfection much more " remote from the infinite being of God, than we are " from the loweſt ſtate of being, and that which ap- " proaches neareſt to nothing. And yet of all thoſe " diſtinct ſpecies, we have no clear diſtinct ideas."

In this ſyſtem of being, there is no creature ſo wonderful in its nature, and which ſo much deſerves our particular attention as man, who fills up the middle ſpace between the animal and intellectual nature, the viſible and inviſible world, and is that link in the chain of beings, which has been often termed the *Nexus utriuſque mundi*. So that he who in one reſpect is aſſociated with angels and arch-angels, may look upon a being of infinite perfection as his father, and the higheſt order of ſpirits as his brethren, may in another reſpect ſay to corruption, " Thou art my father," and to the worm, " Thou art my mother and my ſiſter." O.

Nº 520. Monday, October 27.

Quis deſiderio ſit pudor aut modus
Tam chari capitis?— HOR. Od. 24. l. 1. ver. 1.

And who can grieve too much? What time ſhall end
Our mourning for ſo dear a friend? CREECH.

' Mr. SPECTATOR,

' THE juſt value you have expreſſed for the matrimonial ſtate, is the reaſon that I now venture ' to write to you, without fear of being ridiculous; ' and confeſs to you, that though it is three months ' ſince I loſt a very agreeable woman, who was my wife, ' my ſorrow is ſtill freſh; and I am often, in the midſt ' of company, upon any circumſtance that revives her ' memory, with a reflection of what ſhe would ſay or do ' on ſuch an occaſion: I ſay, upon any occurrence of

'that nature, which I can give you a ſenſe of, though 'I cannot expreſs it wholly, I am all over ſoftneſs, 'and am obliged to retire, and give way to a few 'ſighs and tears, before I can be eaſy. I cannot but 'recommend the ſubject of male widowhood to you, 'and beg of you to touch upon it by the firſt opportu-'nity. To thoſe who have not lived like huſbands 'during the lives of their ſpouſes, this would be a 'taſteleſs jumble of words; but to ſuch (of whom there 'are not a few) who have enjoyed that ſtate with the 'ſentiments proper for it, you will have every line, 'which hits the ſorrow, attended with a tear of pity, 'and conſolation. For I know not by what goodneſs 'of Providence it is, that every guſh of paſſion is a 'ſtep towards the relief of it; and there is a certain 'comfort in the very act of ſorrow, which, I ſuppoſe, 'ariſes from a ſecret conſciouſneſs in the mind, that 'the affliction it is under flows from a virtuous cauſe. 'My concern is not indeed ſo outrageous as at the 'firſt tranſport; for I think it has ſubſided rather 'into a ſober ſtate of mind, than any actual pertur-'bation of ſpirit. There might be rules formed for 'mens behaviour on this great incident, to bring them 'from that misfortune into the condition I am at pre-'ſent; which is, I think, that my ſorrow has con-'verted all roughneſs of temper into meekneſs, good-'nature, and complacency: but indeed, when in a 'ſerious and lonely hour I preſent my departed con-'ſort to my imagination, with that air of perſuaſion 'in her countenance when I have been in paſſion, that 'ſweet affability when I have been in good humour, 'that tender compaſſion when I have had any thing 'which gave me uneaſineſs; I confeſs to you I am 'inconſolable, and my eyes guſh with grief as if I 'had ſeen her but juſt then expire. In this condition 'I am broken in upon by a charming young woman, 'my daughter, who is the picture of what her mother 'was on her wedding-day. The good girl ſtrives to 'comfort me; but how ſhall I let you know that all 'the comfort ſhe gives me is to make my tears flow 'more eaſily? The child knows ſhe quickens my ſor-'rows, and rejoices my heart at the ſame time. Oh,

'ye learned! tell me by what word to ſpeak a motion 'of the ſoul, for which there is no name. When 'ſhe kneels and bids me be comforted, ſhe is my 'child; when I take her in my arms and bid her ſay 'no more, ſhe is my very wife, and is the very com-'forter I lament the loſs of. I baniſh her the room, 'and weep aloud that I have loſt her mother, and that 'I have her.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, I wiſh it were poſſible for you to 'have a ſenſe of theſe pleaſing perplexities; you might 'communicate to the guilty part of mankind, that 'they are incapable of the happineſs which is in the 'very ſorrows of the virtuous.

'But pray ſpare me a little longer; give me leave 'to tell you the manner of her death. She took leave 'of all her family, and bore the vain application of me-'dicines with the greateſt patience imaginable. When 'the phyſician told her ſhe muſt certainly die, ſhe de-'ſired, as well as ſhe could, that all who were preſent, 'except myſelf, might depart the room. She ſaid ſhe 'had nothing to ſay, for ſhe was reſigned, and I knew 'all ſhe knew that concerned us in this world; but ſhe 'deſired to be alone, that in the preſence of God only 'ſhe might, without interruption, do her laſt duty to 'me, of thanking me for all my kindneſs to her; add-'ing, that ſhe hoped in my laſt moments I ſhould feel 'the ſame comfort for my goodneſs to her, as ſhe did 'in that ſhe had acquitted herſelf with honour, truth 'and virtue to me.

'I curb myſelf, and will not tell you that this kind-'neſs cut my heart in twain, when I expected an ac-'cuſation for ſome paſſionate ſtarts of mine, in ſome 'parts of our time together, to ſay nothing but thank 'me for the good, if there was any good ſuitable to her 'own excellence! All that I had ever ſaid to her, all 'the circumſtances of ſorrow and joy between us, 'crouded upon my mind in the ſame inſtant; and when 'immediately after I ſaw the pangs of death come upon 'that dear body which I had often embraced with 'tranſport, when I ſaw thoſe cheriſhing eyes begin to 'be ghaſtly, and their laſt ſtruggle to be to fix them-'ſelves on me, how did I loſe all patience! She expired

in my arms, and in my diſtraction I thought I ſaw her boſom ſtill heave. There was certainly life yet ſtill left; I cried, ſhe juſt now ſpoke to me: but alas! I grew giddy, and all things moved about me from the diſtemper of my own head; for the beſt of women was breathleſs, and gone for ever.

'Now the doctrine I would, methinks, have you raiſe from this account I have given you, is, that there is a certain equanimity in thoſe who are good and juſt, which runs into their very ſorrow, and diſappoints the force of it. Though they muſt paſs through afflictions in common with all who are in human nature, yet their conſcious integrity ſhall undermine their affliction; nay, that very affliction ſhall add force to their integrity, from a reflection of the uſe of virtue in the hour of affliction. I ſat down with a deſign to put you upon giving us rules how to overcome ſuch griefs as theſe, but I ſhould rather adviſe you to teach men to be capable of them.

'You men of letters have what you call the fine taſte in your apprehenſions of what is properly done or ſaid: there is ſomething like this deeply grafted in the ſoul of him who is honeſt and faithful in all his thoughts and actions. Every thing which is falſe, vicious or unworthy, is deſpicable to him, though all the world ſhould approve it. At the ſame time he has the moſt lively ſenſibility in all enjoyments and ſufferings which it is proper for him to have, where any duty of life is concerned. To want ſorrow when you in decency and truth ſhould be afflicted, is, I ſhould think, a greater inſtance of a man's being a blockhead, than not to know the beauty of any paſſage in Virgil. You have not yet obſerved, Mr. SPECTATOR, that the fine gentlemen of this age ſet up for hardneſs of heart, and humanity has very little ſhare in their pretences. He is a brave fellow who is always ready to kill a man he hates, but he does not ſtand in the ſame degree of eſteem who laments for a woman he loves. I ſhould fancy you might work up a thouſand pretty thoughts, by reflecting upon the perſons moſt ſuſceptible of the ſort of ſorrow I have ſpoken of; and I dare ſay you will find upon examination,

'that they are the wiſeſt and the braveſt of mankind 'who are the moſt capable of it. I am, Sir,

Norwich,
7° Octobris, 1712. 'Your moſt humble ſervant,

T. 'F. J.'

N° 521. Tueſday, October 28.

Vera redit facies, diſſimulata perit. P. Arb.
The real face returns, the counterfeit is loſt.

'Mr. Spectator,

'I HAVE been for many years loud in this aſſertion, that there are very few that can ſee or hear, 'I mean that can report what they have ſeen or 'heard; and this through incapacity or prejudice, one 'of which diſables almoſt every man who talks to you 'from repreſenting things as he ought. For which 'reaſon I am come to a reſolution of believing nothing 'I hear; and I contemn the man given to narrations 'under the appellation of a matter-of-fact man: and 'according to me, a matter-of-fact man is one whoſe 'life and converſation is ſpent in the report of what is 'not matter-of-fact.

'I remember when prince Eugene was here, there 'was no knowing his height or figure, until you, Mr. 'Spectator, gave the public ſatisfaction in that 'matter. In relations, the force of the expreſſion lies 'very often more in the look, the tone of voice, or the 'geſture, than the words themſelves; which being re-'peated in any other manner by the undiſcerning, bear 'a very different interpretation from their original 'meaning. I muſt confeſs, I formerly have turned this 'humour of mine to a very good account; for whenever 'I heard any narration uttered with extraordinary ve-'hemence, and grounded upon conſiderable authority, 'I was always ready to lay any wager that it was not

ſo: indeed I never pretended to be ſo raſh, as to fix the matter any particular way in oppoſition to theirs; but as there are a hundred ways of any thing happening, beſides that it has happened, I only controverted its falling out in that one manner as they ſettled it, and left it to the ninety-nine other ways, and conſequently had more probability of ſucceſs. I had arrived at a particular ſkill in warming a man ſo far in his narration, as to make him throw in a little of the marvellous, and then, if he has much fire, the next degree is the impoſſible. Now this is always the time for fixing the wager. But this requires the niceſt management, otherwiſe very probably the diſpute may ariſe to the old determination by battle. In theſe conceits I have been very fortunate, and have won ſome wagers of thoſe who have profeſſedly valued themſelves upon intelligence, and have put themſelves to great charge and expence to be miſinformed conſiderably ſooner than the reſt of the world.

'Having got a comfortable ſum by this my oppoſition to public report, I have brought myſelf now to ſo great a perfection in inattention, more eſpecially to party-relations, that at the ſame time I ſeem with greedy ears to devour up the diſcourſe, I certainly do not know one word of it, but purſue my own courſe of thought, whether upon buſineſs or amuſement, with much tranquillity: I ſay inattention, becauſe a late act of parliament has ſecured all party-liars from the penalty of a wager, and conſequently made it unprofitable to attend to them. However, good-breeding obliges a man to maintain the figure of the keeneſt attention, the true poſture of which in a coffee-houſe I take to conſiſt in leaning over a table, with the edge of it preſſing hard upon your ſtomach: for the more pain the narration is received with, the more gracious is your bending over. Beſides that the narrator thinks you forget your pain, by the pleaſure of hearing him.

'Fort Knock has occaſioned ſeveral very perplexed and inelegant heats and animoſities; and there was one the other day in a coffee-houſe where I was, that took upon him to clear that buſineſs to me, for he

'ſaid he was there. I knew him to be that ſort of man
'that had not ſtrength of capacity to be informed of
'any thing that depended merely upon his being an
'eye-witneſs, and therefore was fully ſatisfied he could
'give me no information, for the very ſame reaſon he
'believed he could, for he was there. However, I
'heard him with the ſame greedineſs as Shakeſpeare
'deſcribes in the following lines;

"I ſaw a ſmith ſtand on his hammer, thus,
"With open mouth, ſwallowing a taylor's news."

'I confeſs of late I have not been ſo much amazed at
'the declaimers in coffee-houſes as I formerly was, be-
'ing ſatisfied that they expect to be rewarded for their
'vociferations. Of theſe liars there are two ſorts. The
'genius of the firſt conſiſts in much impudence and a
'ſtrong memory; the others have added to theſe quali-
'fications a good underſtanding and ſmooth language.
'Theſe therefore have only certain heads, which they
'are as eloquent upon as they can, and may be called
'Embelliſhers; the others repeat only what they hear
'from others as literally as their parts or zeal will per-
'mit, and are called Reciters. Here was a fellow in
'town ſome years ago, who uſed to divert himſelf by
'telling a lie at Charing Croſs in the morning at eight
'of the clock, and then following it through all parts
'of the town, until eight at night; at which time he
'came to a club of his friends, and diverted them
'with an account what cenſure it had at Will's in Co-
'vent Garden, how dangerous it was believed to be at
'Child's, and what inference they drew from it with
'relation to ſtocks at Jonathan's. I have had the ho-
'nour to travel with this gentleman I ſpeak of in ſearch
'of one of his falſehoods; and have been preſent when
'they have deſcribed the very man they have ſpoken
'to, as him who firſt reported it, tall or ſhort, black or
'fair, a gentleman or a raggamuffin, according as they
'liked the intelligence. I have heard one of our in-
'genious writers of news ſay, that when he has had a
'cuſtomer come with an advertiſement of an appren-
'tice or a wife run away, he has deſired the advertiſer
'to compoſe himſelf a little, before he dictated the

'deſcription of the offender: for when a perſon is put 'into a public paper by a man who is angry with him, 'the real deſcription of ſuch perſon is hid in the de- 'formity with which the angry man deſcribed him; 'therefore this fellow always made his cuſtomer de- 'ſcribe him as he would the day before he offended, or 'elſe he was ſure he would never find him out. Theſe 'and many other hints I could ſuggeſt to you for the 'elucidation of all fictions; but I leave it to your own 'ſagacity to improve or neglect this ſpeculation.

'I am, Sir,

'Your moſt obedient,

'humble ſervant.'

Poſtſcript to the Spectator, Number 502.

N. B. There are in the play of the Self-Tormenter of Terence, which is allowed a moſt excellent comedy, ſeveral incidents which would draw tears from any man of ſenſe, and not one which would move his laughter. T.

Nº 522. Wedneſday, October 29.

——Adjuro nunquam eam me deſerturum;
Non, ſi capiundos mihi ſciam eſſe inimicos omnes homines.
Hanc mihi expetivi; contigit: conveniunt mores: valeant,
Qui inter nos diſcidium volunt: hanc, niſi mors, mi
adimet nemo. TER. Andr. Act. 4. Sc. 2.

I ſwear never to forſake her; no, though I were ſure to make all men my enemies: her I deſired; her I have obtained; our humours agree: periſh all thoſe who would ſeparate us! Death alone ſhall deprive me of her.

I SHOULD eſteem myſelf a very happy man, if my ſpeculations could in the leaſt contribute to the rectifying the conduct of my readers in one of the moſt important affairs of life, to wit, their choice in marriage. This ſtate is the foundation of community, and the chief

band of ſociety; and I do not think I can be too frequent on ſubjects which may give light to my unmarried readers in a particular which is ſo eſſential to their following happineſs or miſery. A virtuous diſpoſition, a good underſtanding, an agreeable perſon, and an eaſy fortune, are the things which ſhould be chiefly regarded on this occaſion. Becauſe my preſent view is to direct a young lady, who, I think, is now in doubt whom to take of many lovers, I ſhall talk at this time to my female reader. The advantages, as I was going to ſay, of ſenſe, beauty and riches, are what are certainly the chief motives to a prudent young woman of fortune for changing her condition; but as ſhe is to have her eye upon each of theſe, ſhe is to aſk herſelf whether the man who has moſt of theſe recommendations in the lump is not the moſt deſirable. He that has excellent talents, with a moderate eſtate, and an agreeable perſon, is preferable to him who is only rich, if it were only that good faculties may purchaſe riches, but riches cannot purchaſe worthy endowments. I do not mean that wit, and a capacity to entertain, is what ſhould be highly valued, except it is founded upon good-nature and humanity. There are many ingenious men, whoſe abilities do little elſe but make themſelves and thoſe about them uneaſy: ſuch are thoſe who are far gone in the pleaſures of the town, who cannot ſupport life without quick ſenſations and gay reflections, and are ſtrangers to tranquillity, to right reaſon, and a calm motion of ſpirits without tranſport or dejection. Theſe ingenious men, of all men living, are moſt to be avoided by her who would be happy in a huſband. They are immediately ſated with poſſeſſion, and muſt neceſſarily fly to new acquiſitions of beauty, to paſs away the whiling moments and intervals of life; for with them every hour is heavy that is not joyful. But there is a ſort of man of wit and ſenſe, that can reflect upon his own make, and that of his partner with the eyes of reaſon and honour, and who believes he offends againſt both theſe, if he does not look upon the woman (who choſe him to be under his protection in ſickneſs and health) with the utmoſt gratitude, whether from that moment ſhe

is ſhining or defective in perſon or mind: I ſay, there are thoſe who think themſelves bound to ſupply with good-nature the failings of thoſe who love them, and who always think thoſe the objects of love and pity, who came to their arms the objects of joy and admiration.

Of this latter ſort is Lyſander, a man of wit, learning, ſobriety, and good-nature, of birth and eſtate below no woman to accept, and of whom it might be ſaid, ſhould he ſucceed in his preſent wiſhes, his miſtreſs raiſed his fortune, but not that ſhe made it. When a woman is deliberating with herſelf whom ſhe ſhall chooſe of many near each other in other pretenſions, certainly he of beſt underſtanding is to be preferred. Life hangs heavily in the repeated converſation of one who has no imagination to be fired at the ſeveral occaſions and objects which come before him, or who cannot ſtrike out of his reflections new paths of pleaſing diſcourſe. Honeſt Will Thraſh and his wife, though not married above four months, have ſcarce had a word to ſay to each other this ſix weeks; and one cannot form to one's ſelf a ſillier picture than theſe two creatures in ſolemn pomp and plenty unable to enjoy their fortunes, and at a full ſtop among a croud of ſervants, to whoſe taſte of life they are beholden for the little ſatisfactions by which they can be underſtood to be ſo much as barely in being. The hours of the day, the diſtinctions of noon and night, dinner and ſupper, are the greateſt notices they are capable of. This is perhaps repreſenting the life of a very modeſt woman, joined to a dull fellow, more inſipid than it really deſerves; but I am ſure it is not to exalt the commerce with an ingenious companion too high, to ſay that every new accident or object, which comes into ſuch a gentleman's way, gives his wife new pleaſures and ſatisfactions. The approbation of his words and actions is a continual new feaſt to her, nor can ſhe enough applaud her good-fortune in having her life varied every hour, her mind more improved, and her heart more glad from every circumſtance which they meet with. He will lay out his invention in forming new pleaſures and amuſements, and make the fortune

ſhe has brought him ſubſervient to the honour and reputation of her and hers. A man of ſenſe who is thus obliged, is ever contriving the happineſs of her who did him ſo great a diſtinction; while the fool is ungrateful without vice, and never returns a favour becauſe he is not ſenſible of it. I would, methinks, have ſo much to ſay for myſelf, that if I fell into the hands of him who treated me ill, he ſhould be ſenſible when he did ſo: his conſcience ſhould be of my ſide, whatever became of his inclination. I do not know but it is the inſipid choice which has been made by thoſe who have the care of young women, that the marriage ſtate itſelf has been liable to ſo much ridicule. But a well choſen love, moved by paſſion on both ſides, and perfected by the generoſity of one party, muſt be adorned with ſo many handſome incidents on the other ſide, that every particular couple would be an example in many circumſtances to all the reſt of the ſpecies. I ſhall end the chat upon this ſubject with a couple of letters, one from a lover, who is very well acquainted with the way of bargaining on theſe occaſions; and the other from his rival, who has a leſs eſtate, but great gallantry of temper. As for my man of prudence, he makes love, as he ſays, as if he were already a father, and laying aſide the paſſion, comes to the reaſon of the thing.

'MADAM,

'MY counſel has peruſed the inventory of your 'eſtate, and conſidered what eſtate you have, which 'it ſeems, is only yours, and to the male-heirs of 'your body; but, in default of ſuch iſſue, to the 'right heirs of your uncle Edward for ever. Thus, 'madam, I am adviſed you cannot (the remainder not 'being in you) dock the entail; by which means my 'eſtate, which is fee-ſimple, will come by the ſettle-'ment propoſed to your children begotten by me, 'whether they are males or females: but my children 'begotten upon you will not inherit your lands, ex-'cept I beget a ſon. Now, madam, ſince things are 'ſo, you are a woman of that prudence, and underſtand

'the world ſo well, as not to expect I ſhould give you 'more than you can give me.

'I am, Madam,

'(with great reſpect)

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

'T. W.'

The other lover's eſtate is leſs than this gentleman's, but he expreſſed himſelf as follows:

'MADAM,

'I HAVE given in my eſtate to your counſel, and 'deſired my own lawyer to inſiſt upon no terms which 'your friends can propoſe for your certain eaſe and ad- 'vantage; for indeed I have no notion of making dif- 'ficulties of preſenting you with what cannot make me 'happy without you.

'I am, Madam,

'Your moſt devoted humble ſervant,

'B. T.'

You muſt know the relations have met upon this, and the girl being mightily taken with the latter epiſtle, ſhe is laughed at, and uncle Edward is to be dealt with to make her a ſuitable match to the worthy gentleman who has told her he does not care a farthing for her. All I hope for is that the lady fair will make uſe of the firſt light night to ſhew B. T. ſhe underſtands a marriage is not to be conſidered as a common bargain.

T.

Nº 523. Thurſday, October 30.

——Nunc augur Apollo,
Nunc Lyciæ ſortes, nunc & Jove miſſus ab ipſo
Interpres Divûm fert horrida juſſa per auras.
Scilicet is ſuperis labor—— VIRG. Æn. 4. ver. 376.

Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god;
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful ſtate
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate!
DRYDEN.

I AM always highly delighted with the diſcovery of any riſing genius among my countrymen. For this reaſon I have read over, with great pleaſure, the late miſcellany publiſhed by Mr. Pope, in which there are many excellent compoſitions of that ingenious gentleman. I have had a pleaſure of the ſame kind in peruſing a poem that is juſt publiſhed "on the proſpect of peace," and which, I hope, will meet with ſuch a reward from its patrons, as ſo noble a performance deſerves. I was particularly well pleaſed to find that the author had not amuſed himſelf with fables out of the pagan theology, and that when he hints at any thing of this nature he alludes to it only as to a fable.

Many of our modern authors, whoſe learning very often extends no farther than Ovid's Metamorphoſes, do not know how to celebrate a great man, without mixing a parcel of ſchool-boy tales with the recital of his actions. If you read a poem on a fine woman, among the authors of this claſs, you ſhall ſee that it turns more upon Venus or Helen, than on the party concerned. I have known a copy of verſes on a great hero highly commended; but upon aſking to hear ſome of the beautiful paſſages, the admirer of it has repeated to me a ſpeech of Apollo, or a deſcription of Polypheme. At other times when I have ſearched for the actions of a

great man, who gave a ſubject to the writer, I have been entertained with the exploits of a river-god, or have been forced to attend a fury in her miſchievous progreſs, from one end of the poem to the other. When we are at ſchool it is neceſſary for us to be acquainted with the ſyſtem of pagan theology, and may be allowed to enliven a theme, or point an epigram with a heathen god; but when we would write a manly panegyric, that ſhould carry in it all the colours of truth, nothing can be more ridiculous than to have recourſe to our Jupiters and Junos.

No thought is beautiful which is not juſt, and no thought can be juſt which is not founded in truth, or at leaſt in that which paſſes for ſuch.

In mock heroic poems, the uſe of the heathen mythology is not only excuſable but graceful, becauſe it is the deſign of ſuch compoſitions to divert, by adapting the fabulous machines of the ancients to low ſubjects, and at the ſame time by ridiculing ſuch kinds of machinery in modern writers. If any are of opinion, that there is a neceſſity of admitting theſe claſſical legends into our ſerious compoſitions, in order to give them a more poetical turn; I would recommend to their conſideration the paſtorals of Mr. Phillips. One would have thought it impoſſible for this kind of poetry, to have ſubſiſted without fawns and ſatyrs, wood-nymphs, and water-nymphs, with all the tribe of rural deities. But we ſee he has given a new life, and a more natural beauty to this way of writing, by ſubſtituting in the place of theſe antiquated fables, the ſuperſtitious mythology which prevails among the ſhepherds of our own country.

Virgil and Homer might compliment their heroes, by interweaving the actions of deities with their atchievements; but for a Chriſtian author to write in the pagan creed, to make prince Eugene a favourite of Mars, or to carry on a correſpondence between Bellona and the marſhal de Villars, would be downright puerility, and unpardonable in a poet that is paſt ſixteen. It is want of ſufficient elevation in a genius to deſcribe realities, and place them in a ſhining light, that makes him have recourſe to ſuch trifling antiquated

fables; as a man may write a fine deſcription of Bacchus or Apollo, that does not know how to draw the character of any of his contemporaries.

In order therefore to put a ſtop to this abſurd practice, I ſhall publiſh the following edict by virtue of that ſpectatorial authority with which I ſtand inveſted.

'WHEREAS the time of a general peace is, in 'all appearance, drawing near, being informed that 'there are ſeveral ingenious perſons who intend to 'ſhew their talents on ſo happy an occaſion, and be- 'ing willing as much as in me lies, to prevent that 'effuſion of nonſenſe, which we have good cauſe to 'apprehend; I do hereby ſtrictly require every perſon, 'who ſhall write on this ſubject, to remember that he 'is a Chriſtian, and not to ſacrifice his catechiſm to his 'poetry. In order to it, I do expect of him in the firſt 'place to make his own poem, without depending 'upon Phœbus for any part of it, or calling out for aid 'upon any one of the Muſes by name. I do likewiſe 'poſitively forbid the ſending of Mercury with any 'particular meſſage or diſpatch relating to the peace, 'and ſhall by no means ſuffer Minerva to take upon 'her the ſhape of any plenipotentiary concerned in 'this great work. I do further declare, that I ſhall 'not allow the deſtinies to have had a hand in the 'deaths of the ſeveral thouſands who have been ſlain 'in the late war, being of opinion that all ſuch deaths 'may be very well accounted for by the Chriſtian ſyſtem 'of powder and ball. I do therefore ſtrictly forbid 'the fates to cut the thread of man's life upon any pre- 'tence whatſoever, unleſs it be for the ſake of the 'rhyme. And whereas I have good reaſon to fear, 'that Neptune will have a great deal of buſineſs on his 'hands, in ſeveral poems which we may now ſuppoſe 'are upon the anvil, I do alſo prohibit his appearance, 'unleſs it be done in metaphor, ſimile, or any very 'ſhort alluſion, and that even here he be not permitted 'to enter but with great caution and circumſpection. 'I deſire that the ſame rule may be extended to his 'whole fraternity of heathen gods, it being my deſign 'to condemn every poem to the flames in which Jupiter

'thunders, or exercises any other act of authority which 'does not belong to him: in short, I expect that no pa- 'gan agent shall be introduced, or any fact related which 'a man cannot give credit to with a good conscience. 'Provided always that nothing herein contained shall 'extend, or be construed to extend, to several of the 'female poets in this nation, who shall still be left in full 'possession of their gods and goddesses in the same man- 'ner as if this paper had never been written.' O.

N° 524. Friday, October 31.

Nos populo damus—— SEN.

—As the world leads, we follow.

WHEN I first of all took it in my head to write dreams and visions, I determined to print nothing of that nature, which was not of my own invention. But several laborious dreamers have of late communicated to me works of this nature, which, for their reputations and my own, I have hitherto suppressed. Had I printed every one that came to my hands, my book of speculations would have been little else but a book of visions. Some of my correspondents have indeed been so very modest, as to offer at an excuse for their not being in a capacity to dream better. I have by me, for example, the dream of a young gentleman not past fifteen. I have likewise by me the dream of a person of quality, and another called the lady's dream. In these, and other pieces of the same nature, it is supposed the usual allowances will be made to the age, condition and sex of the dreamer. To prevent this inundation of dreams, which daily flows in upon me, I shall apply to all dreamers of dreams, the advice which Epictetus has couched, after his manner, in a very simple and concise precept. "Never "tell thy dream," says that philosopher, "for though "thou thyself mayest take a pleasure in telling thy

" dream, another will take no pleaſure in hearing it." After this ſhort preface, I muſt do juſtice to two or three viſions which I have lately publiſhed, and which I have owned to have been written by other hands. I ſhall add a dream to theſe, which comes to me from Scotland, by one who declares himſelf of that country, and for all I know may be ſecond-ſighted. There is, indeed, ſomething in it of the ſpirit of John Bunyan; but at the ſame time a certain ſublime, which that author was never maſter of. I ſhall publiſh it becauſe I queſtion not but it will fall in with the taſte of all my popular readers, and amuſe the imaginations of thoſe who are more profound; declaring at the ſame time, that this is the laſt dream which I intend to publiſh this ſeaſon.

'SIR,

'I WAS laſt Sunday in the evening led into a 'ſerious reflection on the reaſonableneſs of virtue, and 'great folly of vice, from an excellent ſermon I had 'heard that afternoon in my pariſh-church. Among other 'obſervations, the preacher ſhewed us that the temp-'tations which the tempter propoſed, were all on a 'ſuppoſition, that we are either madmen or fools, or 'with an intention to render us ſuch; that in no other 'affair we would ſuffer ourſelves to be thus impoſed 'upon, in a caſe ſo plainly and clearly againſt our vi-'ſible intereſt. His illuſtrations and arguments carried 'ſo much perſuaſion and conviction with them, that 'they remained a conſiderable while freſh, and working 'in my memory; until at laſt the mind, fatigued with 'thought, gave way to the forcible oppreſſions of ſlum-'ber and ſleep, whilſt fancy, unwilling yet to drop the 'ſubject, preſented me with the following viſion.

'Methought I was juſt awoke out of a ſleep, that I 'could never remember the beginning of; the place 'where I found myſelf to be, was a wide and ſpacious 'plain, full of people that wandered up and down 'through ſeveral beaten paths, whereof ſome few were 'ſtraight, and in direct lines, but moſt of them wind-'ing and turning like a labyrinth; but yet it appeared 'to me afterwards, that theſe laſt all met in one iſſue, 'ſo that many that ſeemed to ſteer quite contrary

'courſes, did at length meet and face one another, to the 'no little amazement of many of them.

'In the midſt of the plain there was a great fountain: 'they called it the ſpring of Self-love; out of it iſſued 'two rivulets to the eaſtward and weſtward; the name 'of the firſt was Heavenly-Wiſdom, its water was won-'derfully clear, but of a yet more wonderful effect; the 'other's name was Worldly-Wiſdom, its water was 'thick, and yet far from being dormant or ſtagnating, 'for it was in a continual violent agitation; which 'kept the travellers, whom I ſhall mention by and by, 'from being ſenſible of the foulneſs and thickneſs of the 'water, which had this effect, that it intoxicated thoſe 'who drunk it, and made them miſtake every object 'that lay before them: both rivulets were parted near 'their ſprings into ſo many others, as there were ſtraight 'and crooked paths, which they attended all along to 'their reſpective iſſues.

'I obſerved from the ſeveral paths many now and 'then diverting, to refreſh and otherwiſe qualify them-'ſelves for their journey, to the reſpective rivulets that 'ran near them; they contracted a very obſervable cou-'rage and ſteadineſs in what they were about, by drink-'ing theſe waters. At the end of the perſpective of 'every ſtraight path, all which did end in one iſſue and 'point, appeared a high pillar, all of diamond, caſting 'rays as bright as thoſe of the ſun into the paths; which 'rays had alſo certain ſympathiſing and alluring virtues 'in them, ſo that whoſoever had made ſome conſidera-'ble progreſs in his journey onwards towards the pil-'lar, by the repeated impreſſion of theſe rays upon 'him, was wrought into an habitual inclination and 'converſion of his ſight towards it, ſo that it grew at 'laſt in a manner natural to him to look and gaze upon 'it, whereby he was kept ſteady in the ſtraight paths, 'which alone led to that radiant body, the beholding 'of which was now grown a gratification to his na-'ture.

'At the iſſue of the crooked paths there was a great 'black tower, out of the centre of which ſtreamed a 'long ſucceſſion of flames, which did riſe even above 'the clouds; it gave a very great light to the whole

'plain, which did ſometimes outſhine the light, and 'oppreſſed the beams of the adamantine pillar; though 'by the obſervation I made afterwards, it appeared that 'it was not for any diminution of light, but that this lay 'in the travellers, who would ſometimes ſtep out of 'theſe ſtraight paths, where they loſt the full proſpect 'of the radiant pillar, and ſaw it but ſide-ways: but the 'great light from the black tower, which was ſomewhat 'particularly ſcorching to them, would generally light 'and haſten them to their proper climate again.

'Round about the black tower there were, me-'thought, many thouſands of huge miſshapen ugly 'monſters; theſe had great nets, which they were per-'petually plying and caſting towards the crooked paths, 'and they would now and then catch up thoſe that 'were neareſt to them: theſe they took up ſtraight, and 'whirled over the walls into the flaming tower, and they 'were no more ſeen or heard of.

'They would ſometimes caſt their nets towards the 'right paths to catch the ſtragglers, whoſe eyes for 'want of frequent drinking at the brook that ran by 'them grew dim, whereby they loſt their way; theſe 'would ſometimes very narrowly miſs being catched 'away, but I could not hear whether any of theſe had 'ever been ſo unfortunate, that had been before very 'hearty in the ſtraight paths.

'I conſidered all theſe ſtrange ſights with great at-'tention, until at laſt I was interrupted by a cluſter 'of the travellers in the crooked paths, who came up 'to me, bid me go along with them, and preſently fell 'to ſinging and dancing; they took me by the hand, 'and ſo carried me away along with them. After I had 'followed them a conſiderable while, I perceived I had 'loſt the black tower of light, at which I greatly won-'dered; but as I looked and gazed round about me, and 'ſaw nothing, I began to fancy my firſt viſion had been 'but a dream, and there was no ſuch thing in reality: 'but then I conſidered that if I could fancy to ſee what 'was not, I might as well have an illuſion wrought on 'me at preſent, and not ſee what was really before me. 'I was very much confirmed in this thought, by the

'effect I then juſt obſerved the water of Worldly-Wiſdom 'had upon me; for as I had drunk a little of it again, I 'felt a very ſenſible effect in my head; methought 'it diſtracted and diſordered all there: this made me 'ſtop of a ſudden, ſuſpecting ſome charm or inchant-'ment. As I was caſting about within myſelf what 'I ſhould do, and whom to apply to in this caſe, I 'ſpied at ſome diſtance off me a man beckoning, and 'making ſigns to me to come over to him. I cried to 'him, "I did not know the way." He then called to 'me audibly, to ſtep at leaſt out of the path I was in, 'for if I ſtaid there any longer I was in danger to be 'catched in a great net that was juſt hanging over me, 'and ready to catch me up; that he wondered I was 'ſo blind, or ſo diſtracted, as not to ſee ſo imminent 'and viſible a danger, aſſuring me, that as ſoon as I 'was out of that way, he would come to me to lead me 'into a more ſecure path. This I did, and he brought 'me his palm full of the water of Heavenly-Wiſdom, 'which was of very great uſe to me, for my eyes were 'ſtraight cleared, and I ſaw the great black tower juſt 'before me; but the great net which I ſpied ſo near 'me, caſt me into ſuch a terror, that I ran back as far 'as I could in one breath without looking behind me: 'then my benefactor thus beſpoke me: You have made 'the wonderfulleſt eſcape in the world, the water you 'uſed to drink is of a bewitching nature, you would 'elſe have been mightily ſhocked at the deformities 'and meanneſs of the place; for beſide the ſet of blind 'fools in whoſe company you was, you may now be-'hold many others who are only bewitched after ano-'ther no leſs dangerous manner. Look a little that 'way, there goes a croud of paſſengers; they have in-'deed ſo good a head as not to ſuffer themſelves to be 'blinded by this bewitching water; the black tower is 'not vaniſhed out of their ſight, they ſee it whenever 'they look up to it; but ſee how they go ſide-ways, and 'with their eyes downwards, as if they were mad, that 'they may thus ruſh into the net, without being be-'forehand troubled at the thought of ſo miſerable a 'deſtruction. Their wills are ſo perverſe, and their 'hearts ſo fond of the pleaſures of the place, that rather

'than forego them they will run all hazards, and ven-
'ture upon all the miſeries and woes before them.

'See there that other company: though they ſhould
'drink none of the bewitching water, yet they take a
'courſe bewitching and deluding; ſee how they chooſe
'the crookedeſt paths, whereby they have often the
'black tower behind them, and ſometimes ſee the radi-
'ant column ſide-ways, which gives them ſome weak
'glimpſe of it. Theſe fools content themſelves with
'that, not knowing whether any other have any more
'of its influence and light than themſelves: this road
'is called that of Superſtition or Human Invention: they
'groſsly overlook that which the rules and laws of the
'place preſcribe to them, and contrive ſome other
'ſcheme and ſet of directions and preſcriptions for them-
'ſelves, which they hope will ſerve their turn. He
'ſhewed me many other kind of fools, which put me
'quite out of humour with the place. At laſt he car-
'ried me to the right paths, where I found true and ſolid
'pleaſure, which entertained me all the way until we
'came in cloſer ſight of the pillar, where the ſatisfacti-
'on increaſed to that meaſure that my faculties were not
'able to contain it: in the ſtraining of them, I was vio-
'lently waked, not a little grieved at the vaniſhing of
'ſo pleaſant a dream.'

Glaſgow, Sept. 29.

Nº 525. Saturday, November 1.

Ὁ δ' εἰς τὸ σῶφρον ἐσ' ἀρετὴν τ' ἄγων ἔρως,
Ζηλωτὸς ἀνθρώποισιν——— EURIP.

That love alone, which virtue's laws controul,
Deſerves reception in the human ſoul.

IT is my cuſtom to take frequent opportunities of inquiring from time to time, what ſucceſs my ſpeculations meet with in the town. I am glad to find in particular, that my diſcourſes on marriage have been well received. A friend of mine gives me to underſtand

from Doctors-Commons, that more licenſes have been taken out there of late than uſual. I am likewiſe informed of ſeveral pretty fellows, who have reſolved to commence heads of families by the firſt favourable opportunity: one of them writes me word, that he is ready to enter into the bonds of matrimony, provided I will give it him under my hand (as I now do) that a man may ſhew his face in good company after he is married, and that he need not be aſhamed to treat a woman with kindneſs, who puts herſelf into his power for life.

I have other letters on this ſubject, which ſay that I am attempting to make a revolution in the world of gallantry, and that the conſequence of it will be, that a great deal of the ſprightlieſt wit and ſatire of the laſt age will be loſt: that a baſhful fellow, upon changing his condition, will be no longer puzzled how to ſtand the raillery of his facetious companions; that he need not own he married only to plunder an heireſs of her fortune, nor pretend that he uſes her ill, to avoid the ridiculous name of a fond huſband.

Indeed, if I may ſpeak my opinion of great part of the writings which once prevailed among us under the notion of humour, they are ſuch as would tempt one to think there had been an aſſociation among the wits of thoſe times to rally legitimacy out of our iſland. A ſtate of wedlock was the common mark of all the adventurers in farce and comedy, as well as the eſſayers in lampoon and ſatire, to ſhoot at, and nothing was a more ſtanding jeſt in all clubs of faſhionable mirth and gay converſation. It was determined among thoſe airy critics, that the appellation of a ſober man ſhould ſignify a ſpiritleſs fellow. And I am apt to think it was about the ſame time, that good-nature, a word ſo peculiarly elegant in our language, that ſome have affirmed it cannot well be expreſſed in any other, came firſt to be rendered ſuſpicious, and in danger of being transferred from its original ſenſe to ſo diſtant an idea as that of folly.

I muſt confeſs it has been my ambition, in the courſe of my writings, to reſtore, as well as I was able, the proper ideas of things. And as I have attempted this already on the ſubject of marriage in ſeveral papers, I

ſhall here add ſome further obſervations which occur to me on the ſame head.

Nothing ſeems to be thought, by our fine gentlemen, ſo indiſpenſable an ornament in faſhionable life, as love. "A knight-errant," ſays Don Quixote, "without a miſ-"treſs, is like a tree without leaves," and a man of mode among us, who has not ſome fair one to ſigh for, might as well pretend to appear dreſſed, without his periwig. We have lovers in proſe innumerable. All our pretenders to rhyme are profeſſed inamoratos; and there is ſcarce a poet, good or bad, to be heard of, who has not ſome real or ſuppoſed Sachariſſa to improve his vein.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love muſt be certainly ſo in a much higher degree. There is no compariſon between the frivolous affectation of attracting the eyes of women with whom you are only captivated by way of amuſement, and of whom perhaps you know nothing more than their features, and a regular and uniform endeavour to make yourſelf valuable, both as a friend and a lover, to one whom you have choſen to be the companion of your life. The firſt is the ſpring of a thouſand fopperies, ſilly artifices, falſehoods, and perhaps barbarities; or at beſt riſes no higher than to a kind of dancing-ſchool breeding, to give the perſon a more ſparkling air. The latter is the parent of ſubſtantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour. The paſſion of love to a miſtreſs, even where it is moſt ſincere, reſembles too much the flame of a fever; that to a wife is like a vital heat.

I have often thought, if the letters written by men of good-nature to their wives, were to be compared with thoſe written by men of gallantry to their miſtreſſes, the former, notwithſtanding any inequality of ſtyle, would appear to have the advantage. Friendſhip, tenderneſs and conſtancy, dreſt in a ſimplicity of expreſſion, recommend themſelves by a more native elegance, than paſſionate raptures, extravagant encomiums, and ſlaviſh adoration. If we were admitted to ſearch the cabinet of the beautiful Narciſſa, among heaps of epiſtles from ſeveral admirers, which are there preſerved with equal

care, how few ſhould we find but would make any one ſick in the reading, except her who is flattered by them? but in how different a ſtyle muſt the wiſe Benevolus, who converſes with that good ſenſe and good humour among all his friends, write to a wife who is the worthy object of his utmoſt affection? Benevolus, both in public and private, and all occaſions of life, appears to have every good quality and deſirable ornament. Abroad he is reverenced and eſteemed; at home beloved and happy. The ſatisfaction he enjoys there, ſettles into an habitual complacency, which ſhines in his countenance, enlivens his wit, and ſeaſons his converſation: even thoſe of his acquaintance, who have never ſeen him in his retirement, are ſharers in the happineſs of it; and it is very much owing to his being the beſt and beſt-beloved of huſbands, that he is the moſt ſteadfaſt of friends, and the moſt agreeable of companions.

There is a ſenſible pleaſure in contemplating ſuch beautiful inſtances of domeſtic life. The happineſs of the conjugal ſtate appears heightened to the higheſt degree it is capable of, when we ſee two perſons of accompliſhed minds, not only united in the ſame intereſts and affections, but in their taſte of the ſame improvements, pleaſures and diverſions. Pliny, one of the fineſt gentlemen, and politeſt writers of the age in which he lived, has left us, in his letter to Hiſpulla, his wife's aunt, one of the moſt agreeable family pieces of this kind I have ever met with. I ſhall end this diſcourſe with a tranſlation of it; and I believe the reader will be of my opinion, that conjugal love is drawn in it with a delicacy which makes it appear to be, as I have repreſented it, an ornament as well as a virtue.

PLINY to HISPULLA.

'AS I remember the great affection which was be-
'tween you and your excellent brother, and know you
'love his daughter as your own, ſo as not only to ex-
'preſs the tenderneſs of the beſt of aunts, but even
'to ſupply that of the beſt of fathers; I am ſure it
'will be a pleaſure to you to hear that ſhe proves
'worthy of her father, worthy of you, and of your

'and her anceſtors. Her ingenuity is admirable; her 'frugality is extraordinary. She loves me, the ſureſt 'pledge of her virtue; and adds to this a wonderful diſ-'poſition to learning, which ſhe has acquired from her 'affection to me. She reads my writings, ſtudies them, 'and even gets them by heart. You would ſmile to ſee 'the concern ſhe is in when I have a cauſe to plead, and 'the joy ſhe ſhews when it is over. She finds means to 'have the firſt news brought her of the ſucceſs I meet 'with in court, how I am heard, and what decree is made. 'If I recite any thing in public, ſhe cannot refrain from 'placing herſelf privately in ſome corner to hear, where 'with the utmoſt delight ſhe feaſts upon my applauſes. 'Sometimes ſhe ſings my verſes, and accompanies them 'with the lute, without any maſter, except love, the 'beſt of inſtructors. From theſe inſtances I take the 'moſt certain omens of our perpetual and increaſing 'happineſs; ſince her affection is not founded on my 'youth and perſon, which muſt gradually decay, but ſhe 'is in love with the immortal part of me, my glory and 'reputation. Nor indeed could leſs be expected from 'one who had the happineſs to receive her education 'from you, who in your houſe was accuſtomed to every 'thing that was virtuous and decent, and even began to 'love me by your recommendation. For, as you had 'always the greateſt reſpect for my mother, you were 'pleaſed from my infancy to form me, to commend me, 'and kindly to preſage I ſhould be one day what my 'wife fancies I am. Accept therefore our united 'thanks; mine, that you have beſtowed her on me, and 'hers, that you have given me to her, as a mutual grant 'of joy and felicity.'

N° 526. Monday, November 3.

——*Fortiùs utere loris.* OVID. Met. l. 2. ver. 127.

Keep a ſtiff rein. ADDISON.

I AM very loth to come to extremities with the young gentlemen mentioned in the following letter, and do not care to chaſtiſe them with my own hand, until I am forced by provocations too great to be ſuffered without the abſolute deſtruction of my ſpectatorial dignity. The crimes of theſe offenders are placed under the obſervation of one of my chief officers, who is poſted juſt at the entrance of the paſs between London and Weſtminſter. As I have great confidence in the capacity, reſolution and integrity of the perſon deputed by me to give an account of enormities, I doubt not but I ſhall ſoon have before me all proper notices which are requiſite for the amendment of manners in public, and the inſtruction of each individual of the human ſpecies in what is due from him, in reſpect to the whole body of mankind. The preſent paper ſhall conſiſt only of the above-mentioned letter, and the copy of a deputation which I have given to my truſty friend Mr John Sly; wherein he is charged to notify to me all that is neceſſary for my animadverſion upon the delinquents mentioned by my correſpondent, as well as all others deſcribed in the ſaid deputation.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL of Great-Britain.

'I grant it does look a little familiar, but I muſt call 'you

'Dear Dumb,

'BEING got again to the farther end of the Wi-'dow's coffee-houſe, I ſhall from hence give you ſome 'account of the behaviour of our hackney-coachmen

'ſince my laſt. Theſe indefatigable gentlemen, with-
'out the leaſt deſign, I dare ſay, of ſelf-intereſt or ad-
'vantage to themſelves, do ſtill ply as volunteers day
'and night for the good of their country. I will not
'trouble you with enumerating many particulars, but
'I muſt by no means omit to inform you of an infant
'about ſix foot high, and between twenty and thirty
'years of age, who was ſeen in the arms of a hackney-
'coachman driving by Will's coffee-houſe in Covent-
'Garden, between the hours of four and five in the
'afternoon of that very day, wherein you publiſhed a
'memorial againſt them. This impudent young cur,
'though he could not ſit in a coach-box without hold-
'ing, yet would he venture his neck to bid defiance
'to your ſpectatorial authority, or to any thing that
'you countenanced. Who he was I know not, but
'I heard this relation this morning from a gentleman
'who was an eye-witneſs of this his impudence; and
'I was willing to take the firſt opportunity to inform
'you of him, as holding it extremely requiſite that
'you ſhould nip him in the bud. But I am myſelf
'moſt concerned for my fellow-templars, fellow-ſtu-
'dents, and fellow-labourers in the law. I mean ſuch
'of them as are dignified and diſtinguiſhed under the
'denomination of hackney-coachmen. Such aſpir-
'ing minds have theſe ambitious young men, that they
'cannot enjoy themſelves out of a coach-box. It is
'however an unſpeakable comfort to me, that I can
'now tell you that ſome of them are grown ſo baſhful
'as to ſtudy only in the night-time or in the country.
'The other night I ſpied one of our young gentlemen
'very diligent at his lucubrations in Fleet-ſtreet; and
'by the way, I ſhould be under ſome concern, leſt
'this hard ſtudent ſhould one time or other crack his
'brain with ſtudying, but that I am in hopes nature
'has taken care to fortify him in proportion to the
'great undertakings he was deſigned for. Another of
'my fellow-templars on Thurſday laſt, was getting up
'into his ſtudy at the bottom of Gray's-inn-lane, in
'order, I ſuppoſe, to contemplate in the freſh air.
'Now, ſir, my requeſt is, that the great modeſty of
'theſe two gentlemen may be recorded as a pattern to

'the reſt: and if you would but give them two or three 'touches with your own pen, though you might not 'perhaps prevail with them to deſiſt intirely from their 'meditations, yet I doubt not but you would at leaſt 'preſerve them from being public ſpectacles of folly in 'our ſtreets. I ſay, two or three touches with your own 'pen; for I have really obſerved, Mr. SPEC, that thoſe 'Spectators which are ſo prettily laced down the ſides 'with little c's, how inſtructive ſoever they may be, do 'not carry with them that authority as the others. I 'do again therefore deſire, that for the ſake of their dear 'necks, you would beſtow one penful of your own ink 'upon them. I know you are loth to expoſe them; and 'it is, I muſt confeſs, a thouſand pities that any young 'gentleman, who is come of honeſt parents, ſhould be 'brought to public ſhame: and indeed I ſhould be glad 'to have them handled a little tenderly at the firſt; but 'if fair means will not prevail, there is then no other 'way to reclaim them, but by making uſe of ſome whole-'ſome ſeverities; and I think it is better that a dozen 'or two of ſuch good-for-nothing fellows ſhould be 'made examples of, than that the reputation of ſome 'hundreds of as hopeful young gentlemen as myſelf 'ſhould ſuffer through their folly. It is not, however, 'for me to direct you what to do; but, in ſhort, if our 'coachmen will drive on this trade, the very firſt of 'them that I do find meditating in the ſtreets, I ſhall 'make bold to take the number of his chambers, toge-'ther with a note of his name, and diſpatch them to you, 'that you may chaſtiſe him at your own diſcretion.

'I am, dear SPEC,

'for ever yours,

'MOSES GREENRAG,

'Eſq; if you pleaſe.

'P. S. Tom Hammercloth, one of our coachmen, is 'now pleading at the bar at the other end of the room, 'but has a little too much vehemence, and throws out 'his arms too much to take his audience with a good 'grace.'

To my loving and well-beloved John Sly, haberdaſher of hats, and tobacconiſt, between the cities of London and Weſtminſter.

WHEREAS frequent diſorders, affronts, and indignities, omiſſions, and treſpaſſes, for which there are no remedies by any form of law, but which apparently diſturb and diſquiet the minds of men, happen near the place of your reſidence; and that you are, as well by your commodious ſituation, as the good parts with which you are endowed, properly qualified for the obſervation of the ſaid offences; I do hereby authoriſe and depute you, from the hours of nine in the morning, until four in the afternoon, to keep a ſtrict eye upon all perſons and things that are conveyed in coaches, carried in carts, or walk on foot from the city of London to the city of Weſtminſter, or from the city of Weſtminſter to the city of London, within the ſaid hours. You are therefore not to depart from your obſervatory at the end of Devereux-Court during the ſaid ſpace of each day, but to obſerve the behaviour of all perſons who are ſuddenly tranſported from ſtamping on pebbles to ſit at eaſe in chariots, what notice they take of their foot-acquaintance, and ſend me the ſpeedieſt advice, when they are guilty of over-looking, turning from, or appearing grave and diſtant to their old friends. When man and wife are in the ſame coach, you are to ſee whether they appear pleaſed or tired with each other, and whether they carry the due mean in the eye of the world, between fondneſs and coldneſs. You are carefully to behold all ſuch as ſhall have addition of honour or riches, and report whether they preſerve the countenance they had before ſuch addition. As to perſons on foot, you are to be attentive whether they are pleaſed with their condition, and are dreſſed ſuitable to it; but eſpecially to diſtinguiſh ſuch as appear diſcreet, by a low-heel ſhoe, with the decent ornament of a leather-garter: to write down the names of ſuch country gentlemen as, upon the approach of peace, have left the hunting for the military cock of the hat: of all who ſtrut, make a noiſe, and ſwear at the drivers of coaches to make haſte, when they ſee it impoſſible they ſhould

paſs: of all young gentlemen in coach-boxes, who labour at a perfection in what they are ſure to be excelled by the meaneſt of the people. You are to do all that in you lies that coaches and paſſengers give way according to the courſe of buſineſs, all the morning in term-time towards Weſtminſter, the reſt of the year towards the Exchange. Upon theſe directions, together with other ſecret articles herein incloſed, you are to govern yourſelf, and give advertiſement thereof to me at all convenient and ſpectatorial hours, when men of buſineſs are to be ſeen. Hereof you are not to fail. Given under my ſeal of office.

T. THE SPECTATOR.

N° 527. Tueſday, November 4.

Facilè invenies & pejorem, & pejùs moratam;
Meliorem neque tu reperies, neque ſol videt.

PLAUTUS in Sticho.

You will eaſily find a worſe woman; a better the ſun never ſhone upon.

I AM ſo tender of my women-readers, that I cannot defer the publication of any thing which concerns their happineſs or quiet. The repoſe of a married woman is conſulted in the firſt of the following letters, and the felicity of a maiden lady in the ſecond. I call it a felicity to have the addreſſes of an agreeable man: and I think I have not any where ſeen a prettier application of a poetical ſtory than that of his, in making the tale of Cephalus and Procris the hiſtory picture of a fan in ſo gallant a manner as he addreſſes it. But ſee the letters.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'IT is now almoſt three months ſince I was in town 'about ſome buſineſs; and the hurry of it being 'over, took coach one afternoon, and drove to ſee a re-'lation, who married about ſix years ago a wealthy

'citizen. I found her at home, but her husband gone
'to the Exchange, and expected back within an hour at
'the fartheſt. After the uſual ſalutations of kindneſs,
'and a hundred queſtions about friends in the country,
'we ſat down to picquet, played two or three games,
'and drank tea. I ſhould have told you that this was
'my ſecond time of ſeeing her ſince marriage; but
'before ſhe lived at the ſame town where I went to
'ſchool; ſo that the plea of a relation, added to the
'innocence of my youth, prevailed upon her good-
'humour to indulge me in a freedom of converſation
'as often, and oftener, than the ſtrict diſcipline of the
'ſchool would allow of. You may eaſily imagine after
'ſuch an acquaintance we might be exceeding merry
'without any offence, as in calling to mind how many
'inventions I had been put to in deluding the maſter,
'how many hands forged for excuſes, how many times
'been ſick in perfect health; for I was then never ſick
'but at ſchool, and only then becauſe out of her com-
'pany. We had whiled away three hours after this
'manner, when I found it paſt five: and not expect-
'ing her huſband would return until late, roſe up, told
'her I ſhould go early next morning for the country:
'ſhe kindly anſwered ſhe was afraid it would be long
'before ſhe ſaw me again; ſo I took my leave and
'parted. Now, ſir, I had not been got home a fort-
'night, when I received a letter from a neighbour of
'theirs, that ever ſince that fatal afternoon the lady
'had been moſt inhumanly treated, and the huſband
'publicly ſtormed that he was made a member of too
'numerous a ſociety. He had, it ſeems, liſtened moſt
'of the time my couſin and I were together. As
'jealous ears always hear double, ſo he heard enough
'to make him mad; and as jealous eyes always ſee
'through magnifying glaſſes, ſo he was certain it
'could not be I whom he had ſeen, a beardleſs ſtrip-
'ling, but fancied he ſaw a gay gentleman of the
'Temple. ten years older than myſelf; and for that
'reaſon, I preſume, durſt not come in, nor take any
'notice when I went out. He is perpetually aſking
'his wife if ſhe does not think the time long (as ſhe
'ſaid ſhe ſhould) until ſhe ſee her couſin again. Pray,

'ſir, what can be done in this caſe? I have writ to 'him to aſſure him I was at his houſe all that afternoon 'expecting to ſee him: his anſwer is, it is only a 'trick of hers, and that he neither can nor will believe 'me. The parting kiſs I find mightily nettles him, 'and confirms him in all his errors. Ben Jonſon, as 'I remember, makes a foreigner in one of his comedies, "admire the deſperate valour of the bold Engliſh, who "let out their wives to all encounters." The general 'cuſtom of ſalutation ſhould excuſe the favour done 'me, or you ſhould lay down rules when ſuch diſtinc-'tions are to be given or omitted. You cannot imagine, 'ſir, how troubled I am for this unhappy lady's miſ-'fortune, and beg you would inſert this letter, that the 'huſband may reflect upon this accident coolly. It 'is no ſmall matter, the eaſe of a virtuous woman for 'her whole life: I know ſhe will conform to any re-'gularities (though more ſtrict than the common rules 'of our country require) to which his particular tem-'per ſhall incline him to oblige her. This accident 'puts me in mind how generouſly Piſiſtratus the Athe-'nian tyrant behaved himſelf on a like occaſion, when 'he was inſtigated by his wife to put to death a young 'gentleman, becauſe being paſſionately fond of his 'daughter, he kiſſed her in public as he met her in 'the ſtreet; "What (ſaid he) ſhall we do to thoſe "who are our enemies, if we do thus to thoſe who are "our friends?" I will not trouble you much longer, 'but am exceedingly concerned leſt this accident may 'cauſe a virtuous lady to lead a miſerable life with a 'huſband, who has no grounds for his jealouſy but 'what I have faithfully related, and ought to be rec-'koned none. It is to be feared too, if at laſt he ſees 'his miſtake, yet people will be as ſlow and unwilling 'in diſbelieving ſcandal as they are quick and forward 'in believing it. I ſhall endeavour to enliven this 'plain and honeſt letter with Ovid's relation about Cy-'bele's image. The ſhip wherein it was aboard was 'ſtranded at the mouth of the Tiber, and the men were 'unable to move it, until Claudia, a virgin, but ſuſ-'pected of unchaſtity, by a ſlight pull hauled it in. The 'ſtory is told in the fourth book of the Faſti.

" Parent of gods, began the weeping fair,
" Reward or puniſh, but oh! hear my pray'r.
" If lewdneſs e'er defil'd my virgin bloom,
" From heav'n with juſtice I receive my doom;
" But if my honour yet has known no ſtain,
" Thou, goddeſs, thou my innocence maintain;
" Thou, whom the niceſt rules of goodneſs ſway'd,
" Vouchſafe to follow an unblemiſh'd maid.
" She ſpoke, and touch'd the cord with glad ſurpriſe,
" (The truth was witneſs'd by ten thouſand eyes)
" The pitying goddeſs eaſily comply'd,
" Follow'd in triumph, and adorn'd her guide;
" While Claudia, bluſhing ſtill for paſt diſgrace,
" March'd ſilent on with a ſlow ſolemn pace:
" Nor yet from ſome was all diſtruſt remov'd,
" Tho' heav'n ſuch virtue by ſuch wonders prov'd."

'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble ſervant,

'PHILAGNOTES.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'YOU will oblige a languiſhing lover, if you will 'pleaſe to print the incloſed verſes in your next pa-'per. If you remember the Metamorphoſis, you know 'Procris, the fond wife of Cephalus, is ſaid to have made 'her huſband, who delighted in the ſports of the wood, a 'preſent of an unerring javelin. In proceſs of time he 'was ſo much in the foreſt, that his lady ſuſpected he 'was purſuing ſome nymph, under the pretence of fol-'lowing a chaſe more innocent. Under this ſuſpicion 'ſhe hid herſelf among the trees, to obſerve his motions. 'While ſhe lay concealed, her huſband, tired with the 'labour of hunting, came, within her hearing. As he 'was fainting with heat, he cried out, " *Aura veni*; oh " charming air approach."

'The unfortunate wife, taking the word air to be the 'name of a woman, began to move among the buſhes; 'and the huſband believing it a deer, threw his javelin 'and killed her. This hiſtory painted on a fan, which 'I preſented to a lady, gave occaſion to my growing 'poetical.

"Come, gentle air! th' Æolian ſhepherd ſaid,
"While Procris panted in the ſecret ſhade;
"Come, gentle air! the fairer Delia cries,
"While at her feet her ſwain expiring lies.
"Lo the glad gales o'er all her beauties ſtray,
"Breathe on her lips, and in her boſom play.
"In Delia's hand this toy is fatal found,
"Nor did that fabled dart more ſurely wound.
"Both gifts deſtructive to the givers prove,
"Alike both lovers fall by thoſe they love:
"Yet guiltleſs too this bright deſtroyer lives,
"At random wounds, nor knows the wounds ſhe gives:
"She views the ſtory with attentive eyes,
"And pities Procris, while her lover dies."

N° 528. Wedneſday, November 5.

Dum potuit, ſolitâ gemitum virtute repreſſit.
OVID. Met. l. 9. ver. 163.

With wonted fortitude ſhe bore the ſmart,
And not a groan confeſs'd her burning heart. GAY.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WHO now write to you, am a woman loaded with injuries; and the aggravation of my misfortune is, that they are ſuch which are overlooked by the generality of mankind, and though the moſt afflicting imaginable, not regarded as ſuch in the general ſenſe of the world. I have hid my vexation from all mankind; but have now taken pen, ink, and paper, and am reſolved to unboſom myſelf to you, and lay before you what grieves me and all the ſex. You have very often mentioned particular hardſhips done to this or that lady; but, methinks, you have not in any one ſpeculation directly pointed at the partial freedom men take, the unreaſonable confinement women are obliged to, in the only circumſtance in which we are neceſſarily to have a commerce with them, that of love. The caſe

'of celibacy is the great evil of our nation; and the 'indulgence of the vicious conduct of men in that ſtate, 'with the ridicule to which women are expoſed, though 'ever ſo virtuous, if long unmarried, is the root of the 'greateſt irregularities of this nation. To ſhew you, 'ſir, that though you never have given us the cata-'logue of a lady's library as you promiſed, we read good 'books of our own chooſing, I ſhall inſert on this occa-'ſion a paragraph or two out of Echard's Roman Hiſ-'tory. In the 44th page of the ſecond volume the au-'thor obſerves, that Auguſtus, upon his return to Rome 'at the end of a war, received complaints that too great 'a number of the young men of quality were unmarried. 'The emperor thereupon aſſembled the whole Equeſ-'ſtrian order; and having ſeparated the married from 'the ſingle, did particular honours to the former, but 'he told the latter, that is to ſay, Mr. SPECTATOR, he 'told the bachelors, "That their lives and actions had "been ſo peculiar, that he knew not by what name to "call them; not by that of men, for they performed no-"thing that was manly; not by that of citizens, for the "city might periſh notwithſtanding their care; nor by "that of Romans, for they deſigned to extirpate the Ro-"man name." 'Then proceeding to ſhew his tender 'care and hearty affection for his people, he further told 'them, "That their courſe of life was of ſuch pernicious "conſequence to the glory and grandeur of the Roman "nation, that he could not chooſe but tell them, that all "other crimes put together could not equalize theirs: for "they were guilty of murder, in not ſuffering thoſe to "be born which ſhould proceed from them; of impiety "in cauſing the names and honours of their anceſtors to "ceaſe; and of ſacrilege, in deſtroying their kind, which "proceed from the immortal gods, and human nature "the principal thing conſecrated to them: therefore "in this reſpect, they diſſolved the government, in diſ-"obeying its laws; betrayed their country, by making "it barren and waſte; nay, and demoliſhed their city "in depriving it of inhabitants. And he was ſenſible "that all this proceeded not from any kind of virtue "or abſtinence, but from a looſeneſs and wantonneſs "which ought never to be encouraged in any civ

"government." 'There are no particulars dwelt upon 'that let us into the conduct of these young worthies, 'whom this great emperor treated with so much justice 'and indignation; but any one who observes what passes 'in this town, may very well frame to himself a notion 'of their riots and debaucheries all night, and their ap-'parent preparations for them all day. It is not to be 'doubted but these Romans never passed any of their 'time innocently but when they were asleep, and never 'slept but when they were weary and heavy with exces-'ses, and slept only to prepare themselves for the repeti-'tion of them. If you did your duty as a SPECTATOR, 'you would carefully examine into the number of births, 'marriages, and burials; and when you had deducted 'out of your deaths all such as went out of the world 'without marrying, then cast up the number of both 'sexes born within such a term of years last past, you 'might from the single people departed make some use-'ful inferences or guesses how many there are left un-'married, and raise some useful scheme for the amend-'ment of the age in that particular. I have not pati-'ence to proceed gravely on this abominable libertinism; 'for I cannot but reflect, as I am writing to you, upon a 'certain lascivious manner which all our young gentle-'men use in public, and examine our eyes with a petu-'lancy in their own, which is a downright affront to 'modesty. A disdainful look on such an occasion is 'returned with a countenance rebuked, but by averting 'their eyes from the woman of honour and decency to 'some flippant creature, who will, as the phrase is, be 'kinder. I must set down things as they come into my head, without standing upon order. Ten thousand to one but the gay gentleman who stared, at the same time is an house-keeper; for you must know they have got into a humour of late of being very regular in their sins, and a young fellow shall keep his four maids and three footmen with the greatest gravity imaginable. There are no less than six of these venerable house-keepers of my acquaintance. This humour among young men of condition is imitated by all the world below them, and a general dissolution of manners arises from this one source of libertinism, without

'ſhame or reprehenſion in the male youth. It is from 'this one fountain that ſo many beautiful helpleſs young 'women are ſacrificed and given up to lewdneſs, ſhame, 'poverty and diſeaſe. It is to this alſo that ſo many ex- 'cellent young women, who might be patterns of con- 'jugal affection and parents of a worthy race, pine un- 'der unhappy paſſions for ſuch as have not attention 'enough to obſerve, or virtue enough to prefer them 'to their common wenches. Now, Mr. SPECTATOR, 'I muſt be free to own to you, that I myſelf ſuffer a taſte- 'leſs inſipid being, from a conſideration I have for a man 'who would not, as he has ſaid in my hearing, re- 'ſign his liberty as he calls it, for all the beauty and 'wealth the whole ſex is poſſeſſed of. Such calamities 'as theſe would not happen, if it could poſſibly be 'brought about, that by fining bachelors as papiſts con- 'vict, or the like, they were diſtinguiſhed to their diſ- 'vantage from the reſt of the world, who fall in with 'the meaſures of civil ſocieties. Leſt you ſhould think 'I ſpeak this as being, according to the ſenſeleſs rude 'phraſe, a malicious old maid, I ſhall acquaint you I 'am a woman of condition not now three and twenty, 'and have had propoſals from at leaſt ten different men, 'and the greater number of them have upon the upſhot 'refuſed me. Something or other is always amiſs when 'the lover takes ſome new wench: a ſettlement is eaſ- 'ily excepted againſt; and there is very little recourſe 'to avoid the vicious part of our youth, but throwing 'one's ſelf away upon ſome lifeleſs blockhead, who 'though he is without vice, is alſo without virtue. 'Now-a-days we muſt be contented if we can get crea- 'tures which are not bad, good are not to be expected. 'Mr. SPECTATOR, I ſat near you the other day, and 'think I did not diſpleaſe your ſpectatorial eye-ſight, 'which I ſhall be a better judge of when I ſee whether 'you take notice of theſe evils your own way, or print 'this memorial dictated from the diſdainful heavy heart 'of,

'Sir,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T. 'RACHEL WELLADAY.

N° 529. Thurſday, November 6.

Singula quæque locum teneant ſortita decenter.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 92.

Let ev'ry thing have its due place.

ROSCOMMON.

UPON the hearing of ſeveral late diſputes concerning rank and precedence, I could not forbear amuſing myſelf with ſome obſervations, which I have made upon the learned world, as to this great particular. By the learned world I here mean at large all thoſe who are any way concerned in works of literature, whether in the writing, printing, or repeating part. To begin with the writers; I have obſerved that the author of a folio, in all companies and converſations, ſets himſelf above the author of a quarto; the author of a quarto above the author of an octavo; and ſo on, by a gradual deſcent and ſubordination, to an author in twenty-fours. This diſtinction is ſo well obſerved, that in an aſſembly of the learned, I have ſeen a folio writer place himſelf in an elbow-chair, when the author of a duodecimo has, out of a juſt deference to his ſuperior quality, ſeated himſelf upon a ſquab. In a word, authors are uſually ranged in company after the ſame manner as their works are upon a ſhelf.

The moſt minute pocket-author hath beneath him the writers of all pamphlets, or works that are only ſtitched. As for the pamphleteer, he takes place of none but the authors of ſingle ſheets, and of that fraternity who publiſhed their labours on certain days, or on every day of the week. I do not find that the precedency among the individuals, in this latter claſs of writers, is yet ſettled.

For my own part, I have had ſo ſtrict a regard to the ceremonial which prevails in the learned world, that I

never presumed to take place of a pamphleteer until my daily papers were gathered into those two first volumes, which have already appeared. After which, I naturally jumped over the heads not only of all pamphleteers, but of every octavo writer in Great Britain, that had written but one book. I am also informed by my bookseller, that six octavos have at all times been looked upon as an equivalent to a folio, which I take notice of the rather, because I would not have the learned world surprised, if after the publication of half a dozen volumes I take my place accordingly. When my scattered forces are thus rallied, and reduced into regular bodies, I flatter myself that I shall make no despicable figure at the head of them.

Whether these rules, which have been received time out of mind in the commonwealth of letters, were not originally established with an eye to our paper manufacture, I shall leave to the discussion of others; and shall only remark further in this place, that all printers and booksellers take the wall of one another, according to the abovementioned merits of the authors to whom they respectively belong.

I come now to that point of precedency which is settled among the three learned professions, by the wisdom of our laws. I need not here take notice of the rank which is allotted to every doctor in each of these professions, who are all of them, though not so high as knights, yet a degree above 'squires; this last order of men being the illiterate body of the nation, are consequently thrown together into a class below the three learned professions. I mention this for the sake of several rural 'squires, whose reading does not rise so high as to The present State of England, and who are often apt to usurp that precedency which by the laws of their country is not due to them. Their want of learning, which has planted them in this station, may in some measure extenuate their misdemeanour; and our professors ought to pardon them when they offend in this particular, considering that they are in a state of ignorance, or, as we usually say, do not know their right hand from their left.

There is another tribe of persons who are retainers to the learned world, and who regulate themselves upon all

occaſions by ſeveral laws peculiar to their body: I mean the players or actors of both ſexes. Among theſe it is a ſtanding and uncontroverted principle, that a tragedian always takes place of a comedian; and it is very well known the merry drolls who make us laugh are always placed at the lower end of the table, and in every entertainment give way to the dignity of the buſkin. It is a ſtage maxim, "Once a king, and always a king." For this reaſon it would be thought very abſurd in Mr. Bullock, notwithſtanding the height and graceſulneſs of his perſon, to ſit at the right-hand of an hero, though he were but five foot high. The ſame diſtinction is obſerved among the ladies of the theatre. Queens and heroines preſerve their rank in private converſation, while thoſe who are waiting-women and maids of honour upon the ſtage, keep their diſtance alſo behind the ſcenes.

I ſhall only add, that by a parity of reaſon, all writers of tragedy look upon it as their due to be ſeated, ſerved, or ſaluted before comic writers: thoſe who deal in tragicomedy uſually taking their ſeats between the authors of either ſide. There has been a long diſpute for precedency between the tragic and heroic poets. Ariſtotle would have the latter yield the pas to the former; but Mr. Dryden and many others would never ſubmit to this deciſion. Burleſque writers pay the ſame deference to the heroic, as comic writers to their ſerious brothers in the drama.

By this ſhort table of laws, order is kept up, and diſtinction preſerved in the whole republic of letters. O.

N° 530. Friday, November 7.

Sic viſum Veneri; cui placet impares
Formas atque animos ſub juga ahenea
Sævo mittere cum joco.

HOR. Od. 33. l. 1. ver. 10.

Thus Venus ſports: the rich, the baſe,
Unlike in fortune, and in face,
To diſagreeing love provokes;
When cruelly jocoſe,
She ties the fatal nooſe,
And binds unequals to the brazen yokes.

CREECH.

IT is very uſual for thoſe who have been ſevere upon marriage, in ſome part or other of their lives, to enter into the fraternity which they have ridiculed, and to ſee their raillery return upon their own heads. I ſcarce ever knew a woman-hater that did not ſooner, or later, pay for it. Marriage, which is a bleſſing to another man, falls upon ſuch an one as a judgment. Mr. Congreve's Old Bachelor is ſet forth to us with much wit and humour, as an example of this kind. In ſhort, thoſe who have moſt diſtinguiſhed themſelves by railing at the ſex in general, very often make an honourable amends, by chooſing one of the moſt worthleſs perſons of it, for a companion and yoke-fellow. Hymen takes his revenge in kind, on thoſe who turn his myſteries into ridicule.

My friend WILL HONEYCOMB, who was ſo unmercifully witty upon the women, in a couple of letters, which I lately communicated to the public, has given the ladies ample ſatisfaction by marrying a farmer's daughter; a piece of news which came to our club by the laſt poſt. The templar is very poſitive that he has married a dairy-maid: but WILL, in his letter to me on this occaſion, ſets the beſt face upon the matter that he can, and gives a more tolerable account of his ſpouſe. I muſt confeſs I ſuſpected ſomething more than ordinary, when upon

opening the letter I found that WILL was fallen off from his former gaiety, having changed dear SPEC, which was his usual salute at the beginning of the letter, into "My worthy friend," and subscribed himself in the latter end of it at full length WILL HONEYCOMB. In short, the gay, the loud, the vain WILL HONEYCOMB, who had made love to every great fortune that has appeared in town for above thirty years together, and boasted of favours from ladies whom he had never seen, is at length wedded to a plain country girl.

His letter gives us the picture of a converted rake. The sober character of the husband is dashed with the man of the town, and enlivened with those little cant-phrases which have made my friend WILL often thought very pretty company. But let us hear what he says for himself.

'My worthy friend,

'I QUESTION not but you and the rest of my acquaintance, wonder that I, who have lived in the smoke and gallantries of the town for thirty years together, should all on a sudden grow fond of a country life. Had not my dog of a steward run away as he did, without making up his accounts, I had still been immersed in sin and sea-coal. But since my late forced visit to my estate, I am so pleased with it, that I am resolved to live and die upon it. I am every day abroad among my acres, and can scarce forbear filling my letter with breezes, shades, flowers, meadows, and purling streams. The simplicity of manners, which I have heard you so often speak of, and which appears here in perfection, charms me wonderfully. As an instance of it, I must acquaint you, and by your means, the whole club, that I have lately married one of my tenant's daughters. She is born of honest parents, and though she has no portion she has a great deal of virtue. The natural sweetness and innocence of her behaviour, the freshness of her complexion, the unaffected turn of her shape and person, shot me through and through every time I saw her, and did more execution upon me in grogram, than the greatest beauty in town or court had ever done in brocade. In short, she is such an one as promises me a

'good heir to my eſtate; and if by her means I cannot 'leave to my children what are falſely called the gifts of 'birth, high titles and alliances, I hope to convey to 'them the more real and valuable gifts of birth, 'ſtrong bodies and healthy conſtitutions. As for your 'fine women, I need not tell thee that I know them. 'I have had my ſhare in their graces, but no more of 'that. It ſhall be my buſineſs hereafter to live the life 'of an honeſt man, and to act as becomes the maſter of 'a family. I queſtion not but I ſhall draw upon me the 'raillery of the town, and be treated to the tune of "The Marriage-hater matched;" but I am prepared 'for it. I have been as witty upon others in my time. 'To tell thee truly, I ſaw ſuch a tribe of faſhionable 'young fluttering coxcombs ſhot up, that I did not think 'my poſt of an *Homme de ruelle* any longer tenable. I 'felt a certain ſtiffneſs in my limbs, which intirely de-'ſtroyed that jantineſs of air I was once maſter of. Be-'ſides, for I may now confeſs my age to thee, I have 'been eight and forty above theſe twelve years. Since 'my retirement into the country will make a vacancy 'in the club, I could wiſh you would fill up my place 'with my friend Tom Dapperwit. He has an infinite 'deal of fire, and knows the town. For my own part, 'as I have ſaid before, I ſhall endeavour to live hereaf-'ter ſuitable to a man in my ſtation, as a prudent head 'of a family, a good huſband, a careful father (when it 'ſhall ſo happen) and as

'Your moſt ſincere friend,

'and humble ſervant,

'WILL HONEYCOMB.'

O.

Nº 531. Saturday, November 8.

Qui mare & terras variiſque mundum
Temperat horis:
Unde nil majus generatur ipſo,
Nec viget quicquam ſimile aut ſecundum.
HOR. Od. 12. l. 1. ver. 15.

Who guides below, and rules above,
The great diſpoſer and the mighty king:
Than he none greater, next him none,
That can be, is, or was;
Supreme he ſingly fills the throne.
CREECH.

SIMONIDES being aſked by Dionyſius the tyrant what God was, deſired a day's time to conſider of it before he made his reply. When the day was expired he deſired two days; and afterwards, inſtead of returning his anſwer, demanded ſtill double the time to conſider of it. This great poet and philoſopher, the more he contemplated the nature of the Deity, found that he waded but the more out of his depth; and that he loſt himſelf in the thought, inſtead of finding an end of it.

If we conſider the idea which wiſe men, by the light of reaſon, have framed of the divine being, it amounts to this: that he has in him all the perfection of a ſpiritual nature; and ſince we have no notion of any kind of ſpiritual perfection but what we diſcover in our own ſouls, we join infinitude to each kind of theſe perfections, and what is a faculty in an human ſoul becomes an attribute in God. We exiſt in place and time, the divine being fills the immenſity of ſpace with his preſence, and inhabits eternity. We are poſſeſſed of a little power and a little knowledge, the divine being is almighty and omniſcient. In ſhort, by adding infinity to any kind of perfection we enjoy, and by joining all theſe different kinds of perfection in one being, we form our idea of the great ſovereign of nature.

Though every one who thinks muſt have made this obſervation, I ſhall produce Mr. Locke's authority to the ſame purpoſe, out of his Eſſay on Human Underſtanding. "If we examine the idea we have of the incomprehenſible ſupreme being, we ſhall find, that we come by it "the ſame way; and that the complex ideas we have "both of God and ſeparate ſpirits, are made up of the "ſimple ideas we receive from reflection: v. g. having, "from what we experiment in ourſelves, got the ideas of "exiſtence and duration, of knowledge and power, of "pleaſure and happineſs, and of ſeveral other qualities "and powers, which it is better to have than to be without; when we would frame an idea the moſt ſuitable "we can to the ſupreme being, we enlarge every one of "theſe with our idea of infinity; and ſo putting them "together, make our complex idea of God."

It is not impoſſible that there may be many kinds of ſpiritual perfection, beſides thoſe which are lodged in an human ſoul; but it is impoſſible that we ſhould have the ideas of any kinds of perfection, except thoſe of which we have ſome ſmall rays and ſhort imperfect ſtrokes in ourſelves. It would be therefore a very high preſumption to determine whether the ſupreme being has not many more attributes than thoſe which enter into our conceptions of him. This is certain, that if there be any kind of ſpiritual perfection which is not marked out in a human ſoul, it belongs in its fulneſs to the divine nature.

Several eminent philoſophers have imagined that the ſoul, in her ſeparate ſtate, may have new faculties ſpringing up in her, which ſhe is not capable of exerting during her preſent union with the body, and whether theſe faculties may not correſpond with other attributes in the divine nature, and open to us hereafter new matter of wonder and adoration, we are altogether ignorant. This, as I have ſaid before, we ought to acquieſce in, that the ſovereign being, the great author of nature, has in him all poſſible perfection, as well in kind as in degree; to ſpeak according to our methods of conceiving, I ſhall only add under this head, that when we have raiſed our notion of this infinite being as high as it is poſſible for the mind of man to go, it will fall infinitely ſhort of what he really is. "There is no end of his greatneſs:" the

moſt exalted creature he has made, is only capable of adoring it, none but himſelf can comprehend it.

The advice of the ſon of Sirach is very juſt and ſublime in this light. "By his word, all things conſiſt. We "may ſpeak much, and yet come ſhort: wherefore in "ſum, he is all. How ſhall we be able to magnify him? "for he is great above all his works. The Lord is terri- "ble and very great; and marvellous in his power. "When you glorify the Lord, exalt him as much as you "can: for even yet will he far exceed. And when you "exalt him, put forth all your ſtrength, and be not wea- "ry; for you can never go far enough. Who hath ſeen "him, that he might tell us? and who can magnify him "as he is? there are yet hid greater things than theſe "be, for we have ſeen but a few of his works."

I have here only conſidered the ſupreme being by the light of reaſon and philoſophy. If we would ſee him in all the wonders of his mercy we muſt have recourſe to revelation, which repreſents him to us, not only as infinitely great and glorious, but as infinitely good and juſt in his diſpenſations towards man. But as this is a theory which falls under every one's conſideration, though indeed it can never be ſufficiently conſidered, I ſhall here only take notice of that habitual worſhip, and veneration which we ought to pay to this almighty being. We ſhould often refreſh our minds with the thought of him, and annihilate ourſelves before him, in the contemplation of our own worthleſſneſs, and of his tranſcendent excellency and perfection. This would imprint in our minds ſuch a conſtant and uninterrupted awe and veneration as that which I am here recommending, and which is in reality a kind of inceſſant prayer, and reaſonable humiliation of the ſoul before him who made it.

This would effectually kill in us all the little ſeeds of pride, vanity, and ſelf-conceit, which are apt to ſhoot up in the minds of ſuch whoſe thoughts run more on thoſe comparative advantages which they enjoy over ſome of their fellow-creatures, than on that infinite diſtance which is placed between them and the ſupreme model of all perfection. It would likewiſe quicken our deſires and endeavours of uniting ourſelves to him by all the acts of religion and virtue.

Such an habitual homage to the ſupreme being would, in a particular manner, baniſh from among us that prevailing impiety of uſing his name on the moſt trivial occaſions.

I find the following paſſage in an excellent ſermon, preached at the funeral of a gentleman who was an honour to his country, and a more diligent as well as ſucceſsful inquirer into the works of nature, than any other our nation has ever produced: "He had the profoundeſt "veneration for the great God of heaven and earth that "I have ever obſerved in any perſon. The very name of "God was never mentioned by him without a pauſe and "a viſible ſtop in his diſcourſe; in which, one that knew "him moſt particularly above twenty years, has told me, "that he was ſo exact, that he does not remember to "have obſerved him once to fail in it."

Every one knows the veneration which was paid by the Jews to a name ſo great, wonderful and holy. They would not let it enter even into their religious diſcourſes. What can we then think of thoſe who make uſe of ſo tremendous a name in the ordinary expreſſions of their anger, mirth, and moſt impertinent paſſions? Of thoſe who admit it into the moſt familiar queſtions and aſſertions, ludicrous phraſes and works of humour? not to mention thoſe who violate it by ſolemn perjuries? It would be an affront to reaſon to endeavour to ſet forth the horror and profaneneſs of ſuch a practice. The very mention of it expoſes it ſufficiently to thoſe in whom the light of nature, not to ſay religion, is not utterly extinguiſhed. O.

N° 532. Monday, November 10.

—— Fungor vice cotis, acutum
Reddere quæ ferrum valet, exſors ipſa ſecandi.
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 304.

I play the whetſtone: uſeleſs and unfit
To cut myſelf, I ſharpen others wit. CREECH.

IT is a very honeſt action to be ſtudious to produce other mens merit; and I make no ſcruple of ſaying I have as much of this temper as any man in the world. It would not be a thing to be bragged of, but that it is what any man may be maſter of who will take pains enough for it. Much obſervation of the unworthineſs in being pained at the excellence of another, will bring you to a ſcorn of yourſelf for that unwillingneſs: and when you have got ſo far, you will find it a greater pleaſure than you ever before knew, to be zealous in promoting the fame and welfare of the praiſe-worthy. I do not ſpeak this as pretending to be a mortified ſelf-denying man, but as one who has turned his ambition into a right channel. I claim to myſelf the merit of having extorted excellent productions from a perſon of the greateſt abilities, who would not have let them appeared by any other means; to have animated a few young gentlemen into worthy purſuits, who will be a glory to our age; and at all times, and by all poſſible means in my power, undermined the intereſts of ignorance, vice, and folly, and attempted to ſubſtitute in their ſtead, learning, piety, and good ſenſe. It is from this honeſt heart that I find myſelf honoured as a gentleman-uſher to the arts and ſciences. Mr. Tickell and Mr. Pope have, it ſeems, this idea of me. The former has writ me an excellent paper of verſes in praiſe, forſooth, of myſelf; and the other incloſed for my peruſal an admirable poem, which, I hope, will ſhortly ſee the light. In the mean time I cannot ſuppreſs any thought of his, but inſert his ſentiment about the dying words of Adrian. I will not determine in the caſe he mentions;

but have thus much to ſay in favour of his argument, that many of his own works which I have ſeen, convince me that very pretty and very ſublime ſentiments may be lodged in the ſame boſom without diminution to its greatneſs.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS the other day in company with five or ſix men 'of ſome learning; where chancing to mention the famous verſes which the emperor Adrian ſpoke on his 'death-bed, they were all agreed that it was a piece of 'gaiety unworthy that prince in thoſe circumſtances. I 'could not but diſſent from this opinion: methinks it 'was by no means a gay, but a very ſerious ſoliloquy 'to his ſoul at the point of his departure: in which ſenſe 'I naturally took the verſes at my firſt reading them 'when I was very young, and before I knew what interpretation the world generally put upon them;

'*Animula vagula, blandula,*
'*Hoſpes comeſque corporis,*
'*Quæ nunc abibis in loca?*
'*Pallidula, rigido, nudula,*
'*Nec (ut ſoles) dabis jocos!*

"Alas, my ſoul! thou pleaſing companion of this body, "thou fleeting thing that are now deſerting it! whither "art thou flying! To what unknown region? Thou "art all trembling, fearful, and penſive. Now what is "become of thy former wit and humour? Thou ſhalt "jeſt and be gay no more." I confeſs I cannot apprehend where lies the trifling in all this; it is the moſt 'natural and obvious reflection imaginable to a dying 'man: and if we conſider the emperor was a heathen, 'that doubt concerning the future ſtate of his ſoul will 'ſeem ſo far from being the effect of want of thought, 'that it was ſcarce reaſonable he ſhould think otherwiſe; 'not to mention that here is a plain confeſſion included 'of his belief in its immortality. The diminutive epithets of *vagula*, *blandula*, and the reſt, appear not to 'me as expreſſions of levity, but rather of endearment 'and concern: ſuch as we find in Catullus, and the authors of *Hendeca-ſyllabi* after him, where they are uſed

'to expreſs the utmoſt love and tenderneſs for their miſ-
'treſſes.——If you think me right in my notion of the
'laſt words of Adrian, be pleaſed to inſert this in the
'Spectator; if not, to ſuppreſs it.

'I am, &c.'

To the ſuppoſed Author of the Spectator.

'IN courts licentious, and a ſhameleſs ſtage,
'How long the war ſhall wit with virtue wage?
'Inchanted by this proſtituted fair,
'Our youth run headlong in the fatal ſnare;
'In height of rapture claſp unheeded pains,
'And ſuck pollution thro' their tingling veins.

'Thy ſpotleſs thoughts unſhock'd the prieſt may hear,
'And the pure veſtal in her boſom wear.
'To conſcious bluſhes and diminiſh'd pride,
'Thy glaſs betrays what treach'rous love would hide;
'Nor harſh thy precepts, but infus'd by ſtealth,
'Pleaſe while they cure, and cheat us into health.
'Thy works in Chloe's toilet gain a part,
'And with his tailor ſhare the ſopling's heart:
'Laſh'd in thy ſatire, the penurious cit
'Laughs at himſelf and finds no harm in wit:
'From felon gameſters the raw 'ſquire is free,
'And Britain owes her reſcu'd oaks to thee.
'His miſs the frolic viſcount dreads to toaſt,
'Or his third cure the ſhallow templar boaſt:
'And the raſh fool who ſcorn'd the beaten road,
'Dares quake at thunder, and confeſs his God.

'The brainleſs ſtripling, who, expell'd the town,
'Damn'd the ſtiff college and pedantic gown,
'Aw'd by thy name, is dumb, and thrice a week
'Spells uncouth Latin, and pretends to Greek.
'A ſaunt'ring tribe! ſuch born to wide eſtates,
'With Yea and No in ſenates hold debates:
'At length deſpis'd, each to his fields retires,
'Firſt with the dogs, and king amidſt the 'ſquires;
'From pert to ſtupid ſinks ſupinely down,
'In youth a coxcomb, and in age a clown.

'Such readers ſcorn'd, thou wing'ſt thy daring flight
'Above the ſtars, and tread'ſt the fields of light;
'Fame, heav'n and hell, are thy exalted theme,
'And viſions ſuch as Jove himſelf might dream;
'Man ſunk to ſlav'ry, tho' to glory born,
'Heav'n's pride when upright, and deprav'd his ſcorn.

'Such hints alone could Britiſh Virgil lend,
'And thou alone deſerve from ſuch a friend:
'A debt ſo borrow'd, is illuſtrious ſhame,
'And fame when ſhar'd with him is double fame.
'So fluſh'd with ſweets, by beauty's queen beſtow'd,
'With more than mortal charms Æneas glow'd.
'Such gen'rous ſtrifes Eugene and Marlbro' try,
'And as in glory, ſo in friendſhip vie.

'Permit theſe lines by thee to live—nor blame
'A muſe that pants and languiſhes for fame;
'That fears to ſink when humbler themes ſhe ſings,
'Loſt in the maſs of mean forgotten things.
'Receiv'd by thee, I propheſy, my rhimes
'The praiſe of virgins in ſucceeding times:
'Mix'd with thy works, their life no bounds ſhall ſee,
'But ſtand protected, as inſpir'd, by thee.

'So ſome weak ſhoot, which elſe would poorly riſe,
'Jove's tree adopts, and lifts him to the ſkies;
'Thro' the new pupil ſoft'ring juices flow,
'Thruſt forth the gems, and give the flow'rs to blow
'Aloft; immortal reigns the plant unknown,
'With borrow'd life, and vigour not his own.'

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

'Mr. John Sly humbly ſheweth,

'THAT upon reading the deputation given to 'the ſaid Mr. John Sly, all perſons paſſing by his ob- 'ſervatory behaved themſelves with the ſame decorum, 'as if your honour yourſelf had been preſent.

'That your ſaid officer is preparing, according to 'your honour's ſecret inſtructions, hats for the ſeveral

'kind of heads, that make figures in the realms of 'Great-Britain, with cocks ſignificant of their powers 'and faculties.

'That your ſaid officer has taken due notice of your 'inſtructions and admonitions concerning the internals 'of the head from the outward form of the ſame. His 'hats for men of the faculties of law and phyſic do but 'juſt turn up, to give a little life to their ſagacity; his 'military hats glare full in the face; and he has pre-'pared a familiar eaſy cock for all good companions be-'tween the above-mentioned extremes. For this end 'he has conſulted the moſt learned of his acquaintance 'for the true forms and dimenſions of the *Lepidum Caput*, 'and made a hat fit for it.

'Your ſaid officer does further repreſent, that the 'young divines about town are many of them got into 'the cock military, and deſires your inſtructions therein.

'That the town has been for ſeveral days very well 'behaved, and further your ſaid officer ſaith not.' T.

N° 533. Tueſday, November 11.

Immò duas dabo, inquit ille, una ſi parum eſt:
Et ſi duarum pœnitebit, addentur duæ. PLAUT.

Nay, ſays he, if one is too little, I will give you two; and if two will not ſatisfy you, I will add two more.

To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'YOU have often given us very excellent diſcourſes 'againſt that unnatural cuſtom of parents, in forcing 'their children to marry contrary to their inclinati-'ons. My own caſe, without farther preface, I will 'lay before you, and leave you to judge of it. My fa-'ther and mother both being in declining years, would 'fain ſee me, their eldeſt ſon, as they call it, ſettled. I 'am as much for that as they can be; but I muſt be 'ſettled, it ſeems, not according to my own, but their 'liking. Upon this account, I am teazed every day,

'becauſe I have not yet fallen in love, in ſpite of na-
'ture, with one of a neighbouring gentleman's daugh-
'ters; for out of their abundant generoſity, they give
'me the choice of four. Jack, begins my father, Mrs.
'Catharine is a fine woman—Yes, ſir, but ſhe is rather
'too old———She will make the more diſcreet
'manager, boy. Then my mother plays her part. Is
'not Mrs. Betty exceeding fair? Yes, madam, but ſhe
'is of no converſation; ſhe has no fire, no agreeable
'vivacity; ſhe neither ſpeaks nor looks with ſpirit.
'True, ſon; but for thoſe very reaſons, ſhe will be an
'eaſy, ſoft, obliging, tractable creature. After all, cries
'an old aunt, (who belongs to the claſs of thoſe who
'read plays with ſpectacles on) what think you, ne-
'phew, of proper Mrs. Dorothy? What do I think? why,
'I think ſhe cannot be above ſix foot two inches high.
'Well, well, you may banter as long as you pleaſe, but
'height of ſtature is commanding and majeſtic. Come,
'come, ſays a couſin of mine in the family, I will fit
'him; Fidelia is yet behind———Pretty Miſs Fiddy
'muſt pleaſe you———Oh! your very humble ſer-
'vant, dear coz, ſhe is as much too young as her eldeſt
'ſiſter is too old. Is it ſo indeed, quoth ſhe, good Mr.
'Pert? You who are but barely turned of twenty-two,
'and Miſs Fiddy in half a year's time will be in her
'teens, and ſhe is capable of learning any thing. Then
'ſhe will be ſo obſervant; ſhe will cry perhaps now and
'then, but never be angry. Thus they will think for
'me in this matter, wherein I am more particularly
'concerned than any body elſe. If I name any woman
'in the world, one of theſe daughters has certainly the
'ſame qualities. You ſee by theſe few hints, Mr. SPEC-
'TATOR, what a comfortable life I lead. To be ſtill
'more open and free with you, I have been paſſionate-
'ly fond of a young lady (whom give me leave to call
'Miranda) now for theſe three years. I have often urged
'the matter home to my parents with all the ſubmiſſion
'of a ſon, but the impatience of a lover. Pray, ſir,
'think of three years; what inexpreſſible ſcenes of in-
'quietude, what variety of miſery muſt I have gone
'through in three long whole years? Miranda's fortune
'is equal to thoſe I have mentioned; but her relations

'are not intimates with mine. Ah! there's the rub. 'Miranda's perſon, wit, and humour, are what the ni- 'ceſt fancy could imagine; and though we know you 'to be ſo elegant a judge of beauty, yet there is none 'among all your various characters of fine women pre- 'ferable to Miranda. In a word, ſhe is never guilty of 'doing any thing but one amiſs, (if ſhe can be thought 'to do amiſs by me) in being as blind to my faults, as 'ſhe is to her own perfections.

'I am, Sir,

'Your very humble obedient ſervant,

'DUSTERERASTUS.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'WHEN you ſpent ſo much time as you did late- 'ly in cenſuring the ambitious young gentlemen who 'ride in triumph through town and country in coach- 'boxes, I wiſh you had employed thoſe moments 'in conſideration of what paſſes ſometimes within- 'ſide of thoſe vehicles. I am ſure I ſuffered ſufficient- 'ly by the inſolence and ill breeding of ſome perſons 'who travelled lately with me in a ſtage coach out of 'Eſſex to London. I am ſure, when you have heard what 'I have to ſay, you will think there are perſons under 'the character of gentlemen that are fit to be no where 'elſe but in the coach-box. Sir, I am a young woman 'of a ſober and religious education, and have preſerved 'that character; but on Monday was fortnight it was my 'misfortune to come to London. I was no ſooner clapt 'in the coach, but to my great ſurpriſe, two perſons in 'the habit of gentlemen attacked me with ſuch in- 'decent diſcourſe as I cannot repeat to you, ſo you may 'conclude not fit for me to hear. I had no relief but 'the hopes of a ſpeedy end of my ſhort journey. Sir, 'form to yourſelf what a perſecution this muſt needs be 'to a virtuous and chaſte mind; and in order to your 'proper handling ſuch a ſubject, fancy your wife or 'daughter, if you had any, in ſuch circumſtances, and 'what treatment you would think then due to ſuch 'dragoons. One of them was called a captain, and en- 'tertained us with nothing but filthy ſtupid queſtions, or 'lewd ſongs, all the way. Ready to burſt with ſhame

'and indignation, I repined that nature had not allow-
'ed us as eaſily to ſhut our ears as our eyes. But was
'not this a kind of rape? Why ſhould there be acceſ-
'ſaries in raviſhment any more than murder? Why
'ſhould not every contributor to the abuſe of chaſtity
'ſuffer death? I am ſure theſe ſhameleſs hell-hounds
'deſerved it highly. Can you exert yourſelf better than
'on ſuch an occaſion? If you do not do it effectually,
'I will read no more of your papers. Has every im-
'pertinent fellow a privilege to torment me, who pay
'my coach-hire as well as he? Sir, pray conſider us in
'this reſpect as the weakeſt ſex, and have nothing to
'defend ourſelves; and I think it is as gentleman-like
'to challenge a woman to fight, as to talk obſcenely
'in her company, eſpecially when ſhe has not power to
'ſtir. Pray let me tell you a ſtory which you can make
'fit for public view. I knew a gentleman, who having
'a very good opinion of the gentlemen of the army,
'invited ten or twelve of them to ſup with him; and at
'the ſame time invited two or three friends, who were
'very ſevere againſt the manners and morals of gen-
'tlemen of that profeſſion. It happened one of them
'brought two captains of his regiment newly come in-
'to the army, who at firſt onſet engaged the company
'with very lewd healths and ſuitable diſcourſe. You
'may eaſily imagine the confuſion of the entertainer,
'who finding ſome of his friends very uneaſy, deſired
'to tell them the ſtory of a great man, one Mr. Locke
'(whom I find you frequently mention) that being in-
'vited to dine with the then lords Halifax, Angleſey,
'and Shafteſbury; immediately after dinner, inſtead of
'converſation, the cards were called for, where the bad
'or good ſucceſs produced the uſual paſſions of gaming.
'Mr. Locke retiring to a window, and writing, my lord
'Angleſey deſired to know what he was writing: "why,
"my lords," anſwered he, "I could not ſleep laſt night
"for the pleaſure and improvement I expected from the
"converſation of the greateſt men of the age." This ſo
'ſenſibly ſtung them that they gladly compounded to
'throw their cards in the fire if he would his paper,
'and ſo a converſation enſued fit for ſuch perſons.
'This ſtory preſt ſo hard upon the young captains,

'together with the concurrence of their ſuperior officers, 'that the young fellows left the company in confuſion. 'Sir, I know you hate long things; but if you like it, 'you may contract it, or how you will; but I think it 'has a moral in it.

'But, ſir, I am told you are a famous mechanic as well 'as looker on, and therefore humbly propoſe you would 'invent ſome padlock, with full power under your hand 'and ſeal, for all modeſt perſons, either men or women, 'to clap upon the mouths of all ſuch impertinent impu-'dent fellows: and I wiſh you would publiſh a procla-'mation, that no modeſt perſon that has a value for her 'countenance, and conſequently would not be put out 'of it, preſume to travel after ſuch a day without one 'of them in their pockets. I fancy a ſmart Spectator 'upon this ſubject would ſerve for ſuch a padlock, and 'that public notice may be given in your paper where 'they may be had with directions, price 2d. and that 'part of the directions may be, when any perſon pre-'ſumes to be guilty of the above-mentioned crime, the 'party aggrieved may produce it to his face, with a re-'queſt to read it to the company. He muſt be very 'much hardened that could outface that rebuke; and 'his further puniſhment I leave you to preſcribe.

'Your humble ſervant,

T. 'PENANCE CRUEL.'

N° 534. Wedneſday, November 12.

Rarus enim fermè ſenſus communis in illâ
Fortunâ——— JUV. Sat. 8. ver. 73.

———We ſeldom find
Much ſenſe with an exalted fortune join'd.
STEPNEY.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young woman of nineteen, the only daugh-'ter of very wealthy parents; and have my whole 'life been uſed with a tenderneſs which did me no

'great ſervice in my education. I have perhaps an 'uncommon deſire for knowledge of what is ſuitable 'to my ſex and quality; but as far as I can remember, 'the whole diſpute about me has been, whether ſuch a 'thing was proper for the child to do, or not? or whe-'ther ſuch or ſuch a food was the more wholeſome for 'the young lady to eat? This was ill for my ſhape, 'that for my complexion, and the other for my eyes. I 'am not extravagant when I tell you, I do not know 'that I have trod upon the very earth ever ſince I was 'ten years old: a coach or chair I am obliged to for all 'my motions from one place to another ever ſince I can 'remember. All who had to do to inſtruct me, have 'ever been bringing ſtories of the notable things I have 'ſaid, and the womanly manner of my behaving my-'ſelf upon ſuch and ſuch an occaſion. This has been 'my ſtate, until I came towards years of womanhood; 'and ever ſince I grew towards the age of fifteen, I have 'been abuſed after another manner. Now, forſooth, I 'am ſo killing, no one can ſafely ſpeak to me. Our 'houſe is frequented by men of ſenſe, and I love to aſk 'queſtions when I fall into ſuch converſation; but I am 'cut ſhort with ſomething or other about my bright 'eyes. There is, ſir, a language particular for talking 'to women in; and none but thoſe of the very firſt good-'breeding (who are very few, and who ſeldom come 'into my way) can ſpeak to us without regard to our 'ſex. Among the generality of thoſe they call gentle-'men, it is impoſſible for me to ſpeak upon any ſubject 'whatſoever, without provoking ſomebody to ſay, "oh! "to be ſure, fine Mrs. Such-a-one muſt be very particu-"larly acquainted with all that; all the world would "contribute to her entertainment and information." 'Thus, ſir, I am ſo handſome, that I murder all who 'approach me; ſo wiſe, that I want no new notice; 'and ſo well bred, that I am treated by all that know 'me like a fool, for no one will anſwer as if I were 'their friend or companion. Pray, ſir, be pleaſed to 'take the part of us beauties and fortunes into your 'conſideration, and do not let us be thus flattered out 'of our ſenſes. I have got an huſſy of a maid, who 'is moſt craftily given to this ill quality. I was at firſt

'diverted with a certain abſurdity the creature was guil-
'ty of in every thing ſhe ſaid: ſhe is a country girl, and
'in the dialect of the ſhire ſhe was born in, would tell
'me that every body reckoned her lady had the pureſt
'red and white in the world: then ſhe would tell me,
'I was the moſt like one Siſly Dobſon in their town, who
'made the miller make away with himſelf, and walk
'afterwards in the corn-fields where they uſed to meet.
'With all this, this cunning huſſy can lay letters in my
'way, and put a billet in my glove, and then ſtand in it
'ſhe knows nothing of it. I do not know, from my
'birth to this day, that I have been ever treated by any
'one as I ought; and if it were not for a few books
'which I delight in, I ſhould be at this hour a novice to
'all common ſenſe. Would it not be worth your while
'to lay down rules for behaviour in this caſe, and tell
'people, that we fair ones expect honeſt plain anſwers as
'well as other people? Why muſt I, good ſir, becauſe I
'have a good air, a fine complexion, and am in the bloom
'of my years, be miſled in all my actions; and have the
'notions of good and ill confounded in my mind, for no
'other offence, but becauſe I have the advantages of
'beauty and fortune? Indeed, ſir, what with the ſilly
'homage which is paid to us by the ſort of people I
'have above ſpoken of, and the utter negligence which
'others have for us, the converſation of us young wo-
'men of condition is no other than what muſt expoſe us
'to ignorance and vanity, if not vice. All this is humbly
'ſubmitted to your ſpectatorial wiſdom, by,

Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'SHARLOT WEALTHY.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Will's Coffee-houſe.

'PRAY, ſir, it will ſerve to fill up a paper, if you put in this; which is only to aſk, whether that copy of verſes, which is a paraphraſe of Iſaiah, in one of your ſpeculations, is not written by Mr. Pope?

'Then you get on another line, by putting in, with proper diſtances, as at the end of a letter.

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'ABRAHAM DAPPERWIT.'

'Mr. Dapperwit,

'I AM glad to get another line forward, by ſaying that excellent piece is Mr. Pope's; and ſo with proper diſtances,

'I am, Sir,

'Your humble ſervant,

'THE SPECTATOR.'

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I WAS a wealthy grocer in the city, and as fortunate as diligent; but I was a ſingle man, and you know there are women. One in particular came to my ſhop, who I wiſhed might, but was afraid never would, make a grocer's wife. I thought, however, to take an effectual way of courting, and ſold her at leſs price than I bought, that I might buy at leſs price than I ſold. She, you may be ſure, often came and helped me to many cuſtomers at the ſame rate, fancying I was obliged to her. You muſt needs think this was a good living trade, and my riches muſt be vaſtly improved. In fine I was nigh being declared bankrupt, when I declared myſelf her lover, and ſhe herſelf married. I was juſt in a condition to ſupport myſelf, and am now in hope of growing rich by loſing my cuſtomers.

'Yours,

'JEREMY COMFIT

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM in the condition of the idol you was one pleaſed to mention, and bar-keeper of a coffee houſe. I believe it is needleſs to tell you the oppo tunities I muſt give, and the importunities I ſuffe But there is one gentleman who beſieges me as cl [illegible] French did Bouchain. His gravity makes h

'work cautious, and his regular approaches denote a 'good engineer. You need not doubt of his oratory, as 'he is a lawyer: and especially since he has had so little 'use of it at Westminster, he may spare the more for 'me.

'What then can weak woman do? I am willing to 'surrender, but he would have it at discretion, and I 'with discretion. In the mean time, whilst we parley, 'our several interests are neglected. As his siege grows 'stronger, my tea grows weaker; and while he pleads 'at my bar, none come to him for counsel but *in* '*forma pauperis*. Dear Mr. SPECTATOR, advise him 'not to insist upon hard articles, nor by his irregular de-'sires contradict the well-meaning lines of his counte-'nance. If we were agreed, we might settle to some-'thing, as soon as we could determine where we should 'get most by the law, at the coffee-house, or at West-'minster.

'Your humble servant,

'LUCINDA PARLEY.'

A Minute from Mr. John Sly.

'THE world is pretty regular for about forty rods 'east, and ten west of the observatory of the said Mr. 'Sly; but he is credibly informed, that when they are 'got beyond the pass into the Strand, or those who 'move city-ward are got within Temple-bar, they are 'just as they were before. It is therefore humbly pro-'posed, that moving sentries may be appointed all the 'busy hours of the day between the Exchange and West-'minster, and report what passes to your honour, or 'your subordinate officers, from time to time.'

Ordered,

That Mr. Sly name the said officers, provided he will answer for their principles and morals. T.

Nº 535. Thurſday, November 13.

Spem longam reſeces—— Hor. Od. 11. l. 1. ver. 7.
Cut ſhort vain hope.

My four hundred and ſeventy-firſt ſpeculation turned upon the ſubject of hope in general. I deſign this paper as a ſpeculation upon that vain and fooliſh hope, which is miſemployed on temporal objects, and produces many ſorrows and calamities in human life.

It is a precept ſeveral times inculcated by Horace, that we ſhould not entertain a hope of any thing in life, which lies at a great diſtance from us. The ſhortneſs and uncertainty of our time here, makes ſuch a kind of hope unreaſonable and abſurd. The grave lies unſeen between us and the object which we reach after: where one man lives to enjoy the good he has in view, ten thouſand are cut off in the purſuit of it.

It happens likewiſe unluckily, that one hope no ſooner dies in us, but another riſes up in its ſtead. We are apt to fancy that we ſhall be happy and ſatisfied if we poſſeſs ourſelves of ſuch and ſuch particular enjoyments; but either by reaſon of their emptineſs, or the natural inquietude of the mind, we have no ſooner gained one point, but we extend our hopes to another. We ſtill find new inviting ſcenes and landſkips lying behind thoſe which at a diſtance terminated our view.

The natural conſequences of ſuch reflections are theſe; that we ſhould take care not to let our hopes run out into too great a length; that we ſhould ſufficiently weigh the objects of our hope, whether they be ſuch, as we may reaſonably expect from them what they propoſe in their fruition, and whether they are ſuch as we are pretty ſure of attaining, in caſe our life extend itſelf ſo far. If we hope for things which are at too great a diſtance from us, it is poſſible that we may be intercepted by death in our progreſs towards them. If we hope for things of which we have not thoroughly conſidered

the value, our disappointment will be greater than our pleasure in the fruition of them. If we hope for what we are not likely to possess, we act and think in vain, and make life a greater dream and shadow than it really is.

Many of the miseries and misfortunes of life proceed from our want of consideration, in one or all of these particulars. They are the rocks on which the sanguine tribe of lovers daily split, and on which the bankrupt, the politician, the alchymist, and the projector are cast away in every age. Men of warm imaginations and towering thoughts are apt to overlook the goods of fortune which are near them, for something that glitters in the sight at a distance; to neglect solid and substantial happiness, for what is showy and superficial; and to contemn that good that lies within their reach, for that which they are not capable of attaining. Hope calculates its schemes for a long and durable life; presses forward to imaginary points of bliss; and grasps at impossibilities; and consequently very often insnares men into beggary, ruin, and dishonour.

What I have here said, may serve as a moral to an Arabian fable, which I find translated into French by monsieur Galland. The fable has in it such a wild, but natural simplicity, that I question not but my reader will be as much pleased with it as I have been, and that he will consider himself, if he reflects on the several amusements of hope which have sometimes passed in his mind, as a near relation to the Persian glass-man.

Alnaschar, says the fable, was a very idle fellow, that never would set his hand to any business during his father's life. When his father died, he left him to the value of an hundred drachmas in Persian money. Alnaschar, in order to make the best of it, laid it out in glasses, bottles, and the finest earthen ware. These he piled up in a large open basket, and having made choice of a very little shop, placed the basket at his feet, and leaned his back upon the wall, in expectation of customers. As he sat in this posture with his eyes upon the basket, he fell into a most amusing train of thought and was overheard by one of his neighbours, as he talked to himself in the following manner: "This

" baſket," ſays he, "coſt me at the wholeſale merchant's " an hundred drachmas, which is all I have in the " world. I ſhall quickly make two hundred of it, by " ſelling it in retail. Theſe two hundred drachmas will " in a very little while riſe to four hundred, which of " courſe will amount in time to four thouſand. Four " thouſand drachmas cannot fail of making eight thou- " ſand. As ſoon as by this means I am maſter of ten " thouſand, I will lay aſide my trade of a glaſs-man, and " turn jeweller. I ſhall then deal in diamonds, pearls, " and all ſorts of rich ſtones. When I have got together " as much wealth as I can well deſire, I will make a " purchaſe of the fineſt houſe I can find, with lands, " ſlaves, eunuchs, and horſes. I ſhall then begin to en- " joy myſelf, and make a noiſe in the world. I will not, " however, ſtop there, but ſtill continue my traffic until " I have got together a hundred thouſand drachmas. " When I have thus made myſelf maſter of a hundred " thouſand drachmas, I ſhall naturally ſet myſelf on the " foot of a prince, and will demand the grand viſier's " daughter in marriage, after having repreſented to that " miniſter the information which I have received of the " beauty, wit, diſcretion, and other high qualities which " his daughter poſſeſſes. I will let him know at the " ſame time, that it is my intention to make him a pre- " ſent of a thouſand pieces of gold on our marriage " night. As ſoon as I have married the grand viſier's " daughter, I will buy her ten black eunuchs, the young- " eſt and beſt that can be got for money. I muſt after- " wards make my father-in-law a viſit with a grand " train and equipage. And when I am placed at his " right-hand, which he will do of courſe, if it be only " to honour his daughter, I will give him the thouſand " pieces of gold which I promiſed him, and afterwards " to his great ſurpriſe, will preſent him another purſe of " the ſame value, with ſome ſhort ſpeech: as, 'Sir, you ' ſee I am a man of my word: I always give more than ' I promiſe.'

" When I have brought the princeſs to my houſe, I " ſhall take particular care to breed in her a due reſpect " to me, before I give the reins to love and dalliance. " To this end I ſhall confine her to her own apartment,

"make her a ſhort viſit, and talk but little to her. Her "women will repreſent to me, that ſhe is inconſolable "by reaſon of my unkindneſs, and beg me with tears to "careſs her, and let her ſit down by me; but I ſhall ſtill "remain inexorable, and will turn my back upon her all "the firſt night. Her mother will then come and bring "her daughter to me, as I am ſeated upon my ſofa. "The daughter, with tears in her eyes, will fling her-"ſelf at my feet, and beg of me to receive her into my "favour; then will I, to imprint in her a thorough ve-"neration for my perſon, draw up my legs and ſpurn her "from me with my foot, in ſuch a manner, that ſhe ſhall "fall down ſeveral paces from the ſofa."

Alnaſchar was intirely ſwallowed up in this chimerical viſion, and could not forbear acting with his foot what he had in his thoughts: ſo that unluckily ſtriking his baſket of brittle ware, which was the foundation of all his grandeur, he kicked his glaſſes to a great diſtance from him into the ſtreet, and broke them into ten thouſand pieces. O.

N° 536. Friday, November 14.

O! veræ Phrygiæ, neque enim Phryges!

VIRG. Æn. 9. ver. 617.

O! leſs than women, in the ſhapes of men.

DRYDEN.

AS I was the other day day ſtanding in my bookſeller's ſhop, a pretty young thing about eighteen years of age, ſtept out of her coach, and bruſhing by me, beckoned the man of the ſhop to the farther end of his counter, where ſhe whiſpered ſomething to him, with an attentive look, and at the ſame time preſented him with a letter: after which, preſſing the end of her fan upon his hand, ſhe delivered the remaining part of her

meſſage, and withdrew. I obſerved, in the midſt of her diſcourſe, that ſhe fluſhed, and caſt an eye upon me over her ſhoulder, having been informed by my bookſeller, that I was the man with the ſhort face whom ſhe had ſo often read of. Upon her paſſing by me, the pretty blooming creature ſmiled in my face, and dropped me a curteſy. She ſcarce gave me time to return her ſalute, before ſhe quitted the ſhop with an eaſy ſkuttle, and ſtepped again into her coach, giving the footman directions to drive where they were bid. Upon her departure, my bookſeller gave me a letter ſuperſcribed, "To "the ingenious SPECTATOR," which the young lady had deſired him to deliver into my own hands, and to tell me that the ſpeedy publication of it would not only oblige herſelf, but a whole tea-table of my friends. I opened it therefore, with a reſolution to publiſh it, whatever it ſhould contain, and am ſure if any of my male readers will be ſo ſeverely critical as not to like it, they would have been as well pleaſed with it as myſelf, had they ſeen the face of the pretty ſcribe.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, London, Nov. 1712.

'YOU are always ready to receive any uſeful hint 'or propoſal, and ſuch, I believe, you will think one 'that may put you in a way to employ the moſt idle 'part of the kingdom; I mean that part of mankind 'who are known by the name of womens-men, or 'beaus, &c. Mr. SPECTATOR, you are ſenſible 'theſe pretty gentlemen are not made for any manly 'employments, and for want of buſineſs are often as 'much in the vapours as the ladies. Now what I 'propoſe is this, ſince knotting is again in faſhion, 'which has been found a very pretty amuſement, 'that you will recommend it to theſe gentlemen as 'ſomething that may make them uſeful to the ladies 'they admire. And ſince it is not inconſiſtent with 'any game, or other diverſion, for it may be done 'in the play-houſe, in their coaches, at the tea-table, 'and in ſhort, in all places where they come for 'the ſake of the ladies (except at church, be pleaſed 'to forbid it there, to prevent miſtakes) it will be

'easily complied with. It is besides an employment 'that allows, as we see by the fair sex, of many graces; 'which will make the beaus more readily come into it; 'it shews a white hand and a diamond ring to great ad- 'vantage; it leaves the eyes at full liberty to be em- 'ployed as before, as also the thoughts, and the tongue. 'In short, it seems in every respect so proper, that it is 'needless to urge it farther, by speaking of the satisfac- 'tion these male knotters will find, when they see their 'work mixed up in a fringe, and worn by the fair lady 'for whom and with whom it was done. Truly, Mr. 'SPECTATOR, I cannot but be pleased I have hit upon 'something that these gentlemen are capable of; for it 'is sad so considerable a part of the kingdom (I mean 'for numbers) should be of no manner of use. I shall 'not trouble you farther at this time, but only to say, 'that I am always your reader, but generally your admi- 'rer. 'C. B.

'P. S. The sooner these fine gentlemen are set to 'work the better; there being at this time several fine 'fringes that only stay for more hands.'

I shall, in the next place, present my reader with the description of a set of men who are common enough in the world, though I do not remember that I have yet taken notice of them, as they are drawn in the following letter.

'Mr. SPECTATOR;

'SINCE you have lately, to so good purpose, 'enlarged upon conjugal love, it is to be hoped you 'will discourage every practice that rather proceeds 'from a regard to interest, than to happiness. Now 'you cannot but observe, that most of our fine young 'ladies readily fall in with the direction of the gra- 'ver sort, to retain in their service, by some small en- 'couragement, as great a number as they can of su- 'pernumerary and insignificant fellows, which they

'uſe like whifflers, and commonly called ſhoeing-horns. 'Theſe are never deſigned to know the length of the 'foot, but only, when a good offer comes, to whet 'and ſpur him up to the point. Nay, it is the opinion 'of that grave lady, madam Matchwell, that it is 'abſolutely convenient for every prudent family to 'have ſeveral of theſe implements about the houſe, to 'clap on as occaſion ſerves, and that every ſpark ought 'to produce a certificate of his being a ſhoeing-horn, 'before he be admitted as a ſhoe. A certain lady, 'whom I could name, if it was neceſſary, has at preſent 'more ſhoeing-horns of all ſizes, countries and colours, 'in her ſervice, than ever ſhe had new ſhoes in her 'life. I have known a woman make uſe of a ſhoe-'ing-horn for ſeveral years, and finding him unſuc-'ceſsful in that function, convert him at length into a 'ſhoe. I am miſtaken if your friend Mr. WILLIAM 'HONEYCOMB was not a caſt off ſhoeing-horn before 'his late marriage. As for myſelf, I muſt frankly de-'clare to you, that I have been an errant ſhoeing-horn 'for above theſe twenty years. I ſerved my firſt miſtreſs 'in that capacity above five of the number, before ſhe 'was ſhod. I confeſs though ſhe had many who made 'their application to her, I always thought myſelf the 'beſt ſhoe in her ſhop, and it was not until a month 'before her marriage that I diſcovered what I was. 'This had like to have broke my heart, and raiſed 'ſuch ſuſpicions in me, that I told the next I made 'love to, upon receiving ſome unkind uſage from her, 'that I began to look upon myſelf as no more than 'her ſhoeing-horn. Upon which, my dear, who was 'a coquette in her nature, told me, I was hypochon-'driacal, and that I might as well look upon myſelf 'to be an egg or a pipkin. But in a very ſhort time 'after ſhe gave me to know that I was not miſtaken 'in myſelf. It would be tedious to recount to you 'the life of an unfortunate ſhoeing-horn, or I might 'entertain you with a very long and melancholy re-'lation of my ſufferings. Upon the whole, I think, 'ſir, it would very well become a man in your poſt, 'to determine in what caſes a woman may be allowed, 'with honour, to make uſe of a ſhoeing-horn, as alſo

'to declare whether a maid on this ſide five and twenty, 'or a widow who has not been three years in that ſtate, 'may be granted ſuch a privilege, with other difficul- 'ties which will naturally occur to you upon that ſub- 'ject.

'I am, Sir,

O. 'with the moſt profound veneration, yours, &c.'

N° 537. Saturday, November 15.

Τῦ μὲν γὰρ γένος ἐσμέν. ARAT.

For we are his offspring. Acts xvii. 28.

To the SPECTATOR.

'SIR,

'IT has been uſual to remind perſons of rank, on 'great occaſions in life, of their race and quality, and 'to what expectations they were born; that by conſi- 'dering what is worthy of them, they may be with- 'drawn from mean purſuits, and encouraged to lauda- 'ble undertakings. This is turning nobility into a prin- 'ciple of virtue, and making it productive of merit, as 'it is underſtood to have been originally a reward of it.

'It is for the like reaſon, I imagine, that you have in 'ſome of your ſpeculations aſſerted to your readers the 'dignity of human nature. But you cannot be inſenſi- 'ble that this is a controverted doctrine; there are au- 'thors who conſider human nature in a very different 'view, and books of maxims have been written to ſhew 'the falſity of all human virtues. The reflections 'which are made on this ſubject uſually take ſome 'tincture from the tempers and characters of thoſe that 'make them. Politicians can reſolve the moſt ſhining 'actions among men into artifice and deſign; others, 'who are ſoured by diſcontent, repulſes, or ill uſage,

'are apt to miſtake their ſpleen for philoſophy: men 'of profligate lives, and ſuch as find themſelves incapa- 'ble of riſing to any diſtinction among their fellow- 'creatures, are for pulling down all appearances of 'merit, which ſeem to upbraid them: and ſatiriſts de- 'ſcribe nothing but deformity. From all theſe hands 'we have ſuch draughts of mankind as are repreſented 'in thoſe burleſque pictures, which the Italians call 'Caricaturas; where the art conſiſts in preſerving, 'amidſt diſtorted proportions and aggravated features, 'ſome diſtinguiſhing likeneſs of the perſon, but in ſuch 'a manner as to transform the moſt agreeable beauty in- 'to the moſt odious monſter.

'It is very diſingenuous to level the beſt of mankind 'with the worſt, and for the faults of particulars to de- 'grade the whole ſpecies. Such methods tend not only 'to remove a man's good opinion of others, but to de- 'ſtroy that reverence for himſelf, which is a great guard 'of innocence, and a ſpring of virtue.

'It is true indeed that there are ſurpriſing mixtures of 'beauty and deformity, of wiſdom and folly, virtue and 'vice, in the human make; ſuch a diſparity is found 'among numbers of the ſame kind, and every individual, 'in ſome inſtances, or at ſome times, is ſo unequal to 'himſelf, that man ſeems to be the moſt wavering and 'inconſtant being in the whole creation. So that the 'queſtion in morality, concerning the dignity of our 'nature, may at firſt ſight appear like ſome difficult 'queſtions in natural philoſophy, in which the arguments 'on both ſides ſeem to be of equal ſtrength. But as I be- 'gan with conſidering this point as it relates to action, I 'ſhall here borrow an admirable reflection from monſieur 'Paſchal, which I think ſets it in its proper light.

"It is of dangerous conſequence," ſays he, "to "repreſent to man how near he is to the level of "beaſts, without ſhewing him at the ſame time "his greatneſs. It is likewiſe dangerous to let him "ſee his greatneſs, without his meanneſs. It is "more dangerous yet to leave him ignorant of ei- "ther; but very beneficial that he ſhould be made ſen- "ſible of both." Whatever imperfections we may have 'in our nature, it is the buſineſs of religion and virtue

'to rectify them, as far as is consistent with our present 'state. In the mean time, it is no small encouragement 'to generous minds to consider that we shall put them 'all off with our mortality. That sublime manner of 'salutation with which the Jews approached their kings,

"O king, live for ever!"

'may be addressed to the lowest and most despised mor-'tal among us, under all the infirmities and distresses 'with which we see him surrounded. And whoever 'believes the immortality of the soul, will not need a 'better argument for the dignity of his nature, nor a 'stronger incitement to actions suitable to it.

'I am naturally led by this reflection to a subject I 'have already touched upon in a former letter, and can-'not without pleasure call to mind the thoughts of Ci-'cero to this purpose, in the close of his book concern-'ing old age. Every one who is acquainted with his 'writings, will remember that the elder Cato is intro-'duced in that discourse as the speaker, and Scipio and 'Lelius as his auditors. This venerable person is repre-'sented looking forward as it were from the verge of ex-'treme old age into a future state, and rising into a con-'templation on the unperishable part of his nature, and 'its existence after death. I shall collect part of his dis-'course. And as you have formerly offered some argu-'ments for the soul's immortality, agreeable both to 'reason and the Christian doctrine, I believe your read-'ers will not be displeased to see how the same great 'truth shines in the pomp of the Roman eloquence.

"This," says Cato, "is my firm persuasion, that since "the human soul exerts itself with so great activity, "since it has such a remembrance of the past, such a "concern for the future, since it is enriched with so "many arts, sciences, and discoveries, it is impossible "but the being which contains all these must be im-"mortal.

"The elder Cyrus, just before his death, is represent-"ed by Xenophon speaking after this manner.

" Think not, my deareſt children, that when I depart " from you, I ſhall be no more, but remember, that " my ſoul, even while I lived among you, was inviſible " to you; yet by my actions you were ſenſible it exiſted " in this body. Believe it therefore exiſting ſtill, though " it be ſtill unſeen. How quickly would the honours " of illuſtrious men periſh after death, if their ſouls per- " formed nothing to preſerve their fame? For my own " part, I never could think that the ſoul, while in a " mortal body, lives, but when departed out of it, dies; " or that its conſciouſneſs is loſt, when it is diſcharged " out of an unconſcious habitation. But when it is " freed from all corporeal alliance, then it truly exiſts. " Farther, ſince the human frame is broken by death, " tell us what becomes of its parts? It is viſible whither " the materials of other beings are tranſlated, namely, " to the ſource from whence they had their birth. The " ſoul alone, neither preſent nor departed, is the object " of our eyes."

" Thus Cyrus. But to proceed. No one ſhall per- " ſuade me, Scipio, that your worthy father, or your " grandfathers Paulus and Africanus, or Africanus his " father or uncle, or many other excellent men whom " I need not name, performed ſo many actions to be " remembered by poſterity, without being ſenſible that " futurity was their right. And if I may be allowed " an old man's privilege, to ſpeak of myſelf, do you " think I would have endured the fatigue of ſo many " weariſome days and nights, both at home and abroad, " if I imagined that the ſame boundary which is ſet to " my life muſt terminate my glory? Were it not more " deſirable to have worn out my days in eaſe and tran- " quillity, free from labour and without emulation? " But I know not how, my ſoul has always raiſed itſelf, " and looked forward on futurity, in this view and " expectation, that when it ſhall depart out of life, it " ſhall then live for ever; and if this were not true, " that the mind is immortal, the ſouls of the moſt wor- " thy would not, above all others, have the ſtrongeſt " impulſe to glory.

" What beſides this is the cauſe that the wiſeſt " men die with the greateſt equanimity, the ignorant

" with the greateſt concern? Does it not ſeem that thoſe
" minds which have the moſt extenſive views, foreſee
" they are removing to a happier condition, which thoſe
" of a narrow ſight do not perceive? I, for my part, am
" tranſported with the hope of ſeeing your anceſtors
" whom I have honoured and loved, and am ear-
" neſtly deſirous of meeting not only thoſe excellent
" perſons whom I have known, but thoſe too of whom
" I have heard and read, and of whom I myſelf have
" written; nor would I be detained from ſo pleaſing a
" journey. O happy day, when I ſhall eſcape from this
" croud, this heap of pollution, and be admitted to that
" divine aſſembly of exalted ſpirits! When I ſhall go
" not only to thoſe great perſons I have named, but to
" my Cato, my ſon, than whom a better man was never
" born, and whoſe funeral rites I myſelf performed,
" whereas he ought rather to have attended mine. Yet
" has not his ſoul deſerted me, but ſeeming to caſt back a
" look on me, is gone before to thoſe habitations to
" which it was ſenſible I ſhould follow him. And though
" I might appear to have borne my loſs with courage,
" I was not unaffected with it, but I comforted myſelf
" in the aſſurance that it would not be long before we
" ſhould meet again, and be divorced no more."

'I am, Sir, &c.'

I queſtion not but my reader will be very much pleaſ-ed to hear that the gentleman who has obliged the world with the foregoing letter, and who was the au-thor of the 210th ſpeculation on the immortality of the ſoul, the 375th on virtue in diſtreſs, the 525th on con-jugal love, and two or three other very fine ones among thoſe which are not lettered at the end, will ſoon pub-liſh a noble poem intitled, An Ode to the Creator of the World, occaſioned by the fragments of Orpheus.

Nº 538. Monday, November 17.

——*Ultra*
Finem tendere opus. Hor. Sat. 1. l. 2. ver. 1.

To launch beyond all bounds.

SURPRISE is so much the life of stories, that every one aims at it, who endeavours to please by telling them. Smooth delivery, an elegant choice of words, and a sweet arrangement, are all beautifying graces, but not the particulars in this point of conversation which either long command the attention, or strike with the violence of a sudden passion, or occasion the burst of laughter which accompanies humour. I have sometimes fancied that the mind is in this case like a traveller who sees a fine seat in haste; he acknowledges the delightfulness of a walk set with regularity, but would be uneasy if he were obliged to pace it over, when the first view had let him into all its beauties from one end to the other.

However, a knowledge of the success which stories will have when they are attended with a turn of surprise, as it has happily made the characters of some, so has it also been the ruin of the characters of others. There is a set of men who outrage truth, instead of affecting us with a manner in telling it; who overleap the line of probability, that they may be seen to move out of the common road, and endeavour only to make their hearers stare by imposing upon them with a kind of nonsense against the philosophy of nature, or such a heap of wonders told upon their own knowledge, as it is not likely one man should ever have met with.

I have been led to this observation by a company into which I fell accidentally. The subject of antipathies was a proper field wherein such false surprisers might expatiate, and there were those present who appeared very fond to shew it in its full extent of traditional

hiſtory. Some of them, in a learned manner, offered to our conſideration the miraculous powers which the effluviums of cheeſe have over bodies whoſe pores are diſpoſed to receive them in a noxious manner; others gave an account of ſuch who could indeed bear the ſight of cheeſe, but not the taſte; for which they brought a reaſon from the milk of their nurſes. Others again diſcourſed without endeavouring at reaſons, concerning an unconquerable averſion which ſome ſtomachs have againſt a joint of meat when it is whole, and the eager inclination they have for it, when, by its being cut up, the ſhape which had affected them is altered. From hence they paſſed to eels, then to parſnips, and ſo from one averſion to another, until we had worked ourſelves up to ſuch a pitch of complaiſance, that when the dinner was to come in, we inquired the name of every diſh, and hoped it would be no offence to any in company, before it was admitted. When we had ſat down, this civility among us turned the diſcourſe from eatables to other ſorts of averſions; and the eternal cat, which plagues every converſation of this nature, began then to ingroſs the ſubject. One had ſweated at the ſight of it, another had ſmelled it out as it lay concealed in a very diſtant cupboard; and he who crowned the whole ſet of theſe ſtories, reckoned up the number of times in which it had occaſioned him to ſwoon away. At laſt, ſays he, that you may all be ſatisfied of my invincible averſion to a cat, I ſhall give an unanſwerable inſtance: as I was going through a ſtreet of London, where I had never been until then, I felt a general damp and faintneſs all over me, which I could not tell how to account for, until I chanced to caſt my eyes upwards, and found that I was paſſing under a ſign-poſt on which the picture of a cat was hung.

The extravagance of this turn in the way of ſurpriſe, gave a ſtop to the talk we had been carrying on: ſome were ſilent becauſe they doubted, and others becauſe they were conquered in their own way; ſo that the gentleman had an opportunity to preſs the belief of it upon us, and let us ſee that he was rather expoſing himſelf than ridiculing others.

I muſt freely own that I did not all this while diſbelieve every thing that was ſaid; but yet I thought ſome in the company had been endeavouring who ſhould pitch the bar fartheſt; that it had for ſome time been a meaſuring caſt, and at laſt my friend of the cat and ſign-poſt had thrown beyond them all.

I then conſidered the manner in which this ſtory had been received, and the poſſibility that it might have paſſed for a jeſt upon others; if he had not laboured againſt himſelf. From hence, thought I, there are two ways which the well-bred world generally takes to correct ſuch a practice, when they do not think fit to contradict it flatly.

The firſt of theſe is a general ſilence, which I would not adviſe any one to interpret in his own behalf. It is often the effect of prudence in avoiding a quarrel, when they ſee another drive ſo faſt that there is no ſtopping him without being run againſt; and but very ſeldom the effect of weakneſs in believing ſuddenly. The generality of mankind are not ſo groſsly ignorant, as ſome overbearing ſpirits would perſuade themſelves; and if the authority of a character or a caution againſt danger make us ſuppreſs our opinions, yet neither of theſe are of force enough to ſuppreſs our thoughts of them. If a man who has endeavoured to amuſe his company with improbabilities could but look into their minds, he would find that they imagine he lightly eſteems of their ſenſe when he thinks to impoſe upon them, and that he is leſs eſteemed by them for his attempt in doing ſo. His endeavour to glory at their expence becomes a ground of quarrel, and the ſcorn and difference with which they entertain it begins the immediate puniſhment; and indeed, (if we ſhould even go no farther) ſilence, or a negligent indifference, has a deeper way of wounding than oppoſition, becauſe oppoſition proceeds from an anger that has a ſort of generous ſentiment for the adverſary mingling along with it, while it ſhews that there is ſome eſteem in your mind for him; in ſhort, that you think him worth while to conteſt with: but ſilence, or a negligent indifference, proceeds from anger, mixed with a ſcorn that ſhews another he is thought by you too contemptible to be regarded.

The other method which the world has taken for correcting this practice of falſe ſurpriſe, is to overſhoot ſuch talkers in their own bow, or to raiſe the ſtory with further degrees of impoſſibility, and ſet up for a voucher to them in ſuch a manner as muſt let them ſee they ſtand detected. Thus I have heard a diſcourſe was once managed upon the effects of fear. One of the company had given an account how it had turned his friend's hair grey in a night, while the terrors of a ſhipwreck encompaſſed him. Another taking the hint from hence, began, upon his own knowledge, to enlarge his inſtances of the like nature to ſuch a number, that it was not probable he could ever have met with them: and as he ſtill grounded theſe upon different cauſes for the ſake of variety, it might ſeem at laſt, from his ſhare of the converſation, almoſt impoſſible that any one who can feel the paſſion of fear ſhould all his life eſcape ſo common an effect of it. By this time ſome of the company grew negligent, or deſirous to contradict him: but one rebuked the reſt with an appearance of ſeverity, and with the known old ſtory in his head, aſſured them they need not ſcruple to believe that the fear of any thing can make a man's hair grey, ſince he knew one whoſe periwig had ſuffered ſo by it. Thus he ſtopped the talk, and made them eaſy. Thus is the ſame method taken to bring us to ſhame, which we fondly take to increaſe our character. It is indeed a kind of mimicry, by which another puts on our air of converſation to ſhew us to ourſelves: he ſeems to look ridiculous before you, that you may remember how near a reſemblance you bear to him, or that you may know that he will not lie under the imputation of believing you. Then it is that you are ſtruck dumb immediately with a conſcientious ſhame for what you have been ſaying. Then it is that you are inwardly grieved at the ſentiments which you cannot but perceive others entertain concerning you. In ſhort, you are againſt yourſelf; the laugh of the company runs againſt you: the cenſuring world is obliged to you for that triumph which you have allowed them at your own expence; and truth which you have injured has a near way of being revenged on you, when by the bare

repetition of your ſtory you become a frequent diverſion for the public.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THE other day, walking in Pancras church-yard, 'I thought of your paper wherein you mention epitaphs, 'and am of opinion this has a thought in it worth being 'communicated to your readers.

"Here innocence and beauty lies, whoſe breath
"Was ſnatch'd by early, not untimely death.
"Hence did ſhe go, juſt as ſhe did begin
"Sorrow to know, before ſhe knew to ſin.
"Death, that does ſin and ſorrow thus prevent,
"Is the next bleſſing to a life well ſpent."

'I am, Sir,
'Your ſervant.'

N° 539. Tueſday, November 18.

Heteroclita ſunto. QUÆ GENUS.

Be they Heteroclites.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a young widow of good fortune and family, 'and juſt come to town; where I find I have cluſters 'of pretty fellows come already to viſit me, ſome 'dying with hopes, others with fears, though they ne-'ver ſaw me. Now what I would beg of you would be 'to know whether I may venture to uſe theſe pert fel-'lows with the ſame freedom as I did my country ac-'quaintance. I deſire your leave to uſe them as to me 'ſhall ſeem meet, without imputation of a jilt; for ſince 'I make declaration that not one of them ſhall have me, 'I think I ought to be allowed the liberty of inſulting 'thoſe who have the vanity to believe it is in their power 'to make me break that reſolution. There are ſchools

'for learning to uſe foils, frequented by thoſe who never 'deſign to fight, and this uſeleſs way of aiming at the 'heart without deſign to wound it on either ſide, is the 'play with which I am reſolved to divert myſelf: the 'man who pretends to win, I ſhall uſe like him who 'comes into a fencing-ſchool to pick a quarrel. I hope 'upon this foundation, you will give me the free uſe of 'the natural and artificial force of my eyes, looks, and 'geſtures. As for verbal promiſes, I will make none, 'but ſhall have no mercy on the conceited interpreters 'of glances and motions. I am particularly ſkilled in 'the downcaſt eye, and the recovery into a ſudden full 'aſpect, and away again, as you may have ſeen ſome-'times practiſed by us country beauties beyond all that 'you have obſerved in courts and cities. Add to this, 'ſir, that I have a ruddy heedleſs look, which covers ar-'tifice the beſt of any thing. Though I can dance ve-'ry well, I affect a tottering untaught way of walking, 'by which I appear an eaſy prey; and never exert my 'inſtructed charms until I find I have engaged a purſuer. 'Be pleaſed, ſir, to print this letter, which will certainly 'begin the chaſe of a rich widow: the many foldings, 'eſcapes, returns, and doublings which I make, I ſhall 'from time to time communicate to you, for the better 'inſtruction of all females who ſet up, like me, for re-'ducing the preſent exorbitant power and inſolence of 'man.

'I am, Sir,

'Your faithful correſpondent,

'RELICTA LOVELY.'

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I DEPEND upon your profeſſed reſpect for virtuous 'love, for your immediately anſwering the deſign of 'this letter; which is no other than to lay before the 'world the ſeverity of certain parents who deſire to 'ſuſpend the marriage of a diſcreet young woman of 'eighteen, three years longer, for no other reaſon but 'that of her being too young to enter into that ſtate. 'As to the conſideration of riches, my circumſtances

'are ſuch, that I cannot be ſuſpected to make my addreſſes to her on ſuch low motives as avarice or ambition. If ever innocence, wit, and beauty, united their utmoſt charms, they have in her. I wiſh you would expatiate a little on this ſubject, and admoniſh her parents that it may be from the very imperfection of human nature itſelf, and not any perſonal frailty of her or me, that our inclinations baffled at preſent may alter; and while we are arguing with ourſelves to put off the enjoyment of our preſent paſſions, our affections may change their objects in the operation. It is a very delicate ſubject to talk upon; but if it were but hinted, I am in hopes it would give the parties concerned ſome reflection that might expedite our happineſs. There is a poſſibility, and I hope I may ſay it without imputation of immodeſty to her I love with the higheſt honour; I ſay there is a poſſibility this delay may be as painful to her as it is to me. If it be as much, it muſt be more, by reaſon of the ſevere rules the ſex are under in being denied even the relief of complaint. If you oblige me in this, and I ſucceed, I promiſe you a place at my wedding, and a treatment ſuitable to your ſpectatorial dignity.

'Your moſt humble ſervant,

'EUSTACE.'

'SIR,

'I YESTERDAY heard a young gentleman, that looked as if he was juſt come to the town and a ſcarf, upon evil ſpeaking; which ſubject, you know, archbiſhop Tillotſon has ſo nobly handled in a ſermon in his Folio. As ſoon as ever he had named his text, and had opened a little the drift of his diſcourſe, I was in great hopes he had been one of ſir ROGER's chaplains. I have conceived ſo great an idea of the charming diſcourſe above, that I ſhould have thought one part of my ſabbath very well ſpent in hearing a repetition of it. But alas! Mr. SPECTATOR, this reverend divine gave us his grace's ſermon, and yet I do not know

'how; even I, that am ſure have read it at leaſt twenty 'times, could not tell what to make of it, and was at a 'loſs ſometimes to gueſs what the man aimed at. He 'was ſo juſt indeed, as to give us all the heads and the 'ſub-diviſions of the ſermon; and farther I think there 'was not one beautiful thought in it but what we had. 'But then, ſir, this gentleman made ſo many pretty ad-'ditions; and he could never give us a paragraph of the 'ſermon, but he introduced it with ſomething which, 'methought, looked more like a deſign to ſhew his 'own ingenuity, than to inſtruct the people. In ſhort, 'he added and curtailed in ſuch a manner, that he vexed 'me; inſomuch that I could not forbear thinking (what, 'I confeſs, I ought not to have thought of in ſo holy a 'place) that this young ſpark was as juſtly blameable as 'Bullock or Penkethman when they mend a noble play 'of Shakeſpeare or Jonſon. Pray, ſir, take this into 'your conſideration; and if we muſt be entertained with 'the works of any of thoſe great men, deſire theſe gen-'tlemen to give them us as they find them, that ſo when 'we read them to our families at home, they may the 'better remember they have heard them at church.

'Sir,

'Your humble ſervant.'

N° 540. Wedneſday, November 19.

——*Non deficit alter.* VIRG. Æn. 6. ver. 143.

A ſecond is not wanting.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'THERE is no part of your writings which I 'have in more eſteem than your criticiſm upon Mil-'ton. It is an honourable and candid endeavour to 'ſet the works of our noble writers in the graceful

'light which they deſerve. You will loſe much of 'my kind inclination towards you, if you do not 'attempt the encomium of Spenſer alſo, or at leaſt 'indulge my paſſion for that charming author ſo far 'as to print the looſe hints I now give you on that ſub-'ject.

'Spenſer's general plan is the repreſentation of ſix 'virtues, Holineſs, Temperance, Chaſtity, Friendſhip, 'Juſtice, and Courteſy, in ſix legends by ſix perſons. 'The ſix perſonages are ſuppoſed, under proper alle-'gories ſuitable to their reſpective characters, to do all 'that is neceſſary for the full manifeſtation of the re-'ſpective virtues which they are to exert.

'Theſe, one might undertake to ſhew under the ſe-'veral heads, are admirably drawn; no images im-'proper, and moſt ſurpriſingly beautiful. The red-'croſs knight runs through the whole ſteps of the 'chriſtian life; Guyon does all that temperance can 'poſſibly require; Britomartis (a woman) obſerves the 'true rules of unaffected chaſtity; Arthegal is in every 'reſpect of life ſtrictly and wiſely juſt; Calidore is 'rightly courteous.

'In ſhort, in Fairy-land, where knights-errant have 'a full ſcope to range, and to do even what Arioſtos 'or Orlandos could not do in the world without break-'ing into credibility, Spenſer's knights have, under 'thoſe ſix heads, given a full and truly poetical ſyſtem 'of chriſtian, public, and low life.

'His legend of friendſhip is more diffuſe, and yet 'even there the allegory is finely drawn, only the heads 'various, one knight could not there ſupport all the 'parts.

'To do honour to his country, prince Arthur is an 'univerſal hero; in holineſs, temperance, chaſtity, and 'juſtice ſuper-excellent. For the ſame reaſon, and to 'compliment queen Elizabeth, Gloriana, queen of 'fairies, whoſe court was the aſylum of the oppreſ-'ed, repreſents that glorious queen. At her commands 'all theſe knights ſet forth, and only at hers, the red-'croſs knight deſtroys the dragon, Guyon overturns 'the bower of bliſs, Arthegal (i. e. Juſtice) beats 'down Geryoneo (i. e. Philip II. king of Spain)

'to reſcue Belge (i. e. Holland) and he beats the Gran-'torto (the ſame Philip in another light) to reſtore Irena '(i. e. Peace to Europe.)

'Chaſtity, being the firſt female virtue, Britomartis 'is a Briton; her part is fine, though it requires expli-'cation. His ſtyle is very poetical; no puns, affecta-'tions of wit, forced antitheſes, or any of that low 'tribe.

'His old words are all true Engliſh, and numbers ex-'quiſite; and ſince of words there is the *multa renaſ-'centur*, ſince they are all proper, ſuch a poem ſhould 'not (any more than Milton's) ſubſiſt all of it of com-'mon ordinary words. See inſtances of deſcriptions.

Cauſeleſs jealouſy in Britomartis, V. 6, 14. in its reſtleſſneſs.

"Like as a wayward child, whoſe ſounder ſleep
"Is broken with ſome fearful dream's affright,
"With froward will doth ſet himſelf to weep,
"Ne can be ſtill'd for all his nurſe's might,
"But kicks and ſqualls, and ſhrieks for fell deſpite;
"Now ſcratching her, and her looſe locks miſuſing,
"Now ſeeking darkneſs, and now ſeeking light;
"Then craving ſuck, and then the ſuck refuſing;
"Such was this lady's fit in her love's fond accuſing."

Curioſity occaſioned by jealouſy, upon occaſion of her lover's abſence. Ibid. Stan. 8, 9.

"There as ſhe looked long, at laſt ſhe ſpy'd
"One coming towards her with haſty ſpeed,
"Well ween'd ſhe then, ere him ſhe plain deſcry'd,
"That it was one ſent from her love indeed;
"Whereat her heart was fill'd with hope and dread,
"Ne would ſhe ſtay till he in place could come,
"But ran to meet him forth to know his tidings ſome;
"Even in the door him meeting, ſhe begun,
"And where is he, thy lord, and how far hence?
"Declare at once; and hath he loſt or won?"

Care and his houſe are deſcribed thus, V. 6. 33, 34, 35.

" Not far away, not meet for any gueſt,
" They ſpy'd a little cottage, like ſome poor man's neſt.

34.

" There ent'ring in, they found the good-man's ſelf,
" Full buſily unto his work ybent,
" Who was ſo weet a wretched weariſh elf,
" With hollow eyes and raw-bone cheeks for-ſpent,
" As if he had in priſon long been pent;
" Full black and grieſly did his face appear,
" Beſmear'd with ſmoke that nigh his eye-ſight blent,
" With rugged beard and hoary ſhagged hair,
" The which he never wont to comb, or comely ſhear.

35.

" Rude was his garment and to rags all rent,
" Ne better had he, ne for better car'd;
" With bliſtred hands emongſt the cinders brent,
" And fingers filthy, with long nails unpar'd,
" Right fit to rend the food on which he far'd.
" His name was Care; a blackſmith by his trade,
" That neither day nor night for working ſpar'd,
" But to ſmall purpoſe iron wedges made:
" Thoſe be unquiet thoughts that careful minds invade."

' Homer's epithets were much admired by antiquity:
' ſee what great juſtneſs and variety there is in theſe epi-
' thets of the trees in the foreſt where the Red-croſs
' knight loſt Truth, B. 1. Cant. I. Stan. 8, 9.

" The ſailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
" The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
" The builder-oak, ſole king of foreſts all,
" The aſpine good for ſtaves, the cypreſs funeral.

9.

" The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors,
" And poets ſage; the fir that weepeth ſtill,
" The willow worn of forlorn paramours,
" The yew obedient to the bender's will,

" The birch for ſhafts, the ſallow for the mill:
" The myrrhe ſweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
" The warlike beech, the aſh, for nothing ill,
" The fruitful olive, and the plantane round,
" The carver holm, the maple ſeldom inward ſound."

'I ſhall trouble you no more, but deſire you to let 'me conclude with theſe verſes, though I think they 'have already been quoted by you: they are directions 'to young ladies oppreſt with calumny. V. 6, 14.

" The beſt (ſaid he) that I can you adviſe,
" Is to avoid the occaſion of the ill;
" For when the cauſe whence evil doth ariſe
" Removed is, the effect ſurceaſeth ſtill.
" Abſtain from pleaſure and reſtrain your will,
" Subdue deſire and bridle looſe delight,
" Uſe ſcanted diet, and forbear your fill,
" Shun ſecrecy, and talk in open ſight;
" So ſhall you ſoon repair your preſent evil plight." T.

N° 541. Thurſday, November 20.

Format enim natura priùs nos intùs ad omnem
Fortunarum habitum: juvat, aut impellit ad iram;
Aut ad humum mœrore gravi deducit & angit:
Poſt effert animi motus interprete linguâ.

Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 108.

For nature forms and ſoftens us within,
And writes our fortune's changes in our face:
Pleaſure enchants, impetuous rage tranſports,
And grief dejects, and wrings the tortur'd ſoul;
And theſe are all interpreted by ſpeech.

Roscommon.

MY friend the Templar, whom I have ſo often mentioned in theſe writings, having determined to lay aſide his poetical ſtudies, in order to a cloſer purſuit of the law, has put together, as a farewel

eſſay, ſome thoughts concerning pronunciation, and action, which he has given me leave to communicate to the public. They are chiefly collected from his favourite author, Cicero, who is known to be an intimate friend of Roſcius the actor, and a good judge of dramatic performances, as well as the moſt eloquent pleader of the time in which he lived.

Cicero concludes his celebrated books *de Oratore* with ſome precepts for pronunciation and action, without which part he affirms that the beſt orator in the world can never ſucceed; and an indifferent one, who is maſter of this, ſhall gain much greater applauſe. What could make a ſtronger impreſſion, ſays he, than thoſe exclamations of Gracchus—— "Whither ſhall I turn? "Wretch that I am! to what place betake myſelf? "Shall I go to the capitol?—Alas! it is overflowed "with my brother's blood. Or ſhall I retire to my houſe? "Yet there I behold my mother plunged in miſery, "weeping and deſpairing!" Theſe breaks and turns of paſſion, it ſeems, were ſo enforced by the eyes, voice, and geſture of the ſpeaker, that his very enemies could not refrain from tears. I inſiſt, ſays Tully, upon this the rather, becauſe our orators, who are as it were actors of the truth itſelf, have quitted this manner of ſpeaking; and the players, who are but the imitators of truth, have taken it up.

I ſhall therefore purſue the hint he has here given me, and for the ſervice of the Britiſh ſtage, I ſhall copy ſome of the rules which this great Roman maſter has laid down; yet, without confining myſelf wholly to his thoughts or words: and to adapt this eſſay the more to the purpoſe for which I intend it, inſtead of the examples he has inſerted in his diſcourſe, out of the ancient tragedies, I ſhall make uſe of parallel paſſages out of the moſt celebrated of our own.

The deſign of art is to aſſiſt action as much as poſſible in the repreſentation of nature; for the appearance of reality is that which moves us in all repreſentations, and theſe have always the greater force, the nearer they approach to nature, and the leſs they ſhew of imitation.

Nature herſelf has aſſigned to every motion of the ſoul, its peculiar caſt of the countenance, tone of voice, and manner of geſture; and the whole perſon, all the features of the face and tones of the voice, anſwer, like ſtrings upon muſical inſtruments, to the impreſſions made on them by the mind. Thus the ſounds of the voice, according to the various touches, which raiſe them, form themſelves into an acute or grave, quick or ſlow, loud or ſoft tone. Theſe too may be ſubdivided into various kinds of tones, as the gentle, the rough, the contracted, the diffuſe, the continued, the intermitted, the broken, abrupt, winding, ſoftened, or elevated. Every one of theſe may be employed with art and judgment; and all ſupply the actor, as colours do the painter, with an expreſſive variety.

Anger exerts its peculiar voice in an acute, raiſed, and hurrying ſound. The paſſionate character of king Lear, as it is admirably drawn by Shakeſpeare, abounds with the ſtrongeſt inſtances of this kind.

" ——Death! Confuſion!
" Fiery!—what quality?—why Gloſter! Gloſter!
" I'd ſpeak with the duke of Cornwall and his wife.
" Are they inform'd of this? my breath and blood!
" Fiery? the fiery duke?————&c."

Sorrow and complaint demand a voice quite different, flexible, ſlow, interrupted, and modulated in a mournful tone; as in that pathetical ſoliloquy of cardinal Wolſey on his fall.

" Farewel!—a long farewel to all my greatneſs!
" This is the ſtate of man!—to-day he puts forth
" The tender leaves of hopes; to-morrow bloſſoms,
" And bears his bluſhing honours thick upon him;
" The third day comes a froſt, a killing froſt,
" And when he thinks, good eaſy man, full ſurely
" His greatneſs is a ripening, nips his root,
" And then he falls as I do."

We have likewiſe a fine example of this in the whole part of Andromache in the Diſtreſt Mother, particularly in theſe lines,

" I'll go, and in the anguiſh of my heart
" Weep o'er my child———If he muſt die, my life
" Is wrapt in his, I ſhall not long ſurvive.
" 'Tis for his ſake, that I have ſuffer'd life,
" Groan'd in captivity, and out-liv'd Hector.
" Yes, my Aſtyanax, we'll go together!
" Together to the realms of night we'll go;
" There to thy raviſh'd eyes thy ſire I'll ſhow,
" And point him out among the ſhades below."

Fear expreſſes itſelf in a low, heſitating, and abject ſound. If the reader conſiders the following ſpeech of lady Macbeth, while her huſband is about the murder of Duncan and his grooms, he will imagine her even affrighted with the ſound of her own voice while ſhe is ſpeaking it.

" Alas! I am afraid they have awak'd,
" And 'tis not done; th' attempt, and not the deed,
" Confounds us—Hark!—I laid the daggers ready,
" He could not miſs them. Had he not reſembled
" My father as he ſlept, I had done it."

Courage aſſumes a louder tone, as in that ſpeech of Don Sebaſtian.

" Here ſatiate all your fury;
" Let fortune empty her whole quiver on me,
" I have a ſoul that like an ample ſhield
" Can take in all, and verge enough for more."

Pleaſure diſſolves into a luxurious, mild, tender, and joyous modulation; as in the following lines in Caius Marius.

L avinia! O there's muſic in the name,
That ſoftning me to infant tenderneſs,
Makes my heart ſpring like the firſt leaps of life."

And perplexity is different from all theſe; grave, but not bemoaning, with an earneſt uniform ſound of voice; as in that celebrated ſpeech of Hamlet.

" To be, or not to be?——that is the queſtion:
" Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to ſuffer
" The ſlings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
" Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles,
" And by oppoſing end them. To die, to ſleep;
" No more; and by a ſleep to ſay we end
" The heart-ach, and a thouſand natural ſhocks
" That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation
" Devoutly to be wiſh'd. To die, to ſleep——
" To ſleep; perchance to dream! Ah, there's the rub.
" For in that ſleep of death what dreams may come,
" When we have ſhuffled off this mortal coil,
" Muſt give us pauſe——There's the reſpect
" That makes calamity of ſo long life;
" For who would bear the whips and ſcorns of time,
" Th' oppreſſors wrongs, the proud man's contumely,
" The pangs of deſpis'd love, the law's delay,
" The inſolence of office, and the ſpurns
" That patient merit of th' unworthy takes,
" When he himſelf might his *quietus* make
" With a bare bodkin? Who would fardles bear,
" To groan and ſweat under a weary life?
" But that the dread of ſomething after death,
" The undiſcover'd country, from whoſe bourn
" No traveller returns, puzzles the will,
" And makes us rather chooſe thoſe ills we have,
" Than fly to others that we know not of."

As all theſe varieties of voice are to be directed by the ſenſe, ſo the action is to be directed by the voice, and with a beautiful propriety, as it were to enforce it. The arm, which by a ſtrong figure Tully calls the orator's weapon, is to be ſometimes raiſed and extended; and the hand, by its motion, ſometimes to lead, and ſometimes to follow the words as they are uttered. The ſtamping of the foot too has its proper expreſſion in contention, anger, or abſolute command. But the face is the epitome of the whole man, and the eyes

are as it were the epitome of the face; for which reaſon, he ſays, the beſt judges among the Romans were not extremely pleaſed, even with Roſcius himſelf in his maſk. No part of the body, beſides the face, is capable of as many changes as there are different emotions in the mind, and of expreſſing them all by thoſe changes. Nor is this to be done without the freedom of the eyes; therefore Theophraſtus called one, who barely rehearſed his ſpeech with his eyes fixed, an abſent actor.

As the countenance admits of ſo great variety, it requires alſo great judgment to govern it. Not that the form of the face is to be ſhifted on every occaſion, leſt it turn to farce and buffoonery; but it is certain, that the eyes have a wonderful power of marking the emotions of the mind, ſometimes by a ſtedfaſt look, ſometimes by a careleſs one, now by a ſudden regard, then by a joyful ſparkling, as the ſenſe of the words is diverſified: for action is, as it were, the ſpeech of the features and limbs, and muſt therefore conform itſelf always to the ſentiments of the ſoul. And it may be obſerved, that in all which relates to the geſture, there is a wonderful force implanted by nature; ſince the vulgar, the unſkilful, and even the moſt barbarous are chiefly affected by this. None are moved by the ſound of words, but thoſe who underſtand the language; and the ſenſe of many things is loſt upon men of a dull apprehenſion: but action is a kind of univerſal tongue; all men are ſubject to the ſame paſſions, and conſequently know the ſame marks of them in others, by which they themſelves expreſs them.

Perhaps ſome of my readers may be of opinion, that the hints I have here made uſe of, out of Cicero, are ſomewhat too refined for the players on our theatre: in anſwer to which, I venture to lay it down as a maxim, that without good ſenſe no one can be a good player, and that he is very unfit to perſonate the dignity of a Roman hero, who cannot enter into the rules for pronunciation and geſture delivered by a Roman orator.

There is another thing which my author does not think too minute to inſiſt on, though it is purely mechanical; and that is the right pitching of the voice. On

this occaſion he tells the ſtory of Gracchus, who employed a ſervant with a little ivory pipe to ſtand behind him, and give him the right pitch, as often as he wandered too far from the proper modulation. Every voice, ſays Tully, has its particular medium and compaſs, and the ſweetneſs of ſpeech conſiſts in leading it through all the variety of tones naturally, and without touching any extreme. Therefore, ſays he, "Leave "the pipe at home, but carry the ſenſe of this cuſtom "with you."

N° 542. Friday, November 21.

Et ſibi præferri ſe gaudet——

OVID. Met. l. 2. ver. 430.

——————————He heard,
Well pleas'd, himſelf before himſelf preferr'd.

ADDISON.

WHEN I have been preſent in aſſemblies where my paper has been talked of, I have been very well pleaſed to hear thoſe who would detract from the author of it obſerve, that the letters which are ſent to the SPECTATOR are as good, if not better than any of his works. Upon this occaſion, many letters of mirth are uſually mentioned, which ſome think the SPECTATOR writ to himſelf, and which others commend becauſe they fancy he received them from his correſpondents: ſuch are thoſe from the valetudinarian; the inſpector of the ſign-poſts; the maſter of the fan-exerciſe; with that of the hooped-petticoat; that of Nicholas Hart the annual ſleeper; that from ſir John Envill; that upon the London cries; with multitudes of the ſame nature. As I love nothing more than to mortify the ill-natured, that I may do it effectually, I muſt acquaint them, they have very often praiſed me when they did not deſign it, and that they have approved my writings when they thought they had derogated

from them. I have heard ſeveral of theſe unhappy gentlemen proving, by undeniable arguments, that I was not able to pen a letter which I had written the day before. Nay, I have heard ſome of them throwing out ambiguous expreſſions, and giving the company reaſon to ſuſpect that they themſelves did me the honour to ſend me ſuch and ſuch a particular epiſtle, which happened to be talked of with the eſteem or approbation of thoſe who were preſent. The rigid critics are ſo afraid of allowing me any thing which does not belong to me, that they will not be poſitive whether the lion, the wild boar, and the flower-pots in the play-houſe, did not actually write thoſe letters which came to me in their names. I muſt therefore inform theſe gentlemen, that I often chooſe this way of caſting my thoughts into a letter, for the following reaſons: firſt, out of the policy of thoſe who try their jeſt upon another, before they own it themſelves. Secondly, becauſe I would extort a little praiſe from ſuch who will never applaud any thing whoſe author is known and certain. Thirdly, becauſe it gave me an opportunity of introducing a great variety of characters into my work, which could not have been done, had I always written in the perſon of the SPECTATOR. Fourthly, becauſe the dignity ſpectatorial would have ſuffered, had I publiſhed as from myſelf thoſe ſeveral ludicrous compoſitions which I have aſcribed to fictitious names and characters. And laſtly, becauſe they often ſerve to bring in more naturally, ſuch additional reflections as have been placed at the end of them.

There are others who have likewiſe done me a very particular honour, though undeſignedly. Theſe are ſuch who will needs have it, that I have tranſlated or borrowed many of my thoughts out of books which are written in other languages. I have heard of a perſon who is more famous for his library than his learning, that has aſſerted this more than once in his private converſation. Were it true, I am ſure he could not ſpeak it from his own knowledge; but had he read the books which he has collected, he would find this accuſation to be wholly groundleſs. Thoſe who are truly

learned will acquit me in this point, in which I have been ſo far from offending, that I have been ſcrupulous perhaps to a fault in quoting the authors of ſeveral paſſages which I might have made my own. But as this aſſertion is in reality an encomium on what I have publiſhed, I ought rather to glory in it, than endeavour to confute it.

Some are ſo very willing to alienate from me that ſmall reputation which might accrue to me from any of theſe my ſpeculations, that they attribute ſome of the beſt of them to thoſe imaginary manuſcripts with which I have introduced them. There are others, I muſt confeſs, whoſe objections have given me a greater concern, as they ſeem to reflect, under this head, rather on my morality, than on my invention. Theſe are they who ſay an author is guilty of falſehood, when he talks to the public of manuſcripts which he never ſaw, or deſcribes ſcenes of action or diſcourſe in which he was never engaged. But theſe gentlemen would do well to conſider, there is not a fable or parable which ever was made uſe of, that is not liable to this exception; ſince nothing, according to this notion, can be related innocently, which was not once matter of fact. Beſides, I think the moſt ordinary reader may be able to diſcover by my way of writing, what I deliver in theſe occurrences as truth, and what as fiction.

Since I am unawares engaged in anſwering the ſeveral objections which have been made againſt theſe my works, I muſt take notice that there are ſome who affirm a paper of this nature ſhould always turn upon diverting ſubjects, and others who find fault with every one of them that hath not an immediate tendency to the advancement of religion or learning. I ſhall leave theſe gentlemen to diſpute it out among themſelves; ſince I ſee one half of my conduct patroniſed by each ſide. Were I ſerious on an improper ſubject, or trifling in a ſerious one, I ſhould deſervedly draw upon me the cenſure of my readers; or were I conſcious of any thing in my writings that is not innocent at leaſt, or that the greateſt part of them were not ſincerely deſigned to diſcountenance vice and ignorance, and ſupport

the intereſt of true wiſdom and virtue, I ſhould be more ſevere upon myſelf than the public is diſpoſed to be. In the mean while I deſire my reader to conſider every particular paper or diſcourſe as a diſtinct tract by itſelf, and independent of every thing that goes before or after it.

I ſhall end this paper with the following letter, which was really ſent me, as ſome others have been which I have publiſhed, and for which I muſt own myſelf indebted to their reſpective writers.

'SIR,

'I WAS this morning in a company of your well-'wiſhers, when we read over with great ſatisfaction 'Tully's obſervations on action adapted to the Britiſh 'theatre: though, by the way, we were very ſorry to 'find that you have diſpoſed of another member of your 'club. Poor ſir ROGER is dead, and the worthy cler-'gyman dying. Captain SENTRY has taken poſſeſſion 'of a fair eſtate; WILL HONEYCOMB has married a 'farmer's daughter; and the Templar withdraws 'himſelf into the buſineſs of his own profeſſion. What 'will all this end in? We are afraid it portends no good 'to the public. Unleſs you very ſpeedily fix a day for 'the election of new members, we are under apprehen-'ſions of loſing the Britiſh SPECTATOR. I hear of a 'party of ladies who intend to addreſs you on this ſub-'ject; and queſtion not if you do not give us the ſlip 'very ſuddenly, that you will receive addreſſes from all 'parts of the kingdom to continue ſo uſeful a work. 'Pray deliver us out of this perplexity, and among the 'multitude of your readers you will particularly oblige

'Your moſt ſincere friend and ſervant,

O. 'PHILO-SPEC.'

N° 543. Saturday, November 22.

——*Facies non omnibus una,*
Nec diverſa tamen—— OVID. Met. l. 2. ver. 13.

Tho' not alike, conſenting parts agree,
Faſhion'd with ſimilar variety.

THOSE who were ſkilful in anatomy among the ancients, concluded from the outward and inward make of an human body, that it was the work of a being tranſcendently wiſe and powerful. As the world grew more enlightened in this art, their diſcoveries gave them freſh opportunities of admiring the conduct of Providence in the formation of an human body. Galen was converted by his diſſections, and could not but own a Supreme Being upon a ſurvey of this his handy work. There are, indeed, many parts of which the old anatomiſts did not know the certain uſe; but as they ſay that moſt of thoſe which they examined were adapted with admirable art to their ſeveral functions, they did not queſtion but thoſe, whoſe uſes they could not determine, were contrived with the ſame wiſdom for reſpective ends and purpoſes. Since the circulation of the blood has been found out, and many other great diſcoveries have been made by our modern anatomiſts, we ſee new wonders in the human frame, and diſcern ſeveral important uſes for thoſe parts, which uſes the ancients knew nothing of. In ſhort, the body of man is ſuch a ſubject as ſtands the utmoſt teſt of examination. Though it appears formed with the niceſt wiſdom, upon the moſt ſuperficial ſurvey of it, it ſtill mends upon the ſearch, and produces our ſurpriſe and amazement in proportion as we pry into it. What I have here ſaid of an human body, may be applied to the body of every animal which has been the ſubject of anatomical obſervations.

The body of an animal is an object adequate to our ſenſes. It is a particular ſyſtem of Providence that

lies in a narrow compaſs. The eye is able to command it, and by ſucceſſive inquiries can ſearch into all its parts. Could the body of the whole earth, or indeed the whole univerſe, be thus ſubmitted to the examination of our ſenſes, were it not too big and diſproportioned for our inquiries, too unwieldy for the management of the eye and hand, there is no queſtion but it would appear to us as curious and well contrived a frame as that of an human body. We ſhould ſee the ſame concatenation and ſubſerviency, the ſame neceſſity and uſefulneſs, the ſame beauty and harmony in all and every of its parts, as what we diſcover in the body of every ſingle animal.

The more extended our reaſon is, and the more able to grapple with immenſe objects, the greater ſtill are thoſe diſcoveries which it makes of wiſdom and providence in the works of the creation. A ſir Iſaac Newton, who ſtands up as the miracle of the preſent age, can look through a whole planetary ſyſtem; conſider it in its weight, number, and meaſure; and draw from it as many demonſtrations of infinite power and wiſdom, as a more confined underſtanding is able to deduce from the ſyſtem of an human body.

But to return to our ſpeculations on anatomy, I ſhall here conſider the fabric and texture of the bodies of animals in one particular view; which, in my opinion, ſhews the hand of a thinking and all-wiſe Being in their formation, with the evidence of a thouſand demonſtrations. I think we may lay this down as an inconteſted principle, that chance never acts in a perpetual uniformity and conſiſtence with itſelf. If one ſhould always fling the ſame number with ten thouſand dice, or ſee every throw juſt five times leſs, or five times more in number than the throw which immediately preceded it, who would not imagine there is ſome inviſible power which directs the caſt? This is the proceeding which we find in the operations of nature. Every kind of animal is diverſified by different magnitudes, each of which gives riſe to a different ſpecies. Let a man trace the dog or lion kind, and he will obſerve how many of the works of nature are publiſhed, if I may uſe the expreſſion, in a variety of editions

If we look into the reptile world, or into thoſe different kinds of animals that fill the element of water, we meet with the ſame repetitions among ſeveral ſpecies, that differ very little from one another, but in ſize and bulk. You find the ſame creature that is drawn at large, copied out in ſeveral proportions and ending in miniature. It would be tedious to produce inſtances of this regular conduct in Providence, as it would be ſuperfluous to thoſe who are verſed in the natural hiſtory of animals. The magnificent harmony of the univerſe is ſuch that we may obſerve innumerable diviſions running upon the ſame ground. I might alſo extend this ſpeculation to the dead parts of nature, in which we may find matter diſpoſed into many ſimilar ſyſtems, as well in our ſurvey of ſtars and planets, as of ſtones, vegetables, and other ſublunary parts of the creation. In a word, Providence has ſhewn the richneſs of its goodneſs and wiſdom, not only in the production of many original ſpecies, but in the multiplicity of deſcants, which it has made on every original ſpecies in particular.

But to purſue this thought ſtill farther: every living creature conſidered in itſelf, has many very complicated parts that are exact copies of ſome other parts which it poſſeſſes, and which are complicated in the ſame manner. One eye would have been ſufficient for the ſubſiſtence and preſervation of an animal; but, in order to better his condition, we ſee another placed with a mathematical exactneſs in the ſame moſt advantageous ſituation, and in every particular of the ſame ſize and texture. Is it poſſible for chance to be thus delicate and uniform in her operations? Should a million of dice turn up twice together the ſame number, the wonder would be nothing in compariſon with this. But when we ſee this ſimilitude and reſemblance in the arm, the hand, the fingers; when we ſee one half of the body entirely correſpond with the other in all thoſe minute ſtrokes, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted; nay, when we often ſee a ſingle part repeated an hundred times in the ſame body notwithſtanding it conſiſts of the moſt intricate weaving of numberleſs fibres, and theſe parts differing ſtill in magnitude,

as the convenience of their particular ſituation requires; ſure a man muſt have a ſtrange caſt of underſtanding, who does not diſcover the finger of God in ſo wonderful a work. Theſe duplicates in thoſe parts of the body, without which a man might have very well ſubſiſted, though not ſo well as with them, are a plain demonſtration of an all-wiſe contriver; as thoſe more numerous copyings which are found among the veſſels of the ſame body, are evident demonſtrations that they could not be the work of chance. This argument receives additional ſtrength, if we apply it to every animal and inſect within our knowledge, as well as to thoſe numberleſs living creatures that are objects too minute for an human eye; and if we conſider how the ſeveral ſpecies in this whole world of life reſemble one another in very many particulars, ſo far as is convenient for their reſpective ſtates of exiſtence; it is much more probable that an hundred million of dice ſhould be caſually thrown an hundred million of times in the ſame number, than that the body of any ſingle animal ſhould be produced by the fortuitous concourſe of matter. And that the like chance ſhould ariſe in innumerable inſtances, requires a degree of credulity that is not under the direction of common ſenſe. We may carry this conſideration yet further, if we reflect on the two ſexes in every living ſpecies, with their reſemblances to each other, and thoſe particular diſtinctions that were neceſſary for the keeping up of this great world of life.

There are many more demonſtrations of a Supreme Being, and of his tranſcendent wiſdom, power, and goodneſs in the formation of the body of a living creature, for which I refer my reader to other writings, particularly to the ſixth book of the poem, entitled Creation, where the anatomy of the human body is deſcribed with great perſpicuity and elegance. I have been particular on the thought which runs through this ſpeculation, becauſe I have not ſeen it enlarged upon by others. O.

N° 544. Monday, November 24.

Nunquam ita quiſquam benè ſubductâ ratione ad vitam fuit,
Quin res, ætas, uſus, ſemper aliquid apportet novi,
Aliquid moneat; ut illa, quæ te ſcire credas, neſcias;
Æt, quæ tibi putâris prima, in experiundo ut repudies.
TER. Adelph. Act. 5. Sc. 4.

No man was ever ſo completely ſkilled in the conduct of life, as not to receive new information from age and experience; inſomuch that we find ourſelves really ignorant of what we thought we underſtood, and ſee cauſe to reject what we fancied our trueſt intereſt.

THERE are, I think, ſentiments in the following letter from my friend captain SENTRY, which diſcover a rational and equal frame of mind, as well prepared for an advantageous as an unfortunate change of condition.

'SIR, Coverley-Hall, Nov. 15, Worceſterſhire.

'I AM come to the ſucceſſion of the eſtate of my 'honoured kinſman ſir ROGER DE COVERLEY; and I 'aſſure you I find it no eaſy taſk to keep up the figure 'of maſter of the fortune which was ſo handſomely 'enjoyed by that honeſt plain man. I cannot, with 'reſpect to the great obligations I have be it ſpoken, 'reflect upon his character, but I am confirmed in the 'truth which I have, I think, heard ſpoken at the 'club, to wit, that a man of a warm and well diſ-'poſed heart with a very ſmall capacity, is highly ſu-'perior in human ſociety to him who with the greateſt 'talents is cold and languid in his affections. But, 'alas! why do I make a difficulty in ſpeaking of my 'worthy anceſtor's failings? His little abſurdities and 'incapacity for the converſation of the politeſt men 'are dead with him, and his greater qualities are even

'now useful to him. I know not whether by naming 'those disabilities I do not enhance his merit, since he 'has left behind him a reputation in his country, which 'would be worth the pains of the wisest man's whole 'life to arrive at. By the way I must observe to you, 'that many of your readers have mistook that passage 'in your writings, wherein sir ROGER is reported to 'have inquired into the private character of the young 'woman at the tavern. I know you mentioned that 'circumstance as an instance of the simplicity and in-'nocence of his mind, which made him imagine it a 'very easy thing to reclaim one of those criminals, and 'not as an inclination in him to be guilty with her. 'The less discerning of your readers cannot enter into 'that delicacy of description in the character: but in-'deed my chief business at this time is to represent to 'you my present state of mind, and the satisfaction I 'promise to myself in the possession of my new fortune. 'I have continued all sir ROGER's servants, except 'such as it was a relief to dismiss into little beings 'within my manor; those who are in a list of the 'good knight's own hand to be taken care of by me, 'I have quartered upon such as have taken new leases 'of me, and added so many advantages during the 'lives of the persons so quartered, that it is the in-'terest of those whom they are joined with, to cherish 'and befriend them upon all occasions. I find a con-'siderable sum of ready money, which I am laying 'out among my dependents at the common interest, 'but with a design to lend it according to their merit, 'rather than according to their ability. I shall lay a tax 'upon such as I have highly obliged, to become secu-'rity to me for such of their own poor youth, whether 'male or female, as want help towards getting into 'some being in the world. I hope I shall be able to 'manage my affairs so, as to improve my fortune every 'year, by doing acts of kindness. I will lend my money 'to the use of none but indigent men, secured by such 'as have ceased to be indigent by the favour of my fa-'mily or myself. What makes this the more practicable, 'is, that if they will do any one good with my money, 'they are welcome to it upon their own security: and

'I make no exceptions againſt it, becauſe the perſons 'who enter into the obligations, do it for their own fa- 'mily. I have laid out four thouſand pounds this way, 'and it is not to be imagined what a croud of people 'are obliged by it. In caſes where ſir ROGER has re- 'commended, I have lent money to put out children, 'with a clauſe which makes void the obligation, in 'caſe the infant dies before he is out of his apprentice- 'ſhip; by which means the kindred and maſters are 'extremely careful of breeding him to induſtry, that 'he may repay it himſelf by his labour, in three years 'journey-work after his time is out, for the uſe of his 'ſecurities. Opportunities of this kind are all that 'have occurred ſince I came to my eſtate, but I aſſure 'you I will preſerve a conſtant diſpoſition to catch at 'all the occaſions I can to promote the good and hap- 'pineſs of my neighbourhood.

'But give me leave to lay before you a little eſta- 'bliſhment which has grown out of my paſt life, that, I 'doubt not, will adminiſter great ſatisfaction to me in 'that part of it, whatever that is, which is to come.

'There is a prejudice in favour of the way of life 'to which a man has been educated, which I know 'not whether it would not be faulty to overcome: it is 'like a partiality to the intereſt of one's own country 'before that of any other nation. It is from an habit 'of thinking, grown upon me from my youth ſpent 'in arms, that I have ever held gentlemen, who have 'preſerved modeſty, good-nature, juſtice, and huma- 'nity in a ſoldier's life, to be the moſt valuable and 'worthy perſons of the human race. To paſs thro' im- 'minent dangers, ſuffer painful watchings, frightful 'alarms, and laborious marches for the greater part of 'a man's time, and paſs the reſt in ſobriety conformable 'to the rules of the moſt virtuous civil life, is a merit 'too great to deſerve the treatment it uſually meets 'with among the other part of the world. But I aſſure 'you, ſir, were there not very many who have this 'worth, we could never have ſeen the glorious events 'which we have in our days. I need not ſay more to 'illuſtrate the character of a ſoldier, than to tell you 'he is the very contrary to him you obſerve loud, ſaucy,

'and over-bearing in a red coat about town. But I was 'going to tell you, that in honour of the profeſſion of 'arms, I have ſet apart a certain ſum of money for a ta- 'ble for ſuch gentlemen as have ſerved their country in 'the army, and will pleaſe from time to time to ſojourn 'all, or any part of the year, at Coverley. Such of 'them as will do me that honour, ſhall find horſes, ſer- 'vants, and all things neceſſary for their accommodati- 'on, and enjoyment of all the conveniencies of life in 'a pleaſant various country. If colonel Camperfelt be 'in town, and his abilities are not employed another 'way in the ſervice, there is no man would be more wel- 'come here. That gentleman's thorough knowledge 'in his profeſſion, together with the ſimplicity of his 'manners and goodneſs of his heart, would induce 'others like him to honour my abode; and I ſhould be 'glad my acquaintance would take themſelves to be in- 'vited or not, as their characters have an affinity to his.

'I would have all my friends know, that they need 'not fear, though I am become a country gentleman, I 'will treſpaſs againſt their temperance and ſobriety. No, 'ſir, I ſhall retain ſo much of the good ſentiments for 'the conduct of life, which we cultivated in each other 'at our club, as to contemn all inordinate pleaſures: 'but particularly remember, with our beloved Tully, 'that the delight in food conſiſts in deſire, not ſatiety. 'They who moſt paſſionately purſue pleaſure, ſeldom- 'eſt arrive at it. Now I am writing to a philoſopher, I 'cannot forbear mentioning the ſatisfaction I took in the 'paſſage I read yeſterday in the ſame Tully. A noble- 'man of Athens made a compliment to Plato the morn- 'ing after he had ſupped at his houſe, "Your enter- "tainments do not only pleaſe when you give them, but "alſo the day after."

'I am, my worthy friend,

'Your moſt obedient humble ſervant,

T. WILLIAM SENTRY.'

N° 545. Tueſday, November 25.

Quin potiùs pacem æternam pactoſque Hymenæos
Exercemus——— VIRG. Æn. 4. ver. 99.

Let us in bonds of laſting peace unite,
And celebrate the hymeneal rite.

I CANNOT but think the following letter from the emperor of China to the pope of Rome, propoſing a coalition of the Chineſe and Roman churches, will be acceptable to the curious. I muſt confeſs I myſelf being of opinion, that the emperor has as much authority to be interpreter to him he pretends to expound, as the pope has to be a vicar of the ſacred perſon he takes upon him to repreſent, I was not a little pleaſed with their treaty of alliance. What progreſs the negotiation between his majeſty of Rome and his holineſs of China makes, as we daily writers ſay upon ſubjects where we are at a loſs, time will let us know. In the mean time, ſince they agree in the fundamentals of power and authority, and differ only in matters of faith, we may expect the matter will go on without difficulty.

Copia di littera del Re della China al Papa, interpretata dal Padre Segretario dell' India della Compagna di Gieſu.

'A voi Benedetto ſopra i benedetti P P, ed interpreta-
'tore grande de Pontifici e Paſtore Xmo, diſpenſatore
'dell' oglio de i Rè d' Europa, Clemente XI.

'IL favorito amico di Dio Gionata ſettimo, potentiſ-
'ſimo ſopra tutti i potentiſſimi della terra, altiſſimo ſopra
'tutti gl' altiſſimi ſotto il ſole e la luna, che ſude nella
'ſede di ſmeraldo della China a ſopra cento ſcalini
'd'oro, ad interpretare la lingua di Dio a tutti i de-
'ſcendenti fedeli d'Abramo, che de la vita e la morte a

' cento quindici regni, ed a cento ſettante iſole, ſcrive
' con la penna dello ſtruzzo vergine, e manda ſalute ed
' accreſimento di vecchiezza.

' Eſſendo arrivato il tempo in cui il fiore della reale
' noſtro gioventu deve maturare i frutti della noſtra
' vectuezza, e confortare con quell' i deſiderii de i popu-
' li noſtri divoti, e propagare il ſeme di quella pianta
' che deve proteggerli, habbiamo ſtabilito d'accom-
' pagnarci con una virgine eccelſa ad amoroſa allattata
' alla mammella della leoneſſa forte e dell' agnella
' manſueta. Percio eſſendo ci ſtato figurato ſempre il
' voſtro populo Europeo Romano per paeſe di donne in-
' vitte, i forte, e caſte; allongiamo la noſtra mano po-
' tente, a ſtringere una di loro, e queſtra ſara una voſ-
' tro nipote, o nipote di qualche altrograi Sacerdote La-
' tino, che ſia guardata dall' occhio dritto di Dio, ſara
' ſeminata in lei l'autorita di Sara, la fedelta d'Eſther,
' e la ſapienza di Abba; la vogliamo con l'occhio
' che guarda il cielo, e la terra, e con la bocca
' dello conchiglia che ſi paſce della ruggiada del ma-
' tino. La ſua eta non paſſi ducento corſi della Luna,
' la ſua ſtatura ſia alta quanto la ſpicca dritta del grano
' verde, e la ſua groſſezza quanto un manipolo di gra-
' no ſecco. Noi la mandaremmo a veſtire per li noſtri
' Mandatici Ambaſciadori, e chi la conduranno a noi,
' e noi incontraremmo alla riva del fiume grande fa-
' cendola ſalire ſuo noſtro cocchio. Ella potra adorare
' apreſſo di noi il ſuo Dio, con venti quatro altre a
' ſua ellezione, e potra cantare con loro come la tortora
' alla primavera.

' Sodisfando noi Padre a amico noſtro queſta noſtra
' brama, ſarete caggione di unire in perpetua amicitia
' coteſti voſtri regni d'Europa al noſtro dominante
' imperio, e ſi abbracciranno le noſtri leggi come l'edere
' abbraccia la pianta, e noi medeſemi ſpargeremo del
' noſtro ſeme reale in coteſte provincei, riſcaldando
' i letti di voſtri Principi con il fuoco amoroſo delle
' noſtre Amazoni, d'alcune delle quali i noſtri Man-
' datici Ambaſciadori vi porteranno le ſomiglianze de-
' pinte. V. Confirmiamo di tenere in pace le due
' buone religioſe famiglie delli Miſſionarii, gli' neri figli-
' oli' d'Ignazio, e li bianchi e neri figlioli di Dominico,

'il cui consiglio degl' uni e degl' altri ci serve di scorta 'del nostro regimento e di lume ad interpretare le divine 'legge come appuncto la fume l'oglio che si getta in 'mare. In tanto alxandoci dal nostro trono per ab-'bracciarvi, vi dichiariamo nostro conguinto e con-'federato, ed ordiniamo che questo foglio sia segnato 'col nostro segno imperiale della nostra citta, capo 'del mondo, il quinto giorno della terza Lunatione, 'l'anno quarto del nostro imperio.

'Sigillo e un sole nelle cui faccia e anche quella 'della Luna ed intorno tra i Raggi vi sono trapoſte al-'cune Spada.

'Dico il Traduttore che secondo il ceremonial di questo 'Lettere e recedentissimo special mente fessere scritto con 'la penna dello Struzzo virgine con la quelle non sogli-'osi scrivere quei Re che le pregiere a Dio, e scrivendo 'a qualche altro a Principe del Mondo, la maggior Fi-'nezza che usino, e scriver gli con la penna del pavone.'

A letter from the Emperor of China to the Pope, interpreted by a father Jesuit, secretary to the Indies.

'To you blessed above the blessed, great emperor of 'bishops, and pastor of christians, dispenser of the 'oil of the kings of Europe, Clement XI.

'THE favourite friend of God Gionotta the seventh, 'most powerful above the most powerful of the earth, 'highest above the highest under the sun and moon, 'who sits on a throne of emerald of China, above one 'hundred steps of gold, to interpret the language of 'God to the faithful, and who gives life and death to 'one hundred and fifteen kingdoms, and one hundred 'and seventy islands; he writes with the quill of a 'virgin ostrich, and sends health and increase of old 'age.

'Being arrived at the time of our age, in which the 'flower of our royal youth ought to ripen into fruit to-'wards old age, to comfort therewith the desire of our 'devoted people, and to propagate the seed of that 'plant which must protect them; we have determined 'to accompany ourselves with an high amorous virgin,

'ſuckled at the breaſt of a wild lioneſs, and a meek lamb;
'and imagining with ourſelves that your European Ro-
'man people is the father of many unconquerable and
'chaſte ladies; we ſtretch out our powerful arm to embrace
'one of them; and ſhe ſhall be one of your nieces, or
'the niece of ſome other great Latin prieſt, the darling
'of God's right eye. Let the authority of Sarah be
'ſown in her, the fidelity of Eſther, and the wiſdom of
'Abba. We would have her eye like that of a dove,
'which may look upon heaven and earth, with the
'mouth of a ſhell-fiſh to feed upon the dew of the
'morning; her age muſt not exceed two hundred
'courſes of the moon; let her ſtature be equal to that
'of an ear of green corn, and her girth a handful.

'We will ſend our mandarines ambaſſadors to clothe
'her, and to conduct her to us, and we will meet her on
'the bank of the great river, making her to leap up
'into our chariot. She may with us worſhip her own
'God; together with twenty-four virgins of her own
'chooſing, and ſhe may ſing with them as the turtle in
'the ſpring. You, O father and friend, complying with
'this our deſire, may be an occaſion of uniting in per-
'petual friendſhip our high empire with your European
'kingdoms, and we may embrace your laws as the ivy
'embraces the tree; and we ourſelves may ſcatter our
'royal blood into your provinces, warming the chief of
'your princes with the amorous fire of our Amazons,
'the reſembling pictures of ſome of which our ſaid
'mandarines ambaſſadors ſhall convey to you.

'We exhort you to keep in peace two good religious
'families of miſſionaries, the black ſons of Ignatius, and
'the white and black ſons of Dominicus; that the coun-
'ſel, both of the one and the other, may ſerve as a guide
'to us in our government, and a light to interpret
'the divine law, as the oil caſt into the ſea produces
'light.

'To conclude, we riſing up in our throne to embrace
'you, we declare you our ally and confederate; and
'have ordered this leaf to be ſealed with our imperial
'ſignet, in our royal city the head of the world, the
'eighth day of the third lunation, and the fourth year
'of our reign."

Letters from Rome ſay, the whole converſation both among gentlemen and ladies has turned upon the ſubject of this epiſtle ever ſince it arrived. The jeſuit who tranſlated it ſays, it loſes much of the majeſty of the original in the Italian. It ſeems there was an offer of the ſame nature made by a predeceſſor of the preſent emperor to Lewis the thirteenth of France, but no lady of that court would take the voyage, that ſex not being at that time ſo much uſed in politic negotiations. The manner of treating the pope is, according to the Chineſe ceremonial, very reſpectful: for the emperor writes to him with the quill of a virgin oſtrich, which was never uſed before but in writing prayers. Inſtructions are preparing for the lady who ſhall have ſo much zeal as to undertake this pilgrimage, and be an empreſs for the ſake of her religion. The principal of the Indian miſſionaries has given in a liſt of the reigning ſins in China, in order to prepare the indulgences neceſſary to this lady and her retinue, in advancing the intereſts of the Roman-catholic religion in thoſe kingdoms.

To the SPECTATOR-GENERAL.

'May it pleaſe your honour,

'I HAVE of late ſeen French hats of a prodigi-
'ous magnitude paſs by my obſervatory.
T. 'JOHN SLY.'

N° 546. Wedneſday, November 26.

Omnia patefacienda, ut ne quid omnino quod venditor nôrit, emptor ignoret. TULL.

Every thing ſhould be fairly told, that the buyer may not be ignorant of any thing, which the ſeller knows.

IT gives me very great ſcandal to obſerve, wherever I go, how much ſkill, in buying all manner of goods, there is neceſſary to defend yourſelf from being cheated in whatever you ſee expoſed to ſale. My reading makes

ſuch a ſtrong impreſſion upon me, that I ſhould think myſelf a cheat in my way, if I ſhould tranſlate any thing from another tongue, and not acknowledge it to my readers. I underſtood from common report, that Mr. Cibber was introducing a French play upon our ſtage, and thought myſelf concerned to let the town know what was his, and what was foreign. When I came to the rehearſal, I found the houſe ſo partial to one of their own fraternity, that they gave every thing which was ſaid ſuch grace, emphaſis, and force in their own action, that it was no eaſy matter to make any judgment of the performance. Mrs. Oldfield, who, it ſeems, is the heroic daughter, had ſo juſt a conception of her part, that her action made what ſhe ſpoke appear decent, juſt, and noble. The paſſions of terror and compaſſion, they made me believe, were very artfully raiſed, and the whole conduct of the play artful and ſurpriſing. We authors do not much reliſh the endeavours of players in this kind; but have the ſame diſdain as phyſicians and lawyers have when attorneys and apothecaries give advice. Cibber himſelf took the liberty to tell me, that he expected I would do him juſtice, and allow the play well prepared for his ſpectators, whatever it was for his readers. He added very many particulars not uncurious concerning the manner of taking an audience, and laying wait not only for their ſuperficial applauſe, but alſo for inſinuating into their affections and paſſions, by the artful management of the look, voice, and geſture of the ſpeaker. I could not but conſent that the heroic daughter appeared in the rehearſal a moving entertainment wrought out of a great and exemplary virtue.

The advantages of action, ſhow and dreſs on theſe occaſions are allowable, becauſe the merit conſiſts in being capable of impoſing upon us to our advantage and entertainment. All that I was going to ſay about the honeſty of an author in the ſale of his ware was, that he ought to own all that he had borrowed from others, and lay in a clear light all that he gives his ſpectators for their money, with an account of the firſt manufacturers. But I intended to give the lecture of this day upon the common and proſtituted behaviour of traders in ordinary

commerce. The philoſopher made it a rule of trade, that your profit ought to be the common profit; and it is unjuſt to make any ſtep towards gain, wherein the gain of even thoſe to whom you ſell is not alſo conſulted. A man may deceive himſelf if he thinks fit, but he is no better than a cheat who ſells any thing without telling the exceptions againſt it, as well as what is to be ſaid to its advantage. The ſcandalous abuſe of language and hardening of conſcience, which may be obſerved every day in going from one place to another, is what makes a whole city to an unprejudiced eye a den of thieves. It was no ſmall pleaſure to me for this reaſon to remark, as I paſſed by Cornhill, that the ſhop of that worthy, honeſt, though lately unfortunate citizen, Mr. John Morton, ſo well known in the linen trade, is fitting up anew. Since a man has been in a diſtreſſed condition, it ought to be a great ſatisfaction to have paſſed through it in ſuch a manner as not to have loſt the friendſhip of thoſe who ſuffered with him, but to receive an honourable acknowledgment of his honeſty from thoſe very perſons to whom the law had conſigned his eſtate.

The misfortune of this citizen is like to prove of a very general advantage to thoſe who ſhall deal with him hereafter: for the ſtock with which he now ſets up being the loan of his friends, he cannot expoſe that to the hazard of giving credit, but enters into a ready-money trade, by which means he will both buy and ſell the beſt and cheapeſt. He impoſes upon himſelf a rule of affixing the value of each piece he ſells to the piece itſelf; ſo that the moſt ignorant ſervant or child will be as good a buyer at his ſhop as the moſt ſkilful in the trade. For all which, you have all his hopes and fortune for your ſecurity. To encourage dealing after this way, there is not only the avoiding the moſt infamous guilt in ordinary bartering; but this obſervation, that he who buys with ready money, ſaves as much to his family as the ſtate exacts out of his land for the ſecurity and ſervice of his country; that is to ſay, in plain Engliſh, ſixteen will do as much as twenty ſhillings.

Mr. SPECTATOR,

'MY heart is so swelled with grateful sentiments on 'account of some favours which I have lately received, 'that I must beg leave to give them utterance amongst 'the croud of other anonymous correspondents; and 'writing, I hope, will be as great a relief to my forced 'silence, as it is to your natural taciturnity——My ge-'nerous benefactor will not suffer me to speak to him in 'any terms of acknowledgment, but ever treats me as 'if he had the greatest obligations, and uses me with a 'distinction that is not to be expected from one so much 'my superior in fortune, years, and understanding. He 'insinuates, as if I had a certain right to his favours 'from some merit, which his particular indulgence to 'me has discovered; but that is only a beautiful artifice 'to lessen the pain an honest mind feels in receiving obli-'gations, when there is no probability of returning 'them.

'A gift is doubled when accompanied with such a 'delicacy of address; but what to me gives it an in-'expressible value is its coming from the man I most es-'teem in the world. It pleases me indeed, as it is an 'advantage and addition to my fortune; but when I 'consider it as an instance of that good man's friendship, 'it overjoys, it transports me; I look on it with a lover's 'eye, and no longer regard the gift, but the hand that 'gave it. For my friendship is so intirely void of any 'gainful views, that it often gives me pain to think it 'should have been chargeable to him; and I cannot at 'some melancholy hours help doing his generosity the 'injury of fearing it should cool on this account, and that 'the last favour might be a sort of legacy of a depart-'ing friendship.

'I confess these fears seem very groundless and unjust, 'but you must forgive them to the apprehension of one 'possessed of a great treasure, who is frighted at the 'most distant shadow of danger.

'Since I have thus far opened my heart to you, I 'will not conceal the secret satisfaction I feel there 'of knowing the goodness of my friend will not be

'unrewarded. I am pleaſed with thinking the provi-
'dence of the Almighty hath ſufficient bleſſings in
'ſtore for him, and will certainly diſcharge the debt,
'though I am not made the happy inſtrument of doing
'it.

'However nothing in my power ſhall be wanting to
'ſhew my gratitude; I will make it the buſineſs of my
'life to thank him, and ſhall eſteem (next to him) thoſe
'my beſt friends, who give me the greateſt aſſiſtance in
'this good work. Printing this letter would be ſome
'little inſtance of my gratitude; and your favour herein
'will very much oblige

Nov. 24.

'Your moſt humble ſervant, &c.

T. 'W. C.'

N° 547. Thurſday, November 27.

Si vulnus tibi, monſtratâ radice vel herbâ,
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herbâ
Proficiente nihil curarier— HOR. Ep. 2. l. 2. ver. 149.

Suppoſe you had a wound, and one had ſhow'd
An herb, which you apply'd, but found no good;
Wou'd you be fond of this, increaſe your pain,
And uſe the fruitleſs remedy again. CREECH.

IT is very difficult to praiſe a man without putting him out of countenance. My following correſpondent has found out this uncommon art, and, together with his friends, has celebrated ſome of my ſpeculations after ſuch a concealed but diverting manner, that if any of my readers think I am to blame in publiſhing my own commendations, they will allow I ſhould have deſerved their cenſure as much, had I ſuppreſſed the humour in which they are conveyed to me.

'SIR,

'I AM often in a private assembly of wits of both 'sexes, where we generally descant upon your specula- 'tions, or upon the subjects on which you have treated. 'We were last Tuesday talking of those two volumes 'which you have lately published. Some were com- 'mending one of your papers, and some another; and 'there was scarce a single person in the company that 'had not a favourite speculation. Upon this a man of 'wit and learning told us, he thought it would not be 'amiss, if we paid the SPECTATOR the same com- 'pliment that is often made in our public prints to sir 'William Read, doctor Grant, Mr. Moor the apothe- 'cary, and other eminent physicians, where it is usual 'for the patients to publish the cures which have been 'made upon them, and the several distempers under 'which they laboured. The proposal took, and the 'lady where we visited having the two last volumes in 'large paper interleaved for her own private use, or- 'dered them to be brought down, and laid in the win- 'dow, whither every one in the company retired, and 'writ down a particular advertisement in the style and 'phrase of the like ingenious compositions which we 'frequently meet with at the end of our news-papers. 'When we had finished our work, we read them with 'a great deal of mirth at the fire-side, and agreed, '*nemine contradicente*, to get them transcribed, and sent 'to the SPECTATOR. The gentleman who made the 'proposal entered the following advertisement before 'the title page, after which the rest succeeded in or- 'der.

'*Remedium efficax & universum*; or, an effectual 'remedy adapted to all capacities; shewing how any 'person may cure himself of ill-nature, pride, party- 'spleen, or any other distemper incident to the human 'system, with an easy way to know when the infection 'is upon him. This panacea is as innocent as bread, 'agreeable to the taste, and requires no confinement. 'It has not its equal in the universe, as abundance of

'the nobility and gentry throughout the kingdom have 'experienced.

'N. B. No family ought to be without it.'

Over the two Spectators on jealouſy, being the two firſt in the third volume.

'I William Crazy, aged threeſcore and ſeven, having 'been for ſeveral years afflicted with uneaſy doubts, fears, 'and vapours, occaſioned by the youth and beauty of 'Mary my wife, aged twenty-five, do hereby, for the be-'nefit of the public, give notice, that I have found great 'relief from the two following doſes, having taken 'them two mornings together with a diſh of chocolate. 'Witneſs my hand, &c.'

For the benefit of the poor.

'In charity to ſuch as are troubled with the diſeaſe 'of levee-hunting, and are forced to ſeek their bread 'every morning at the chamber-doors of great men, I 'A. B. do teſtify, that for many years paſt I laboured 'under this faſhionable diſtemper, but was cured of it 'by a remedy which I bought of Mrs. Baldwin, con-'tained in a half-ſheet of paper, marked No. 193, where 'any one may be provided with the ſame remedy at the 'price of a ſingle penny.

'An infallible cure for hypochondriac melancholy, 'No. 173. 184. 191. 203. 209. 221. 233. 235. 239. '245. 247. 251.

'*Probatum eſt.* CHARLES EASY.

'I Chriſtopher Query, having been troubled with a 'certain diſtemper in my tongue, which ſhewed itſelf in 'impertinent and ſuperfluous interrogatories, have not 'aſked one unneceſſary queſtion ſince my peruſal of the 'preſcription marked No. 228.

'The Britannic Beautifier, being an eſſay on mo-'deſty, No 231, which gives ſuch a delightful bluſhing 'colour to the cheeks of thoſe that are white or pale,

'that it is not to be diſtinguiſhed from a natural fine com-
'plexion, nor perceived to be artificial by the neareſt
'friend: is nothing of paint, or in the leaſt hurtful. It
'renders the face delightfully handſome; is not ſubject
'to be rubbed off, and cannot be paralleled by either
'waſh, powder, coſmetic, &c. It is certainly the beſt
'beautifier in the world.

'MARTHA GLOWORM.

'I Samuel Self, of the pariſh of St. James's, having
'a conſtitution which naturally abounds with acids,
'made uſe of a paper of directions marked No. 177,
'recommending a healthful exerciſe called good-nature,
'and have found it a moſt excellent ſweetner of the
'blood.

'Whereas I, Elizabeth Rainbow, was troubled with
'that diſtemper in my head, which about a year ago
'was pretty epidemical among the ladies, and diſcovered
'itſelf in the colour of their hoods, having made uſe of
'the doctor's cephalic tincture, which he exhibited to the
'public in one of his laſt year's papers, I recovered in
'a very few days.

'I George Gloom, having for a long time been trou-
'bled with the ſpleen, and being adviſed by my friends
'to put myſelf into a courſe of Steele, did for that end
'make uſe of remedies conveyed to me ſeveral morn-
'ings, in ſhort letters, from the hands of the inviſible
'doctor. They were marked at the bottom Nathaniel
'Henrooſt, Alice Threadneedle, Rebecca Nettletop,
'Tom Loveleſs, Mary Meanwell, Thomas Smokey, An-
'thony Freeman, Tom Meggot, Ruſtic Sprightly, &c.
'which have had ſo good an effect upon me, that I now
'find myſelf chearful, lightſome, and eaſy; and there-
'fore do recommend them to all ſuch as labour under
'the ſame diſtemper.'

Not having room to inſert all the advertiſements which were ſent me, I have only picked out ſome few from the third volume, reſerving the fourth for another opportunity. O.

N° 548. Friday, November 28.

——Vitiis nemo ſine naſcitur, optimus ille
Qui minimis urgetur.—— Hor. Sat. 3. l. 1. ver. 68.

There's none but has ſome fault, and he's the beſt,
Moſt virtuous he, that's ſpotted with the leaſt.
Creech.

'Mr. Spectator, Nov. 27, 1712.

'I HAVE read this day's paper with a great deal of 'pleaſure, and could ſend you an account of ſeveral elix-'irs and antidotes in your third volume, which your cor-'reſpondents have not taken notice of in their adver-'tiſements; and at the ſame time muſt own to you, that 'I have ſeldom ſeen a ſhop furniſhed with ſuch a variety 'of medicaments, and in which there are fewer ſopori-'fics. The ſeveral vehicles you have invented for con-'veying your unacceptable truths to us, are what I moſt 'particularly admire, as I am afraid they are ſecrets 'which will die with you. I do not find that any of 'your critical eſſays are taken notice of in this paper, 'notwithſtanding I look upon them to be excellent 'cleanſers of the brain, and could venture to ſuperſcribe 'them with an advertiſement which I have lately ſeen in 'one of our news-papers, wherein there is an account 'given of a ſovereign remedy for reſtoring the taſte of 'all ſuch perſons whoſe palates have been vitiated by 'diſtempers, unwholeſome food, or any the like occaſi-'ons. But to let fall the alluſion, notwithſtanding your 'criticiſms, and particularly the candour which you have 'diſcovered in them, are not the leaſt taking part of your 'works, I find your opinion concerning poetical juſtice, 'as it is expreſſed in the firſt part of your fortieth Spec-'tator, is controverted by ſome eminent critics; and 'as you now ſeem, to our great grief of heart, to be 'winding up your bottoms, I hoped you would have

'enlarged a little upon that ſubject. It is indeed but a 'ſingle paragraph in your works, and I believe thoſe 'who have read it with the ſame attention I have done, 'will think there is nothing to be objected againſt it. 'I have, however, drawn up ſome additional arguments 'to ſtrengthen the opinion which you have there deli-'vered, having endeavoured to go to the bottom of that 'matter, which you may either publiſh or ſuppreſs as 'you think fit.

'Horace, in my motto, ſays, "That all men are vi-"cious, and that they differ from one another, only as "they are more or leſs ſo." Boileau has given the ſame 'account of our wiſdom, as Horace has of our virtue:

Tous les hommes ſont fous, & malgré tous leurs ſoins,
Ne different entre eux, que du plus & du moins.

"All men, ſays he, are fools, and in ſpite of their en-"deavours to the contrary, differ from one another "only as they are more or leſs ſo."

'Two or three of the old Greek poets have given 'the ſame turn to a ſentence which deſcribes the happi-'neſs of man in this life:

Τὸ ζῆν ἀλύπως ἀνδρὸς ἐστιν εὐτυχοῦς.

"That man is moſt happy who is the leaſt miſerable."

'It will not perhaps be unentertaining to the polite 'reader to obſerve how theſe three beautiful ſentences 'are formed upon different ſubjects by the ſame way of 'thinking; but I ſhall return to the firſt of them.

'Our goodneſs being of a comparative, and not an 'abſolute nature, there is none who in ſtrictneſs can 'be called a virtuous man. Every one has in him a 'natural alloy, though one may be fuller of droſs than 'another: for this reaſon I cannot think it right to 'introduce a perfect or a faultleſs man upon the ſtage; 'not only becauſe ſuch a character is improper to move 'compaſſion, but becauſe there is no ſuch thing in 'nature. This might probably be one reaſon why the 'SPECTATOR in one of his papers took notice of that 'late invented term called Poetical Juſtice, and the

'wrong notions into which it has led ſome tragic wri-
'ters. The moſt perfect man has vices enough to draw
'down puniſhments upon his head, and to juſtify Provi-
'dence in regard to any miſeries that may befal him.
'For this reaſon I cannot think, but that the inſtruction
'and moral are much finer, where a man who is virtu-
'ous in the main of his character falls into diſtreſs, and
'ſinks into the blows of fortune at the end of a tragedy,
'than when he is repreſented as happy and triumphant.
'Such an example corrects the inſolence of human na-
'ture, ſoftens the mind of the beholder with ſentiments
'of pity and compaſſion, comforts him under his own
'private affliction, and teaches him not to judge of
'mens virtues by their ſucceſſes. I cannot think of one
'real hero in all antiquity ſo far raiſed above human
'infirmities, that he might not be very naturally repre-
'ſented in a tragedy as plunged in misfortunes and cala-
'mities. The poet may ſtill find out ſome prevailing
'paſſion or indiſcretion in his character, and ſhew it in
'ſuch a manner as will ſufficiently acquit the gods of
'any injuſtice in his ſufferings. For as Horace obſerves
'in my text, the beſt man is faulty, though not in ſo
'great a degree as thoſe whom we generally call vicious
'men.

'If ſuch a ſtrict poetical juſtice, as ſome gentlemen
'inſiſt upon, was to be obſerved in this art, there is no
'manner of reaſon why it ſhould not extend to heroic
'poetry as well as tragedy. But we find it ſo little ob-
'ſerved in Homer, that his Achilles is placed in the
'greateſt point of glory and ſucceſs, though his charac-
'ter is morally vicious, and only poetically good, if I
'may uſe the phraſe of our modern critics. The Æneid
'is filled with innocent, unhappy perſons. Niſus and
'Euryalus, Lauſus, and Pallas come all to unfortunate
'ends. The poet takes notice in particular, that in the
'ſacking of Troy, Ripheus fell, who was the moſt juſt
'man among the Trojans.

——Cadit & Ripheus juſtiſſimus unus,
Qui fuit in Teucris, & ſervantiſſimus æqui:
Diis aliter viſum eſt—— Æn. 2. ver. 427.

'And that Pantheus could neither be preſerved by his 'tranſcendent piety, nor by the holy fillets of Apollo, 'whoſe prieſt he was.

——*Nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,*
Labentem pietas, nec Apollinis infula texit.
Æn. 2. v. 429.

'I might here mention the practice of ancient tragic 'poets, both Greek and Latin; but as this particular is 'touched upon in the paper abovementioned, I ſhall 'paſs it over in ſilence. I could produce paſſages out of 'Ariſtotle in favour of my opinion; and if in one place 'he ſays that an abſolutely virtuous man ſhould not be 'repreſented as unhappy, this does not juſtify any one 'who ſhall think fit to bring in an abſolutely virtuous 'man upon the ſtage. Thoſe who are acquainted with 'that author's way of writing, know very well, that to 'take the whole extent of his ſubject into his diviſions 'of it, he often makes uſe of ſuch caſes as are imagi-'nary, and not reducible to practice: he himſelf de-'clares that ſuch tragedies as ended unhappily bore 'away the prize in theatrical contentions, from thoſe 'which ended happily; and for the fortieth ſpecula-'tion, which I am now conſidering, as it has given 'reaſons why theſe are more apt to pleaſe an audience, 'ſo it only proves that theſe are generally preferable 'to the other, though at the ſame time it affirms that 'many excellent tragedies have and may be written in 'both kinds.

'I ſhall conclude with obſerving, that though the 'Spectator abovementioned is ſo far againſt the rule 'of poetical juſtice, as to affirm that good men may meet 'with an unhappy cataſtrophe in tragedy, it does not 'ſay that ill men may go off unpuniſhed. The reaſon 'for this diſtinction is very plain, namely, becauſe the 'beſt of men are vicious enough to juſtify Providence 'for any misfortunes and afflictions which may befal 'them, but there are many men ſo criminal that they 'can have no claim or pretence to happineſs. The 'beſt of men may deſerve puniſhment, but the worſt of 'men cannot deſerve happineſs.'

N° 549. Saturday, November 29.

Quamvis digreſſu veteris confuſus amici,
Laudo tamen——— Juv. Sat. 3. ver. 1.

Tho' griev'd at the departure of my friend,
His purpoſe of retiring I commend.

I BELIEVE moſt people begin the world with a reſolution to withdraw from it into a ſerious kind of ſolitude or retirement, when they have made themſelves eaſy in it. Our unhappineſs is, that we find out ſome excuſe or other for deferring ſuch our good reſolutions until our intended retreat is cut off by death. But among all kinds of people there are none who are ſo hard to part with the world, as thoſe who are grown old in the heaping up of riches. Their minds are ſo warped with their conſtant attention to gain, that it is very difficult for them to give their ſouls another bent, and convert them towards thoſe objects, which, though they are proper for every ſtage of life, are ſo more eſpecially for the laſt. Horace deſcribes an old uſurer as ſo charmed with the pleaſures of a country life, that in order to make a purchaſe he called in all his money; but what was the event of it? Why in a very few days after he put it out again. I am engaged in this ſeries of thought by a diſcourſe which I had laſt week with my worthy friend ſir ANDREW FREEPORT, a man of ſo much natural eloquence, good ſenſe, and probity of mind, that I always hear him with a particular pleaſure. As we were ſitting together, being the ſole remaining members of our club, ſir ANDREW gave me an account of the many buſy ſcenes of life in which he had been engaged, and at the ſame time reckoned up to me abundance of thoſe lucky hits, which at another time he would have called pieces of good-fortune; but in the temper of mind he was then, he termed them mercies, favours of Providence, and bleſſings upon an

honeſt induſtry. Now, ſays he, you muſt know, my good friend, I am ſo uſed to conſider myſelf as creditor and debtor, that I often ſtate my accounts after the ſame manner with regard to heaven and my own ſoul. In this caſe, when I look upon the debtor-ſide, I find ſuch innumerable articles, that I want arithmetic to caſt them up; but when I look upon the creditor-ſide, I find little more than blank paper. Now though I am very well ſatisfied that it is not in my power to balance accounts with my Maker, I am reſolved however to turn all my future endeavours that way. You muſt not therefore be ſurpriſed, my friend, if you hear that I am betaking myſelf to a more thoughtful kind of life, and if I meet you no more in this place.

I could not but approve ſo good a reſolution, notwithſtanding the loſs I ſhould ſuffer by it. Sir ANDREW has ſince explained himſelf to me more at large in the following letter, which is juſt come to my hands.

'Good Mr. SPECTATOR,

'NOTWITHSTANDING my friends at the club 'have always rallied me, when I have talked of retir-'ing from buſineſs, and repeated to me one of my own 'ſayings, "That a merchant has never enough until he "has got a little more;" I can now inform you, that 'there is one in the world who thinks he has enough, and 'is determined to paſs the remainder of his life in the en-'joyment of what he has. You know me ſo well, that 'I need not tell you, I mean, by the enjoyments of my 'poſſeſſions, the making of them uſeful to the public. 'As the greateſt part of my eſtate has been hitherto of 'an unſteady and volatile nature, either toſt upon ſeas 'or fluctuating in funds; it is now fixed and ſettled in 'ſubſtantial acres and tenements. I have removed it 'from the uncertainty of ſtocks, winds and waves, and 'diſpoſed of it in a conſiderable purchaſe. This will 'give me a great opportunity of being charitable in my 'way, that is in ſetting my poor neighbours to work, 'and giving them a comfortable ſubſiſtence out of their 'own induſtry. My gardens, my fiſhponds, my arable 'and paſture grounds ſhall be my ſeveral hoſpitals, or 'rather workhouſes, in which I propoſe to maintain a

'great many indigent perſons, who are now ſtarving in 'my neighbourhood. I have got a fine ſpread of im-'proveable lands, and in my own thoughts am already 'plowing up ſome of them, fencing others; planting 'woods, and draining marſhes. In fine, as I have my 'ſhare in the ſurface of this iſland, I am reſolved to 'make it as beautiful a ſpot as any in her majeſty's 'dominions; at leaſt there is not an inch of it which 'ſhall not be cultivated to the beſt advantage, and do 'its utmoſt for its owner. As in my mercantile employ-'ment I ſo diſpoſed of my affairs, that from whatever 'corner of the compaſs the wind blew, it was bringing 'home one or other of my ſhips; I hope, as a huſ-'bandman, to contrive it ſo, that not a ſhower of rain, 'or a glimpſe of ſun-ſhine, ſhall fall upon my eſtate 'without bettering ſome part of it, and contributing 'to the products of the ſeaſon. You know it has been 'hitherto my opinion of life, that it is thrown away 'when it is not ſomeway uſeful to others. But when 'I am riding out by myſelf, in the freſh air on the open 'heath that lies by my houſe, I find ſeveral other 'thoughts growing up in me. I am now of opinion, 'that a man of my age may find buſineſs enough on 'himſelf, by ſetting his mind in order, preparing it for 'another world, and reconciling it to the thoughts of 'death. I muſt therefore acquaint you, that beſides 'thoſe uſual methods of charity, of which I have be-'fore ſpoken, I am at this very inſtant finding out a 'convenient place where I may build an alms-houſe, 'which I intend to endow very handſomely for a dozen 'ſuperannuated huſbandmen. It will be a great plea-'ſure to me to ſay my prayers twice a day with men of 'my own years, who all of them, as well as myſelf, 'may have their thoughts taken up how they ſhall die, 'rather than how they ſhall live. I remember an ex-'cellent ſaying that I learned at ſchool, *finis coronat 'opus*. You know beſt whether it be in Virgil or in 'Horace, it is my buſineſs to apply it. If your affairs 'will permit you to take the country air with me ſome-'times, you ſhall find an apartment fitted up for you, 'and ſhall be every day entertained with beef or mut-'ton of my own feeding; fiſh out of my own ponds;

'and fruit out of my own gardens. You ſhall have free 'egreſs and regreſs about my houſe, without having any 'queſtions aſked you, and in a word ſuch an hearty wel-'come as you may expect from

'Your moſt ſincere friend

'and humble ſervant,

'ANDREW FREEPORT.'

The club, of which I am a member, being entirely diſperſed, I ſhall conſult my reader next week upon a proſpect relating to the inſtitution of a new one. O.

Nº 550. Monday, December 1.

Quid dignum tanto feret hic promiſſor hiatu?
HOR. Ars Poet. ver. 138.

In what will all this oſtentation end?
ROSCOMMON.

SINCE the late diſſolution of the club, whereof I have often declared myſelf a member, there are very many perſons who by letters, petitions and recommendations, put up for the next election. At the ſame time I muſt complain, that ſeveral indirect and underhand practices have been made uſe of upon this occaſion. A certain country gentleman began to tap upon the firſt intimation he received of ſir ROGER's death: when he ſent me up word, that if I would get him choſen in the place of the deceaſed, he would preſent me with a barrel of the beſt October I had ever drank in my life. The ladies are in great pain to know whom I intend to elect in the room of WILL HONEYCOMB. Some of them indeed are of opinion that Mr. HONEYCOMB did not take ſufficient care of their intereſt in the club, and are therefore

desirous of having in it hereafter a representative of their own sex. A citizen who subscribes himself Y. Z. tells me that he has one and twenty shares in the African company, and offers to bribe me with the odd one in case he may succeed sir ANDREW FREEPORT, which he thinks would raise the credit of that fund. I have several letters, dated from Jenny Man's, by gentlemen who are candidates for captain SENTRY's place, and as many from a coffee-house in St. Paul's church-yard of such who would fill up the vacancy occasioned by the death of my worthy friend the clergyman, whom I can never mention but with a particular respect.

Having maturely weighed these several particulars, with the many remonstrances that have been made to me on this subject, and considering how invidious an office I shall take upon me if I make the whole election depend upon my single voice, and being unwilling to expose myself to those clamours, which on such an occasion, will not fail to be raised against me for partiality, injustice, corruption, and other qualities which my nature abhors, I have formed to myself the project of a club as follows.

I have thought of issuing out writs to all and every of the clubs that are established in the cities of London and Westminster, requiring them to choose out of their respective bodies a person of the greatest merit, and to return his name to me before Lady-day, at which time I intend to sit upon business.

By this means I have reason to hope, that the club over which I shall preside will be the very flower and quintessence of all other clubs. I have communicated this my project to none but a particular friend of mine, whom I have celebrated twice or thrice for his happiness in that kind of wit which is commonly known by the name of a pun. The only objection he makes to it is, that I shall raise up enemies to myself if I act with so regal an air, and that my detractors, instead of giving me the usual title of SPECTATOR, will be apt to call me the King of Clubs.

But to proceed on my intended project: it is very well known that I at first set forth in this work with the character of a silent man; and I think I have so well

preſerved my taciturnity, that I do not remember to have violated it with three ſentences in the ſpace of almoſt two years. As a monoſyllable is my delight, I have made very few excurſions in the converſations which I have related, beyond a Yes or a No. By this means my readers have loſt many good things which I have had in my heart, though I did not care for uttering them.

Now, in order to diverſify my character, and to ſhew the world how well I can talk if I have a mind, I have thoughts of being very loquacious in the club which I have now under conſideration. But that I may proceed the more regularly in this affair, I deſign upon the firſt meeting of the ſaid club, to have my mouth opened in form; intending to regulate myſelf in this particular by a certain ritual which I have by me, that contains all the ceremonies which are practiſed at the opening of the mouth of a cardinal. I have likewiſe examined the forms which were uſed of old by Pythagoras, when any of his ſcholars, after an apprenticeſhip of ſilence, was made free of his ſpeech. In the mean time, as I have of late found my name in foreign gazettes upon leſs occaſions, I queſtion not but in their next articles from Great Britain, they will inform the world, that 'the 'SPECTATOR's mouth is to be opened on the twenty-'fifth of March next.' I may perhaps publiſh a very uſeful paper at that time of the proceedings in that ſolemnity, and of the perſons who ſhall aſſiſt at it. But of this more hereafter. O.

N° 551. Tuesday, December 2.

Sic honor & nomen divinis vatibus atque
Carminibus venit. ——— Hor. Ars Poet. ver. 400.

So ancient is the pedigree of verse,
And so divine a poet's function.

Roscommon.

'Mr. Spectator,

'When men of worthy and excelling geniuses 'have obliged the world with beautiful and instruc-'tive writings, it is in the nature of gratitude that 'praise should be returned them, as one proper con-'sequent reward of their performances. Nor has 'mankind ever been so degenerately sunk, but they 'have made this return, and even when they have not 'been wrought up by the generous endeavour so as to 'receive the advantages designed by it. This praise, 'which arises first in the mouth of particular persons, 'spreads and lasts according to the merit of authors; 'and when it thus meets with a full success changes its 'denomination, and is called fame. They who have 'happily arrived at this, are, even while they live in-'flamed by the acknowledgments of others, and spur-'red on to new undertakings for the benefit of mankind, 'notwithstanding the detraction which some abject tem-'pers would cast upon them: but when they decease, 'their characters being freed from the shadow which 'envy laid them under, begin to shine out with greater 'splendor; their spirits survive in their works; they 'are admitted into the highest company, and they con-'tinue pleasing and instructing posterity from age to 'age. Some of the best gain a character, by being able 'to shew that they are no strangers to them; and others

'obtain a new warmth to labour for the happineſs and 'eaſe of mankind, from a reflection upon thoſe honours 'which are paid to their memories.

'The thought of this took me up as I turned over 'thoſe epigrams which are the remains of ſeveral of the 'wits of Greece, and perceived many dedicated to the 'fame of thoſe who had excelled in beautiful poetic per-'formances. Wherefore in purſuance to my thought, I 'concluded to do ſomething along with them to bring 'their praiſes into a new light and language, for the en-'couragement of thoſe whoſe modeſt tempers may be de-'terred by the fear of envy or detraction from fair at-'tempts, to which their parts might render them equal. 'You will perceive them as they follow to be conceived 'in the form of epitaphs, a ſort of writing which is 'wholly ſet apart for a ſhort-pointed method of praiſe.

On Orpheus, written by Antipater.

"No longer, Orpheus, ſhall thy ſacred ſtrains
"Lead ſtones, and trees, and beaſts along the plains;
"No longer ſooth the boiſterous winds to ſleep,
"Or ſtill the billows of the raging deep:
"For thou art gone, the muſes mourn'd thy fall
"In ſolemn ſtrains, thy mother moſt of all.
"Ye mortals, idly for your ſons ye moan,
"If thus a goddeſs could not ſave her own."

'Obſerve here, that if we take the fable for granted, 'as it was believed to be in that age when the epigram 'was written, the turn appears to have piety to the gods, 'and a reſigning ſpirit in its application. But if we 'conſider the point with reſpect to our preſent know-'ledge, it will be leſs eſteemed; though the author him-'ſelf, becauſe he believed it, may ſtill be more valued 'than any one who ſhould now write with a point of 'the ſame nature.

On Homer, by Alpheus of Mytilene.

"Still in our ears Andromache complains,
"And ſtill in ſight the fate of Troy remains;

" Still Ajax fights, ſtill Hector's dragg'd along,
" Such ſtrange inchantment dwells in Homer's ſong;
" Whoſe birth could more than one poor realm adorn;
" For all the world was proud that he was born."

'The thought in the firſt part of this is natural, and 'depending upon the force of poeſy: in the latter part 'it looks as if it would aim at the hiſtory of ſeven towns 'contending for the honour of Homer's birth-place; 'but when you expect to meet with that common ſtory, 'the poet ſlides by, and raiſes the whole world for a 'kind of arbiter which is to end the contention amongſt 'its ſeveral parts.

On Anacreon, by Antipater.

" This tomb be thine, Anacreon! all around
" Let ivy wreath, let flowrets deck the ground,
" And from its earth, enrich'd with ſuch a prize,
" Let wells of milk and ſtreams of wine ariſe:
" So will thine aſhes yet a pleaſure know,
" If any pleaſure reach the ſhades below."

'The poet here written upon, is an eaſy gay author, 'and he who writes upon him has filled his own head 'with the character of his ſubject. He ſeems to love 'his theme ſo much, that he thinks of nothing but pleaſ- 'ing him as if he were ſtill alive, by entering into his 'libertine ſpirit; ſo that the humour is eaſy and gay, 'reſembling Anacreon in its air, raiſed by ſuch images, 'and pointed with ſuch a turn as he might have uſed. I 'give it a place here, becauſe the author may have de- 'ſigned it for his honour; and I take an opportunity 'from it to adviſe others, that when they would praiſe, 'they cautiouſly avoid every looſer qualification, and fix 'only where there is a real foundation in merit.

On Euripides, by Ion.

" Divine Euripides, this tomb we ſee
" So fair, is not a monument for thee,

" So much as thou for it, ſince all will own
" Thy name and laſting praiſe adorns the ſtone."

'The thought here is fine, but its fault is, that it is 'general, that it may belong to any great man, becauſe 'it points out no particular character. It would be bet-'ter, if when we light upon ſuch a turn, we join it with 'ſomething that circumſcribes and bounds it to the qua-'lities of our ſubject. He who gives his praiſe in groſs, 'will often appear either to have been a ſtranger to thoſe 'he writes upon, or not to have found any thing in them 'which is praiſe-worthy.

On Sophocles, by Simonides.

" Winde, gentle ever-green, to form a ſhade
" Around the tomb where Sophocles is laid;
" Sweet ivy winde thy boughs, and intertwine
" With bluſhing roſes and the cluſt'ring vine:
" Thus will thy laſting leaves, with beauties hung,
" Prove grateful emblems of the lays he ſung;
" Whoſe ſoul, exalted like a god of wit,
" Among the muſes and the graces writ."

'This epigram I have opened more than any one of 'the former: the thought towards the latter end ſeem-'ed cloſer couched, ſo as to require an explication. I 'fancied the poet aimed at the picture which is general-'ly made of Apollo and the muſes, he ſitting with his 'harp in the middle, and they around him. This look-'ed beautiful to my thought, and becauſe the image 'aroſe before me out of the words of the original as I 'was reading it, I ventured to explain them ſo.

On Menander, the author unnamed.

" The very bees, O ſweet Menander, hung
" To taſte the muſes ſpring upon thy tongue;
" The very graces made the ſcenes you writ
" Their happy point of fine expreſſion hit.

" Thus ſtill you live, you make your Athens ſhine,
" And raiſe its glory to the ſkies in thine."

'This epigram has a reſpect to the character of its 'ſubject; for Menander writ remarkably with a juſtneſs 'and purity of language. It has alſo told the country 'he was born in, without either a ſet or a hidden man-'ner, while it twiſts together the glory of the poet and 'his nation, ſo as to make the nation depend upon his 'for an increaſe of its own.

'I will offer no more inſtances at preſent to ſhew that 'they who deſerve praiſe have it returned them from 'different ages. Let theſe which have been laid down, 'ſhew men that envy will not always prevail. And to 'the end that writers may more ſucceſsfully enliven the 'endeavours of one another, let them conſider, in ſome 'ſuch manner as I have attempted, what may be the 'juſteſt ſpirit and art of praiſe. It is indeed very hard 'to come up to it. Our praiſe is trifling when it de-'pends upon fable; it is falſe when it depends upon 'wrong qualifications; it means nothing when it is ge-'neral; it is extremely difficult to hit when we propoſe 'to raiſe characters high, while we keep to them juſtly. 'I ſhall end this with tranſcribing that excellent epitaph 'of Mr. Cowley, wherein, with a kind of grave and 'philoſophic humour, he very beautifully ſpeaks of him-'ſelf (withdrawn from the world, and dead to all the 'intereſts of it) as of a man really deceaſed. At the 'ſame time it is an inſtruction how to leave the public 'with a good grace.

Epitaphium vivi Authoris.

Hic, O viator, ſub lare parvulo
Couleius *hic eſt conditus, hic jacet*
Defunctus humani laboris
Sorte, ſupervacuâque vitâ:
Non indecorâ pauperie nitens,
Et non inerti nobilis otio,
Vanoque dilectis popello
Divitiis animoſus hoſtis.

Poſſis ut illum dicere mortuum,
En terra jam nunc quantula ſufficit!
Exempta ſit curis, viator,
Terra ſit illa levis, precare.
Hic ſparge flores, ſparge breves roſas,
Nam vita gaudet mortua floribus,
Herbiſque odoratis corona
Vatis adhuc cinerem calentem.

The living author's epitaph.

"From life's ſuperfluous cares enlarg'd,
"His debt of human toil diſcharg'd,
"Here Cowley lies beneath this ſhed,
"To every worldly intereſt dead:
"With decent poverty content;
"His hours of eaſe not idly ſpent:
"To fortune's goods a foe profeſs'd,
"And hating wealth by all careſs'd.
"'Tis ſure he's dead; for, lo! how ſmall
"A ſpot of earth is now his all!
"Oh! wiſh that earth may lightly lay,
"And ev'ry care be far away!
"Bring flow'rs, the ſhort liv'd roſes bring,
"To life deceas'd fit offering!
"And ſweets around the poet ſtrow,
"Whilſt yet with life his aſhes glow."

The publication of theſe criticiſms having procured me the following letter from a very ingenious gentleman, I cannot forbear inſerting it in the volume, though it did not come ſoon enough to have a place in any of my ſingle papers.

'Mr. SPECTATOR,

'HAVING read over in your paper, No. 551, ſome 'of the epigrams made by the Grecian wits, in commen- 'dation of their celebrated poets, I could not forbear 'ſending you another, out of the ſame collection; which 'I take to be as great a compliment to Homer, as any 'that has yet been paid him.

Τίς ποθ' ὁτὸν Τροϊὴς πόλεμον, &c.

" Who firſt tranſcrib'd the famous Trojan war,
" And wiſe Ulyſſes' acts, O Jove, make known:
" For ſince 'tis certain thine thoſe poems are,
" No more let Homer boaſt they are his own."

'If you think it worthy of a place in your ſpeculati-
'ons, for ought I know, by that means, it may in time
'be printed as often in Engliſh, as it has already been in
'Greek. I am, like the reſt of the world,

'Sir,

4th Dec. 'Your great admirer,

'G. R.'

The reader may obſerve that the beauty of this epigram is different from that of any in the foregoing. An irony is looked upon as the fineſt palliative of praiſe; and very often conveys the nobleſt panegyric under the appearance of ſatire. Homer is here ſeemingly accuſed and treated as a plagiary; but what is drawn up in the form of an accuſation is certainly, as my correſpondent obſerves, the greateſt compliment that could have been paid to that divine poet.

'Dear Mr. SPECTATOR,

'I AM a gentleman of a pretty good fortune, and
'of a temper impatient of any thing which I think an
'injury; however, I always quarrelled according to
'law, and inſtead of attacking my adverſary by the
'dangerous method of ſword and piſtol, I made my
'aſſaults by that more ſecure one of writ or warrant.
'I cannot help telling you, that either by the juſtice of
'my cauſes, or the ſuperiority of my counſel, I have
'been generally ſucceſsful; and to my great ſatisfac-
'tion I can ſay it, that by three actions of ſlander, and
'half a dozen treſpaſſes, I have for ſeveral years en-
'joyed a perfect tranquillity in my reputation and

'eſtate. By theſe means alſo I have been made known 'to the judges; the ſerjeants of our circuit are my inti- 'mate friends, and the ornamental counſel pay a very 'profound reſpect to one who has made ſo great a figure 'in the law. Affairs of conſequence having brought 'me to town, I had the curioſity the other day to viſit 'Weſtminſter-hall; and having placed myſelf in one of 'the courts, expected to be moſt agreeably entertained. 'After the court and counſel were, with due ceremony, 'ſeated, up ſtands a learned gentleman, and began, 'When this matter was laſt ſtirred before your lordſhip; 'the next humbly moved to quaſh an indictment; ano- 'ther complained that his adverſary had ſnapped a judg- 'ment; the next informed the court that his client was 'ſtripped of his poſſeſſion; another begged leave to ac- 'quaint his lordſhip they had been ſaddled with coſts. 'At laſt up got a grave ſerjeant, and told us his client 'had been hung up a whole term by a writ of error. At 'this I could bear it no longer, but came hither, and 'reſolved to apply myſelf to your honour to interpoſe 'with theſe gentlemen, that they would leave off ſuch 'low and unnatural expreſſions: for ſurely though the 'lawyers ſubſcribe to hideous French and falſe Latin, yet 'they ſhould let their clients have a little decent and 'proper Engliſh for their money. What man that has 'a value for a good name would like to have it ſaid in a 'public court, that Mr. Such-a-one was ſtripped, ſaddled, 'or hung up? This being what has eſcaped your ſpec- 'tatorial obſervation, be pleaſed to correct ſuch an illi- 'beral cant among profeſſed ſpeakers, and you will 'infinitely oblige

'Your humble ſervant,

Joe's Coffee-houſe,
Nov. 28.

'PHILONICUS.'

Nº 552. Wedneſday, December 3.

——*Qui prægravat artes*
Infra ſe poſitas, extinctus amabitur idem.
HOR. Ep. 1. l. 2. ver. 13.

For thoſe are hated that excel the reſt,
Although, when dead, they are belov'd and bleſt.
CREECH.

AS I was tumbling about the town the other day in a hackney-coach, and delighting myſelf with buſy ſcenes in the ſhops of each ſide of me, it came into my head, with no ſmall remorſe, that I had not been frequent enough in the mention and recommendation of the induſtrious part of mankind. It very naturally, upon this occaſion, touched my conſcience in particular, that I had not acquitted myſelf to my friend, Mr. Peter Motteux. That induſtrious man of trade, and formerly brother of the quill, has dedicated to me a poem upon tea. It would injure him, as a man of buſineſs, if I did not let the world know that the author of ſo good verſes writ them before he was concerned in traffic. In order to expiate my negligence towards him, I immediately reſolved to make him a viſit. I found his ſpacious warehouſes filled and adorned with tea, China and Indian ware. I could obſerve a beautiful ordonnance of the whole; and ſuch different and conſiderable branches of trade carried on, in the ſame houſe, I exulted in ſeeing diſpoſed by a poetical head. In one place were expoſed to view ſilks of various ſhades and colours, rich brocades, and the wealthieſt products of foreign looms. Here you might ſee the fineſt laces held up by the faireſt hands; and there examined by the beauteous eyes of the buyers, the moſt delicate cambrics, muſlins, and linens. I could not but congratulate my friend on the humble,

but, I hope, beneficial uſe he had made of his talents, and wiſhed I could be a patron to his trade, as he had been pleaſed to make me of his poetry. The honeſt man has, I know, that modeſt deſire of gain which is peculiar to thoſe who underſtand better things than riches; and I dare ſay he would be contented with much leſs than what is called wealth at that quarter of the town which he inhabits, and will oblige all his cuſtomers with demands agreeable to the moderation of his deſires.

Among other omiſſions of which I have been alſo guilty, with relation to men of induſtry of a ſuperior order, I muſt acknowledge my ſilence towards a propoſal frequently incloſed to me by Mr. Renatus Harris, organ-builder. The ambition of this artificer is to erect an organ in St. Paul's cathedral, over the weſt-door, at the entrance into the body of the church, which in art and magnificence ſhall tranſcend any work of that kind ever before invented. The propoſal in perſpicuous language ſets forth the honour and advantage ſuch a performance would be to the Britiſh name, as well as that it would apply the power of ſounds, in a manner more amazingly forcible than, perhaps, has yet been known, and I am ſure to an end much more worthy. Had the vaſt ſums which have been laid out upon operas without ſkill or conduct, and to no other purpoſe but to ſuſpend or vitiate our underſtandings, been diſpoſed this way, we ſhould now perhaps have an engine ſo formed as to ſtrike the minds of half the people at once in a place of worſhip with a forgetfulneſs of preſent care and calamity, and a hope of endleſs rapture, joy, and hallelujah hereafter.

When I am doing this juſtice, I am not to forget the beſt mechanic of my acquaintance, that uſeful ſervant to ſcience and knowledge, Mr. John Rowley; but I think I lay a great obligation on the public by acquainting them with his propoſals for a pair of new globes. After his preamble, he promiſes in the ſaid propoſals that,

'In the Celeſtial Globe,

'Care ſhall be taken that the fixed ſtars be placed 'according to their true longitude and latitude, from

'the many and correct observations of Hevelius, Cassini, 'Mr. Flamstead, reg. astronomer, Dr. Halley, Savilian 'professor of geometry in Oxon; and from whatever 'else can be procured to render the globe more exact, 'instructive, and useful.

'That all the constellations be drawn in a curious, new 'and particular manner; each star in so just, distinct, 'and conspicuous a proportion, that its true magnitude 'may be readily known by bare inspection, according to 'the different light and sizes of the stars. That the 'track or way of such comets as have been well observ-'ed, but not hitherto expressed in any globe, be care-'fully delineated in this.

'In the Terrestrial Globe,

'That by reason the descriptions formerly made, 'both in the English and Dutch great globe, are erro-'neous, Asia, Africa, and America, be drawn in a 'manner wholly new; by which means it is to be noted 'that the undertakers will be obliged to alter the lati-'tude of some places in ten degrees, the longitude of 'others in 20 degrees; besides which great and neces-'sary alterations, there are many remarkable countries, 'cities, towns, rivers, and lakes, omitted in other 'globes, inserted here according to the best discoveries 'made by our late navigators. Lastly, That the course 'of the trade-winds, the monsoons, and other winds 'periodically shifting between the tropics, be visibly 'expressed.

'Now in regard that this undertaking is of so uni-'versal use, as the advancement of the most necessary 'parts of the mathematics, as well as tending to the 'honour of the British nation, and that the charge of 'carrying it on is very expensive; it is desired that all 'gentlemen who are willing to promote so great a work, 'will be pleased to subscribe on the following conditi-'ons.

'I. The undertakers engage to furnish each subscri-'ber with a celestial and terrestrial globe, each of thir-'ty inches diameter, in all respects curiously adorned, 'the stars gilded, the capital cities plainly distinguish-'ed, the frames, meridians, horizons, hour-circles and

'indexes ſo exactly finiſhed up, and accurately divided, 'that a pair of theſe globes will really appear, in the 'judgment of any diſintereſted and intelligent perſon, 'worth fifteen pounds more than will be demanded for 'them by the undertakers.

'II. Whoſoever will be pleaſed to ſubſcribe, and pay 'twenty-five pounds in the manner following for a pair 'of theſe globes, either for their own uſe, or to preſent 'them to any college in the univerſities, or any public 'library or ſchool, ſhall have his coat of arms, name, 'title, ſeat, or place of reſidence, &c. inſerted in ſome 'convenient place of the globe.

'III. That every ſubſcriber do at firſt pay down the 'ſum of ten pounds, and fifteen pounds more upon the 'delivery of each pair of globes perfectly fitted up. And 'that the ſaid globes be delivered within twelve months, 'after the number of thirty ſubſcribers be compleated; 'and that the ſubſcribers be ſerved with globes in the or-'der in which they ſubſcribed.

'IV. That a pair of theſe globes ſhall not hereafter 'be ſold to any perſon but the ſubſcribers under thirty 'pounds.

'V. That if there be not thirty ſubſcribers within four 'months, after the firſt of December, 1712, the money 'paid ſhall be returned on demand by Mr. John Warner, 'goldſmith, near Temple-bar, who ſhall receive and pay 'the ſame according to the above-mentioned articles.'

T.

N° 553. Thurſday, December 4.

Nec luſiſſe pudet, ſed non incidere ludum.

HOR. Ep. 14. l. 1. v. 36.

Once to be wild, is no ſuch foul diſgrace;
But 'tis ſo ſtill to run the frantic race.

CREECH.

THE project which I publiſhed on Monday laſt has brought me in ſeveral packets of letters. Among the reſt I have received one from a certain projector, wherein after having repreſented, that in all probability the ſolemnity of opening my mouth will draw together a great confluence of beholders, he propoſes to me the hiring of Stationers-Hall for the more convenient exhibiting of that public ceremony. He undertakes to be at the charge of it himſelf, provided he may have the erecting of galleries on every ſide, and the letting of them out upon that occaſion. I have a letter alſo from a bookſeller, petitioning me in a very humble manner, that he may have the printing of the ſpeech which I ſhall make to the aſſembly upon the firſt opening of my mouth. I am informed from all parts, that there are great canvaſſings in the ſeveral clubs about town, upon the chooſing of a proper perſon to ſit with me on thoſe arduous affairs, to which I have ſummoned them. Three clubs have already proceeded to election, whereof one has made a double return. If I find that my enemies ſhall take advantage of my ſilence to begin hoſtilities upon me, or if any other exigency of affairs may ſo require, ſince I ſee elections in ſo great a forwardneſs, we may poſſibly meet before the day appointed; or if matters go on to my ſatisfaction, I may perhaps put off the meeting

to a further day: but of this public notice ſhall be given.

In the mean time, I muſt confeſs that I am not a little gratified and obliged by that concern which appears in this great city upon my preſent deſign of laying down this paper. It is likewiſe with much ſatisfaction, that I find ſome of the moſt outlying parts of the kingdom alarmed upon this occaſion, having received letters to expoſtulate with me about it from ſeveral of my readers of the remoteſt boroughs of Great Britain. Among theſe I am very well pleaſed with a letter dated from Berwick upon Tweed, wherein my correſpondent compares the office, which I have for ſome time executed in theſe realms, to the weeding of a great garden; which, ſays he, it is not ſufficient to weed once for all, and afterwards to give over, but that the work muſt be continued daily, or the ſame ſpots of ground which are cleared for a while, will in a little time be over-run as much as ever. Another gentleman lays before me ſeveral enormities that are already ſprouting, and which he believes will diſcover themſelves in their full growth immediately after my diſappearance. There is no doubt, ſays he, but the ladies heads will ſhoot up as ſoon as they know they are no longer under the SPECTATOR's eye; and I have already ſeen ſuch monſtrous broad-brimmed hats under the arms of foreigners, that I queſtion not but they will overſhadow the iſland within a month or two after the dropping of your paper. But among all the letters which are come to my hands, there is none ſo handſomely written as the following one, which I am the more pleaſed with, as it is ſent me from gentlemen who belong to a body which I ſhall always honour, and where, I cannot ſpeak it without a ſecret pride, my ſpeculations have met with a very kind reception. It is uſual for poets, upon the publiſhing of their works, to print before them ſuch copies of verſes as have been made in their praiſe. Not that you muſt imagine they are pleaſed with their own commendations, but becauſe the elegant compoſitions of their friends ſhould not be loſt. I muſt make the ſame apology for the publication of the enſuing letter, in which I have ſuppreſſed no part of thoſe praiſes that are given my ſpeculations

with too laviſh and good-natured a hand; though my correſpondents can witneſs for me, that at other times I have generally blotted out thoſe parts in the letters which I have received from them. O.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Oxford, Nov. 25.

'IN ſpite of your invincible ſilence you have found 'out a method of being the moſt agreeable companion 'in the world; that kind of converſation which you 'hold with the town, has the good fortune of being al- 'ways pleaſing to the men of taſte and leiſure, and never 'offenſive to thoſe of hurry and buſineſs. You are ne- 'ver heard, but at what Horace calls *dextro tempore*, 'and have the happineſs to obſerve the politic rule, 'which the ſame diſcerning author gave his friend, when 'he enjoined him to deliver his book to Auguſtus;

Si validus, ſi lætus erit, ſi denique poſcet:
Ep. 13. l. 1. ver. 3.

——When vexing cares are fled,
When well, when merry, when he aſks to read.
CREECH.

'You never begin to talk, but when people are de- 'ſirous to hear you; and I defy any one to be out of 'humour until you leave off. But I am led unawares 'into reflections, foreign to the original deſign of this 'epiſtle; which was to let you know, that ſome un- 'feigned admirers of your inimitable papers, who 'could, without any flattery, greet you with the ſalu- 'tation uſed to the eaſtern monarchs, viz. O SPEC live 'for ever, have lately been under the ſame apprehen- 'ſions with Mr. Philo-Spec; that the haſte you have 'made to diſpatch your beſt friends portends no long 'duration to your own ſhort viſage. We could not, 'indeed, find any juſt grounds for complaint in the 'method you took to diſſolve that venerable body: 'no, the world was not worthy of your divine. WILL 'HONEYCOMB could not, with any reputation, live 'ſingle any longer. It was high time for the Tem- 'plar to turn himſelf to Coke: and ſir ROGER's

'dying was the wiſeſt thing he ever did in his life. 'It was, however, matter of great grief to us, to 'think that we were in danger of loſing ſo elegant and 'valuable an entertainment. And we could not, 'without ſorrow, reflect that we were likely to have 'nothing to interrupt our ſips in the morning, and to 'ſuſpend our coffee in mid-air, between our lips and 'right ear, but the ordinary traſh of news-papers. 'We reſolved, therefore, not to part with you ſo. 'But ſince, to make uſe of your own alluſion, the 'cherries began now to croud the market, and their 'ſeaſon was almoſt over, we conſulted our future en-'joyments, and endeavoured to make the exquiſite 'pleaſure that delicious fruit gave our taſte as laſting 'as we could, and by drying them protract their ſtay 'beyond its natural date. We own that thus they 'have not a flavour equal to that of their juicy bloom; 'but yet, under this diſadvantage, they pique the 'palate, and become the ſalver better than any other 'fruit at its firſt appearance. To ſpeak plain, there 'are a number of us who have begun your works 'afreſh, and meet two nights in the week in order to 'give you a rehearing. We never come together 'without drinking your health, and as ſeldom part 'without general expreſſions of thanks to you for our 'night's improvement. This we conceive to be a 'more uſeful inſtitution than any other club what-'ever, not excepting even that of ugly faces. We 'have one manifeſt advantage over that renowned ſo-'ciety, with reſpect to Mr. SPECTATOR's company. 'For though they may brag, that you ſometimes make 'your perſonal appearance amongſt them, it is im-'poſſible they ſhould ever get a word from you, where-'as you are with us the reverſe of what Phædria would 'have his miſtreſs be in his rival's company, "preſent 'in your abſence." We make you talk as much and 'as long as we pleaſe; and let me tell you, you ſeldom 'hold your tongue for the whole evening. I promiſe 'myſelf you will look with an eye of favour upon a 'meeting which owes its original to a mutual emula-'tion among its members, who ſhall ſhew the moſt 'profound reſpect for your paper; not but we have a

'very great value for your perſon: and I dare ſay you 'can no where find four more ſincere admirers, and 'humble ſervants, than

'T. F. G. S. J. T. E. T.'

N° 554. Friday, December 5.

——Tentanda via eſt, quâ me quoqu poſſi m
Tollere humo, victorque virûm volitare per ora.

VIRG. Georg. 3. v. 9.

New ways I muſt attempt, my groveling name
To raiſe aloft, and wing my flight to fame.

DRYDEN.

I AM obliged for the following eſſay, as well as for that which lays down the rules of Tully for pronunciation and action, to the ingenious author of a poem juſt publiſhed, intitled, "An Ode to the Creator of the World, "occaſioned by the Fragments of Orpheus."

IT is a remark made, as I remember, by a celebrated French author, that "no man ever puſhed his capacity "ſo far as it was able to extend." I ſhall not inquire whether this aſſertion be ſtrictly true. It may ſuffice to ſay, that men of the greateſt application and acquirements can look back upon many vacant ſpaces, and neglected parts of time, which have ſlipped away from them unemployed; and there is hardly any one conſidering perſon in the world, but is apt to fancy with himſelf, at ſome time or other, that if his life were to begin again, he could fill it up better.

The mind is moſt provoked to caſt on itſelf this ingenuous reproach, when the examples of ſuch men are preſented to it, as have far outſhot the generality of their ſpecies in learning, arts, or any valuable improvements.

One of the moſt extenſive and improved geniuſes we have had any inſtance of in our own nation, or in any other, was that of ſir Francis Bacon lord Verulam. This great man, by an extraordinary force of nature, compaſs of thoughts, and indefatigable ſtudy, had amaſſed to himſelf ſuch ſtores of knowledge as we cannot look upon without amazement. His capacity ſeems to have graſped all that was revealed in books before his time; and not ſatisfied with that, he began to ſtrike out new tracks of ſcience, too many to be travelled over by any one man, in the compaſs of the longeſt life. Theſe, therefore, he could only mark down, like imperfect coaſtings in maps, or ſuppoſed points of land, to be further diſcovered and aſcertained by the induſtry of after ages, who ſhould proceed upon his notices or conjectures.

The excellent Mr. Boyle was the perſon who ſeems to have been deſigned by nature to ſucceed to the labours and inquiries of that extraordinary genius I have juſt mentioned. By innumerable experiments he, in a great meaſure, filled up thoſe plans and out-lines of ſcience, which his predeceſſor had ſketched out. His life was ſpent in the purſuit of nature, through a great variety of forms and changes, and in the moſt rational, as well as devout adoration of its divine author.

It would be impoſſible to name many perſons who have extended their capacities as far as theſe two, in the ſtudies they purſued; but my learned readers, on this occaſion, will naturally turn their thoughts to a third, who is yet living, and is likewiſe the glory of our own nation. The improvements which others had made in natural and mathematical knowledge have ſo vaſtly increaſed in his hands, as to afford at once a wonderful inſtance how great the capacity is of a human ſoul, and how inexhauſtible the ſubject of its inquiries; ſo true is that remark in holy writ, that "tho' "a wiſe man ſeek to find out the works of God from "the beginning to the end, yet ſhall he not be able to "do it."

I cannot help mentioning here one character more of a different kind indeed from theſe, yet ſuch a one as

may ſerve to ſhew the wonderful force of nature and of application, and is the moſt ſingular inſtance of an univerſal genius I have ever met with. The perſon I mean is Leonardo da Vinci, an Italian painter, deſcended from a noble family in Tuſcany, about the beginning of the ſixteenth century. In his profeſſion of hiſtory-painting he was ſo great a maſter, that ſome have affirmed he excelled all who went before him. It is certain that he raiſed the envy of Michael Angelo, who was his contemporary, and that from the ſtudy of his works Raphael himſelf learned his beſt manner of deſigning. He was a maſter too in ſculpture and architecture, and ſkilful in anatomy, mathematics, and mechanics. The aqueduct from the river Adda to Milan, is mentioned as a work of his contrivance. He had learned ſeveral languages, and was acquainted with the ſtudies of hiſtory, philoſophy, poetry, and muſic. Though it is not neceſſary to my preſent purpoſe, I cannot but take notice, that all who have writ of him mention likewiſe his perfection of body. The inſtances of his ſtrength are almoſt incredible. He is deſcribed to have been of a well-formed perſon, and maſter of all genteel exerciſes. And laſtly, we are told that his moral qualities, were agreeable to his natural and intellectual endowments, and that he was of an honeſt, and generous mind, adorned with great ſweetneſs of manners. I might break off the account of him here, but I imagine it will be an entertainment to the curioſity of my readers, to find ſo remarkable a character diſtinguiſhed by as remarkable a circumſtance at his death. The fame of his works having gained him an univerſal eſteem, he was invited to the court of France, where, after ſome time, he fell ſick; and Francis the firſt coming to ſee him, he raiſed himſelf in his bed to acknowledge the honour which was done him by that viſit. The king embraced him, and Leonardo fainting at the ſame inſtant, expired in the arms of that great monarch.

It is impoſſible to attend to ſuch inſtances as theſe, without being raiſed into a contemplation on the wonderful nature of an human mind, which is capable of ſuch progreſſions in knowledge, and can contain ſuch a variety of ideas without perplexity or confuſion.

How reaſonable is it from hence to infer its divine original? And whilſt we find unthinking matter endued with a natural power, to laſt for ever, unleſs annihilated by Omnipotence, how abſurd would it be to imagine, that a being ſo much ſuperior to it ſhould not have the ſame privilege?

At the ſame time it is very ſurpriſing, when we remove our thoughts from ſuch inſtances as I have mentioned, to conſider thoſe we ſo frequently meet with in the accounts of barbarous nations among the Indians; where we find numbers of people who ſcarce ſhew the firſt glimmerings of reaſon, and ſeem to have few ideas above thoſe of ſenſe and appetite. Theſe, methinks, appear like large wilds, or vaſt uncultivated tracts of human nature; and when we compare them with men of the moſt exalted characters in arts and learning, we find it difficult to believe that they are creatures of the ſame ſpecies.

Some are of opinion that the ſouls of men are all naturally equal, and that the great diſparity, we ſo often obſerve, ariſes from the different organization or ſtructure of the bodies to which they are united. But whatever conſtitutes this firſt diſparity, the next great difference which we find between men in their ſeveral acquirements is owing to accidental differences in their education, fortunes, or courſe of life. The ſoul is a kind of rough diamond, which requires art, labour, and time to poliſh it. For want of which many a good natural genius is loſt, or lies unfaſhioned, like a jewel in the mine.

One of the ſtrongeſt incitements to excel in ſuch arts and accompliſhments as are in the higheſt eſteem among men, is the natural paſſion which the mind of man has for glory; which, though it may be faulty in the exceſs of it, ought by no means to be diſcouraged. Perhaps ſome moraliſts are too ſevere in beating down this principle, which ſeems to be a ſpring implanted by nature to give motion to all the latent powers of the ſoul, and is always obſerved to exert itſelf with the greateſt force in the moſt generous diſpoſitions. The men whoſe characters have ſhone the brighteſt among the ancient Romans, appear to have been ſtrongly

animated by this paſſion. Cicero, whoſe learning and ſervices to his country are ſo well known, was inflamed by it to an extravagant degree, and warmly preſſes Lucceius, who was compoſing a hiſtory of thoſe times, to be very particular and zealous in relating the ſtory of his conſulſhip; and to execute it ſpeedily, that he might have the pleaſure of enjoying in his life-time ſome part of the honour which he foreſaw would be paid to his memory. This was the ambition of a great mind; but he is faulty in the degree of it, and cannot refrain from ſoliciting the hiſtorian upon this occaſion to neglect the ſtrict laws of hiſtory, and, in praiſing him, "even to "exceed the bounds of truth." The younger Pliny appears to have had the ſame paſſion for fame, but accompanied with greater chaſteneſs and modeſty. His ingenious manner of owning it to a friend, who had prompted him to undertake ſome great work, is exquiſitely beautiful, and raiſes him to a certain grandeur above the imputation of vanity. "I muſt confeſs," ſays he, "that nothing employs my thoughts more than the de-"ſire I have of perpetuating my name; which in my "opinion is a deſign worthy of a man, at leaſt of ſuch "a one, who being conſcious of no guile, is not afraid to "be remembered by poſterity."

I think I ought not to conclude, without intereſting all my readers in the ſubject of this diſcourſe: I ſhall therefore lay it down as a maxim, that though all are not capable of ſhining in learning or the politer arts; yet "every one is capable of excelling in ſomething." The ſoul has in this reſpect a certain vegetative power which cannot lie wholly idle. If it is not laid out and cultivated into a regular and beautiful garden, it will of itſelf ſhoot up in weeds or flowers of a wilder growth.

N° 555. Saturday, December 6.

Reſpue quod non es——— PERS. Sat. 4. ver. 51.

Lay the fictitious character aſide.

ALL the members of the imaginary ſociety which were deſcribed in my firſt papers, having diſappeared one after another, it is high time for the SPECTATOR himſelf to go off the ſtage. But, now I am to take my leave, I am under much greater anxiety than I have known for the work of any day ſince I undertook this province. It is much more difficult to converſe with the world in a real than a perſonated character. That might paſs for humour in the SPECTATOR, which would look like arrogance in a writer who ſets his name to his work. The fictitious perſon might contemn thoſe who diſapproved him, and extol his own performances, without giving offence. He might aſſume a mock-authority, without being looked upon as vain and conceited. The praiſes or cenſures of himſelf fall only upon the creature of his imagination; and if any one finds fault with him, the author may reply with the philoſopher of old, "Thou "doſt but beat the caſe of Anaxarchus." When I ſpeak in my own private ſentiments, I cannot but addreſs myſelf to my readers in a more ſubmiſſive manner, and with a juſt gratitude, for the kind reception which they have given to theſe daily papers that have been publiſhed for almoſt the ſpace of two years laſt paſt.

I hope the apology I have made as to the licence allowable to a feigned character, may excuſe any thing which has been ſaid in theſe diſcourſes of the SPECTATOR and his works; but the imputation of the groſſeſt vanity would ſtill dwell upon me, if I did not give ſome account by what means I was enabled to keep up the ſpirit of ſo long and approved a performance. All the papers marked with a C, an L, an I, or an O, that is

to ſay, all the papers which I have diſtinguiſhed by any letter in the name of the muſe CLIO, were given me by the gentleman of whoſe aſſiſtance I formerly boaſted in the preface and concluding leaf of my Tatlers. I am indeed much more proud of his long continued friendſhip, than I ſhould be of the fame of being thought the author of any writings which he himſelf is capable of producing. I remember when I finiſhed the Tender Huſband, I told him there was nothing I ſo ardently wiſhed, as that we might ſome time or other publiſh a work written by us both, which ſhould bear the name of the Monument, in memory of our friendſhip. I heartily wiſh what I have done here, was as honorary to that ſacred name, as learning, wit, and humanity render thoſe pieces which I have taught the reader how to diſtinguiſh for his. When the play abovementioned was laſt acted, there were ſo many applauded ſtrokes in it which I had from the ſame hand, that I thought very meanly of myſelf that I had never publicly acknowledged them. After I have put other friends upon importuning him to publiſh dramatic, as well as other writings he has by him, I ſhall end what I think I am obliged to ſay on this head, by giving my reader this hint for the better judging of my productions, that the beſt comment upon them would be an account when the patron to the Tender Huſband was in England, or abroad.

The reader will alſo find ſome papers which are marked with the letter X, for which he is obliged to the ingenious gentleman who diverted the town with the epilogue to the Diſtreſſed Mother. I might have owned theſe ſeveral papers with the free conſent of theſe gentlemen, who did not write them with a deſign of being known for the authors. But as a candid and ſincere behaviour ought to be preferred to all other conſiderations, I would not let my heart reproach me with a conſciouſneſs of having acquired a praiſe which is not my right.

The other aſſiſtances which I have had, have been conveyed by letter, ſometimes by whole papers, and other times by ſhort hints from unknown hands. I have not been able to trace favours of this kind, with any certainty, but to the following names, which I place in

the order wherein I received the obligation, though the firſt I am going to name can hardly be mentioned in a liſt wherein he would not deſerve the precedence. The perſons to whom I am to make theſe acknowledgments are, Mr. Henry Martin, Mr. Pope, Mr. Hughes, Mr. Carey, of New College in Oxford, Mr. Tickell, of Queen's in the ſame univerſity, Mr. Parnelle, and Mr. Euſden, of Trinity in Cambridge. Thus, to ſpeak in the language of my late friend ſir ANDREW FREEPORT, I have balanced my accounts with all my creditors for wit and learning. But as theſe excellent performances would not have ſeen the light without the means of this paper, I may ſtill arrogate to myſelf the merit of their being communicated to the public.

I have nothing more to add, but having ſwelled this work to five hundred and fifty-five papers, they will be diſpoſed into ſeven volumes, four of which are already publiſhed, and the three others in the preſs. It will not be demanded of me why I now leave off, though I muſt own myſelf obliged to give an account to the town of my time hereafter; ſince I retire when their partiality to me is ſo great, that an edition of the former volumes of Spectators of above nine thouſand each book is already ſold off, and the tax on each half ſheet has brought into the ſtamp-office one week with another, above twenty pounds a-week ariſing from this ſingle paper, notwithſtanding it at firſt reduced it to leſs than half the number that was uſually printed before this tax was laid.

I humbly beſeech the continuance of this inclination to favour what I may hereafter produce, and hope I have in my occurrences of life taſted ſo deeply of pain and ſorrow, that I am proof againſt much more proſperous circumſtances than any advantages to which my own induſtry can poſſibly exalt me.

I am,

My good-natured reader,

Your moſt obedient,

Moſt obliged humble ſervant,

RICHARD STEELE.

Vos valete & plaudite. TER.

The following letter regards an ingenious ſet of gentlemen, who have done me the honour to make me one of their ſociety.

'Mr. SPECTATOR, Dec. 4, 1712.

'THE academy of painting, lately eſtabliſhed in London, having done you and themſelves the honour to 'chooſe you one of their directors; that noble and lively 'art, which before was intitled to your regard as a 'SPECTATOR, has an additional claim to you, and you 'ſeem to be under a double obligation to take ſome care 'of her intereſts.

'The honour of our country is alſo concerned in the 'matter I am going to lay before you: we, and perhaps 'other nations as well as we, have a national falſe humility as well as a national vain-glory: and though we 'boaſt ourſelves to excel all the world in things wherein we are outdone abroad, in other things we attribute 'to others a ſuperiority which we ourſelves poſſeſs. This 'is what is done, particularly in the art of portrait or 'face-painting.

'Painting is an art of a vaſt extent, too great by much 'for any mortal man to be in full poſſeſſion of, in all its 'parts; it is enough if any one ſucceed in painting faces, 'hiſtory, battles, landſkips, ſea-pieces, fruit, flowers, 'or drolls, &c. Nay, no man ever was excellent in all 'the branches, though many in number, of theſe ſeveral arts, for a diſtinct art I take upon me to call every 'one of thoſe ſeveral kinds of painting.

'And as one man may be a good landſkip painter, but 'unable to paint a face or a hiſtory tolerably well, and 'ſo of the reſt; one nation may excel in ſome kinds of 'painting, and other kinds may thrive better in other 'climates.

'Italy may have the preference of all other nations 'for hiſtory-painting; Holland for drolls, and a neat 'finiſhed manner of working; France for gay, janty, 'fluttering pictures; and England for portraits: but 'to give the honour of every one of theſe kinds of 'painting to any one of thoſe nations on account of 'their excellence in any of theſe parts of it, is like

'adjudging the prize of heroic, dramatic, lyric, or 'burleſque poetry, to him who has done well in any one 'of them.

'Where there are the greateſt geniuſes, and moſt helps 'and encouragements, it is reaſonable to ſuppoſe an art 'will arrive to the greateſt perfection: by this rule let 'us conſider our own country with reſpect to face paint-'ing. No nation in the world delights ſo much in hav-'ing their own, or friends, or relations pictures; whe-'ther from their national good-nature, or having a love 'to painting, and not being encouraged in the great ar-'ticle of religious pictures, which the purity of our wor-'ſhip refuſes the free uſe of, or from whatever other 'cauſe. Our helps are not inferior to thoſe of any other 'people, but rather they are greater; for what the an-'tique ſtatues and bas-reliefs which Italy enjoys are to 'the hiſtory-painters, the beautiful and noble faces with 'which England is confeſſed to abound, are to face paint-'ers; and beſides we have the greateſt number of the 'works of the beſt maſters in that kind of any people, 'not without a competent number of thoſe of the moſt 'excellent in every other part of painting. And for en-'couragement, the wealth and generoſity of the Engliſh 'nation affords that in ſuch a degree, as artiſts have no 'reaſon to complain.

'And accordingly in fact, face-painting is no where 'ſo well performed as in England: I know not whether 'it has lain in your way to obſerve it, but I have, and 'pretend to be a tolerable judge. I have ſeen what is 'done abroad, and can aſſure you, that the honour of 'that branch of painting is juſtly due to us. I appeal 'to the judicious obſervers for the truth of what I aſ-'ſert. If foreigners have oftentimes, or even for the 'moſt part excelled our natives, it ought to be imputed 'to the advantages they have met with here, joined to 'their own ingenuity and induſtry; nor has any one 'nation diſtinguiſhed themſelves ſo as to raiſe an argu-'ment in favour of their country: but it is to be ob-'ſerved that neither French nor Italians, nor any one 'of either nation, notwithſtanding all our prejudices in 'their favour, have, or ever had, for any conſiderable 'time, any character among us as face-painters.

'This honour is due to our own country; and has 'been ſo for near an age: ſo that inſtead of going to 'Italy, or elſewhere, one that deſigns for portrait-paint-'ing ought to ſtudy in England. Hither ſuch ſhould 'come from Holland, France, Italy, Germany, &c. as 'he that intends to practiſe any other kinds of painting, 'ſhould go to thoſe parts where it is in greateſt perfec-'tion. It is ſaid the bleſſed virgin deſcended from hea-'ven, to ſit to St. Luke; I dare venture to affirm, that 'if ſhe ſhould deſire another Madonna to be painted by 'the life, ſhe would come to England; and am of opi-'nion that your preſent preſident, ſir Godfrey Kneller, 'from his improvement ſince he arrived in this kingdom, 'would perform that office better than any foreigner liv-'ing. I am, with all poſſible reſpect,

'Sir,

'Your moſt humble, and

'Moſt obedient ſervant, &c.

The ingenious letters ſigned the Weather-Glaſs, with ſeveral others, were received, but came too late.

POSTSCRIPT.

It had not come to my knowledge, when I left off the Spectator, that I owe ſeveral excellent ſentiments and agreeable pieces in this work to Mr. Ince of Gray's Inn.

R. STEELE.

BRITISH MUSEUM
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